June 18, 1979

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Bedroom Farce—A marvellously intricate and nearly always very funny account of four marriages. The setting is three bedrooms, so problems emerge. Alan Ayckbourn is the author. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bruce Forsyth on Broadway—A one-man show by this British entertainer—actor, singer, comic, who also dances, plays piano, and does impressions. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Saturday, June 13-16, at 8.)

Chinchilla—A purposely nebulous work, nebulously performed, about the fortunes and misfortunes of Serge Diaghilev as he spends his summers with his gifted circle of friends and lovers in Venice. Philip Prowse, the director, also designed the beautiful setting. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eubie!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Got Tu Go Disco—A musical with a book by John Zodrow and music and lyrics by, among others, Kenny Lehman, Ray Chew, and John Davis. The cast, including Irene Cara, Patti Karr, Joe Masiell, and Charles Serrano, is directed by Larry Forde. Previews through Tuesday, June 19. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 20. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec does well as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Remember Mama—The taint of fabrication is visible at every point in this old-fashioned apostrophe to gallant motherhood. The mother in question is Liv Ullmann. Book by Thomas Meehan, music by Richard Rodgers, and lyrics by Martin Charnin and Raymond Jessel. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—A sad little tale of life in the lower depths of Hoboken, which is low enough for all practical purposes. Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill help to redeem the writing, which is by Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **ten nights in a barroom**, a musical adapted by Philip Mathias from the play by William W. Pratt. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Lone Star and **Pvt. Wars**—A couple of one-act comedies by James McLure, making his first appearance on Broadway. "Lone Star" is set in the back yard of a shabby roadhouse in Texas, and "Pvt. Wars" is about a veterans' hospital; neither location sounds promising, but Mr. McLure, unflaggingly funny and high-spirited, is well worth lending an ear to. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Century Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

El Macho—A domestic farce about a Puerto Rican woman in this city who is brought dismaying news by friends and neighbors about the private life of her husband, lying in a coma in a local hospital as they slowly chip away his reputation. Joseph Lizardi, the playwright, shows considerable comic ingenuity; although the first act gets a bit lumpy, the second takes off and stays aloft. The acting, under Harold Scott's skillful direction, is always credible, and often better than that. Teresa Yenque is the woman, Ricardo Matamoros is her grown son, and Martha de la Cruz is very funny as a blind neighbor somewhat the worse for rum. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; in Spanish on Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. (Puerto Rican Trav-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis Newman in a one-woman musical comedy written by herself and Arthur Laurents (who also directed), and including songs by Bernstein, Sondheim, Mary Rodgers, and Comden and Green. Preview Wednesday matinée, June 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 13, at 6:15. (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play, which is moving from Off Broadway to Broadway, is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) Previews through Sunday, June 17. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 19. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—Al Pacino has the title role in a limited engagement of Shakespeare's tragedy. Directed by David Wheeler. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Saravá—Sex and death in far-off Brazil, or perhaps in far-off Belascoland. Tovah Feldshuh is the hardworking star. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—A musical entertainment conceived by John Driver and Jeffrey Haddow. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

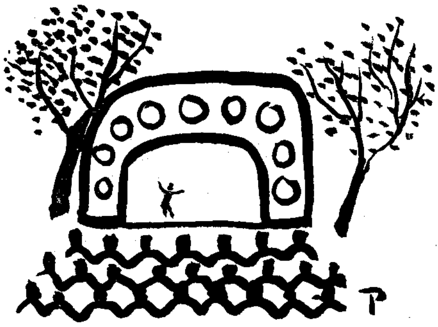
Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

Sweeney Todd—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Up in One—A songwriter and cabaret entertainer named Peter Allen in his first Broadway appearance. He looks less alarmed than one might have expected, and some of his songs are charming. (6/4/79) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Whoopee!—A woebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Whose Life Is It Anyway? A brilliant play by Brian Clark, in which a paralyzed young man argues with wit and eloquence that he must be allowed to die. Tom Conti is superb as the young man, and he is well supported by, among others, Jean Marsh and Philip Bosco. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. Starting Tuesday, June 19, Jean LeClerc will replace Mr. Juliá. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 24.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,952 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, June 13: "Stars and Stripes," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 14: "Donizetti Variations," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 15: "La Source," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 16: The new ballet, "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Sat-

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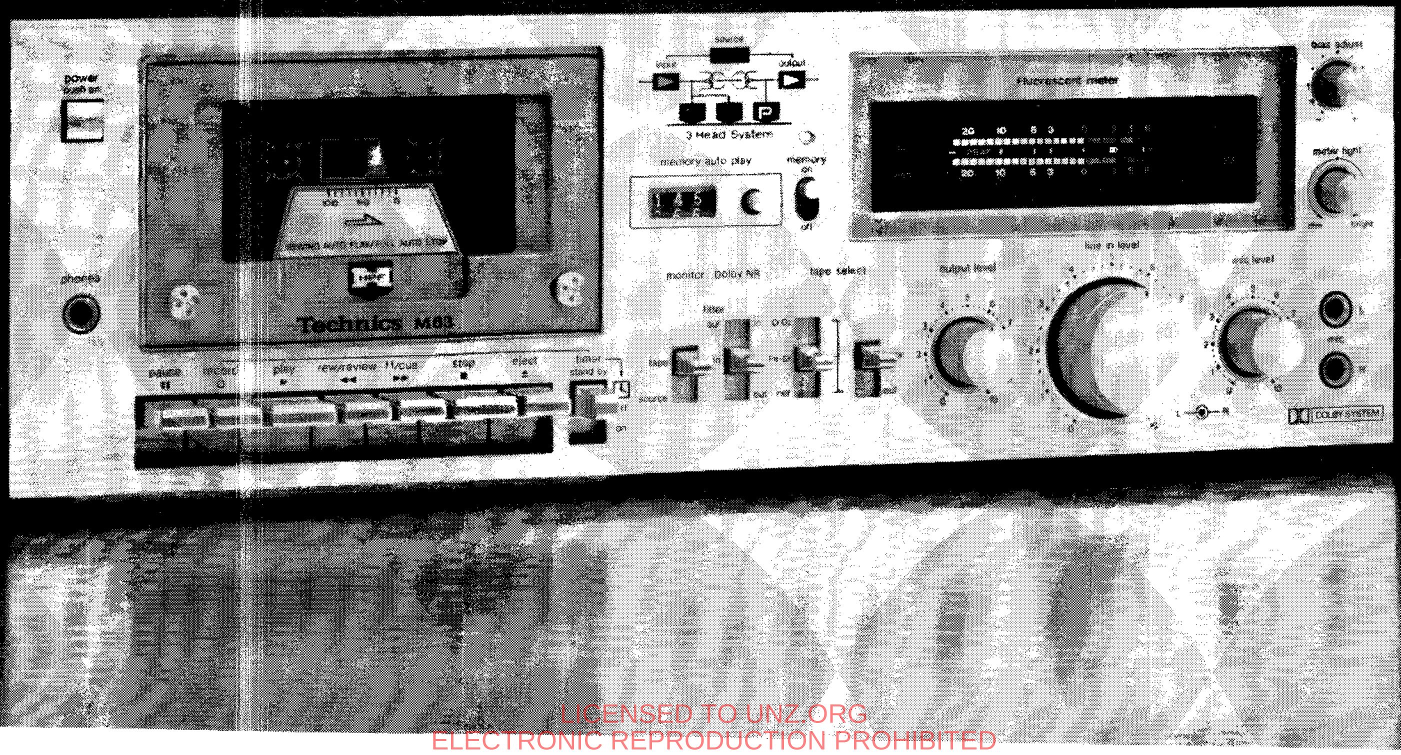
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday evening, June 16: "Stars and Stripes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Ballo della Regina," and "The Concert."...¶ Sunday matinée, June 17: "Donizetti Variations," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Chaconne."...¶ Sunday evening, June 17: "Ballo della Regina," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse."...¶ Tuesday evening, June 19: "Donizetti Variations," the new ballet, and "Chaconne."...¶ Wednesday evening, June 20: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne."...¶ Thursday evening, June 21: "Coppélia."...¶ Friday evening, June 22: "Dances at a Gathering," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse."...¶ Saturday matinée, June 23: "Prodigal Son," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "The Four Temperaments."...¶ Saturday evening, June 23: "Chaconne," "La Sonnambula," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 1.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 13; Friday evening, June 22; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 23: "Romeo and Juliet."...¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 14-15, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 16: "Eugene Onegin."...¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 18-19, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 20: "Lady of the Camellias" (New York première)....¶ Thursday evening, June 21: "Flore Subsimplici," "Return to a Strange Land," and "Initials R.B.M.E." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 7.)

Soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement by eleven current and three former members of the company. They will be dancing four all-Bournonville programs (of slight variation), and each program will include "Jockeydans" (New York première), "Polka Militaire," "La Lithuanienne," and excerpts from Act III of "Napoli." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, June 19—a benefit performance; for tickets, call 246-4633—and also on Wednesday, June 20, at 7:30, and Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16, at 8, and Sunday, June 17, at 2.)

Daniel Nagrin—Presenting "Jacaranda," a solo dance with a (spoken) text by Sam Shepard, plus "Getting Well." (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Thursday and Friday, June 14-15, at 8; Saturday, June 16, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, June 17, at 8.)

La Rocque Bey Dance Theatre—African, Afro-American, and Caribbean dancers and drummers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Sunday, June 17, at 4.)

Joan Miller Dance Players—In two programs. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Monday and Tuesday, June 18-19, at 7:30.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—"Glacial Decoy" (New York première), "Planes," and "Accumulation." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 924-5451. Wednesday, June 20, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, June 21-22, at 8; Saturday, June 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 24, at 3.)

Great Dance Stars on Film—Two performances of a retrospective of dance films and dance excerpts from other films, with commentary (live) by Walter Terry. The dancers include Agnes de Mille, Anna Pavlova, Léonide Massine, Alexandra Danilova, Martha Graham, Rudolf Nureyev, Margot Fonteyn, Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and José Limón. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, June 14, at 6 and 8:30. For tickets, call 582-7500, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Janet Lawson, a young bebop-inspired singer, performs with her quintet through Thursday, June 14; on Wednesday, June 20, pianist **HAL GALPER** will drop in with a trio; and on Thursday and Friday, June 21-22, a combo known as Cosmology will take over the picture-window bandstand. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but nonetheless admirable collection of popular music: guitarist Lee Ritenour's West Coast jazz-rock quintet performs on Wednesday, June 13; on Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, rock singer and guitarist Dan Hicks will trade sets with singer Terry Garthwaite; Monday, June 18, will belong to singer Hank Williams, Jr.; and Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24, slide guitarist Lowell George will bring in his band for a two-night visit. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists in jazz. Two of them will be on the premises: **ROLAND HANNA**, a powerhouse operator, and his bassist, **SAM JONES**, through Sunday, June 17, and on Monday, June 18, for six nights, **MIKE ABENE**. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance, or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** is singing and playing piano with his aides—drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER**. Non-disco interpretations of Coward, Gershwin, and Porter. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining....¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS** slips onto the piano bench and plays in his delicate, understated way. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The pioneer new-wave club will present **JOHN CALE**, a pioneer new-wave rock musician, through Saturday, June 16. The place is likely to be crowded. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether delightful entertainer. She's present Tuesdays through Saturdays, starting at eight-thirty, with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis, and she sings her own compositions, some of which are recent and some of which go back to 1922. Pianist Joe Albany now claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and he begins playing at eight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact (he's in his mid-seventies), performs with a trio through Friday, June 15. On Monday, June 18, clarinettist and alto saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who spent decades in the Ellington reed section and who is still concentrating on Ellington and Strayhorn material, will arrive with bassist **PECK MORRISON** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS**. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Downey's, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted backroom of this steakhouse, **DARDANELLE**, the singer and pianist who has no faults, is working nightly, except Sundays, although she has chosen not to call it work. Her piano here is a brand-new August Förster, which she calls "a pianist's dream," and playing it "isn't work but a pleasure." She begins at eight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, June 17, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist who forsook the John Coltrane age for the swing era, will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors and mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls are all that is left from the disco past of this new downstairs jazz club. **HERB ELLIS** and **BARNEY KESSEL**, the Bob and Ray of guitar duos, are on hand through Saturday, June 16. Ellis and Kessel, who came up during the Charlie Christian era, who both played in big bands, and who both worked in the Oscar Peterson trio, often appear with a bassist and drummer, but they sound best when they're left alone to back each other up. On Tuesday, June 19, two more fine guitarists, **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and **JACK WILKINS**, will join forces for five nights. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-fifteen. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**. Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, pianist **DILL JONES** and his trio, which usually includes guitarist **MARTY GROSZ**, play for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Emme Kemp alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)— Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll is played between sets and before eleven-thirty. (Sneakers are more in than platform shoes here.) The lineup includes 999, Wednesday through Friday, June 13-15; and, on Saturday, June 16, Human Sexual Response and the Knack. Live music every night from eleven-thirtyish; taped music from about nine.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do here is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, and jazz musicians—competent unknowns or established veterans—take up their instruments and play. On Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, **DENISE DELAPENHA** will sing jazz sambas in a convincing style with her quartet; on Friday and Saturday,

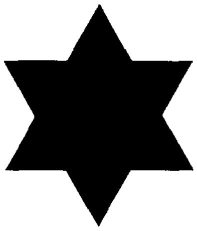
THREE COUNTRIES AND TWO GREAT HOTEL GROUPS HAVE CUT THE COST OF "WISH YOU WERE HERE."

An American businessman reads the bill presented to him by a polite cashier in a typical European hotel. What's this? An entry for the equivalent of fifty dollars for a phone call to Chicago? Couldn't have talked that long! *Oui, monsieur,* or *ja, mein Herr,* says the cashier, the bill is correct. Twenty dollars to the telephone authorities, thirty for the hotel!

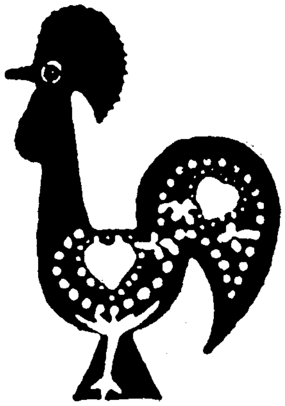
Teleplan

Teleplan identifies hotels that have agreed to limit telephone surcharges to reasonable amounts. Though the European practice of adding something extra to international phone calls will not be totally eliminated, Teleplan hotels agree to state clearly what amount or percentage they're tacking on. And there's always a top limit.

On St. Patrick's Day of 1976, the Irish Hotel Federation lowered surcharges for all overseas calls, with collect and credit card calls surcharged only 50pence.



Israel followed a few weeks later. Teleplan applies alike to the great King David Hotel in Jerusalem and the tiniest inn on the edge of a Galilean kibbutz.



Portugal. The establishment of Teleplan here was the first on the European continent. Portugal's lovely hotels and inns became even more popular with budget-conscious American travelers.

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Trust Houses Forte, the largest hotel group in the United Kingdom, has Teleplan for its 260 hotels there, including such great London hotels as Grosvenor House and Brown's.

Hilton International

The best travel news of 1978 came from Hilton International, bringing Teleplan to its hotels worldwide, including Germany, France and Switzerland—countries known for high surcharges.

Teleplan is the low-cost way to call home from overseas hotels. Until it's universal, travelers can protect themselves with these techniques: Dial a *short* call, from your room or through the hotel switchboard. Ask your home or office to dial you right back. The surcharge on your *short* call will be low, and you pay for the call-back with dollars on your own phone bill. Also, credit card and collect calling is usually possible,* and with minimum surcharges. No surcharge is added to calls made from European post offices or other telephone centers.

But only Teleplan is the long-range solution to the surcharge problem.

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*No credit card calls from Germany or Portugal.

Bell System

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

June 22-23, a Brazilian-flavored group called Guana Bara will perform. Music from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and singer JIMMY ROWLES works with bassist BOB CRANSHAW through Saturday, June 16; on Tuesday, June 19, pianist ROLAND HANNA and bassist SAM JONES will move in from Bradley's (see above), a block and a half up the street. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A club that draws genuine, if transplanted, Texans; cowboy-booted New Yorkers; and Chicago-blues, Delta-blues, rhythm-and-blues, country-and-Western, and rock enthusiasts. Country-pop singer Bobby Bare is here through Thursday, June 14; on Tuesday, June 19, soul singer MILLIE JACKSON will do the late show (about midnight); on Wednesday, June 20, Hank Williams, Jr., will sing; and Thursday, June 21, will be claimed by rock singer and guitarist Elliott Murphy. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—ANITA O'DAY is singing here, supported by pianist NORMAN SIMMONS through Saturday, June 16; on Monday, June 18, singer HELEN FORREST will take over. Sets Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from, for the most part, the extremist fringe. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The bands: Wednesday, June 13, the Static and Youth in Asia; Thursday, June 14, Mrozinski and the Billies; Friday, June 15, the Know and Sorrows; Saturday, June 16, the Know and the Zantees; on Sunday, June 17, ten bands in a benefit performance; Monday, June 18, Siren; and Tuesday, June 19, A Band and Information. Shows begin usually long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—George Melly, an English television and movie critic, has moved in with trumpeter John Chilton and his Feetwarmers to perform traditional jazz and music-hall numbers. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. On Wednesday, June 13, vibraharpist MIKE MAINIERI and pianist WARREN BERNHARDT will be present. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. The folk duo, Aztec Two-Step, will be onstage on Friday and Saturday, June 15-16; Wednesday through Saturday, June 20-23, will be devoted to THE PERSUASIONS, an a-cappella quintet that does gospel, blues, and soul numbers. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—*An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-*fifth floor. SY OLIVER, who did wonders as chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band of the thirties, does pretty well with his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed at nine every night but Monday by Annie Ross, who was a member of the scat-singing trio Lambert, Hendricks & Ross in the fifties and sixties. The eleven-thirty show belongs to Nico, the ex-singer for the ex-group Velvet Underground, through Saturday, June 16, and then, *from Tuesday, June 19, to Holly Woodlawn.* Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Guitarist Barry Finnerty heads up a quartet on Wednesday, June 13; Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17, flugelhorn specialist ART FARMER will lead his quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23, the 24th Street Band will perform. Other jazz groups round out the schedule. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, celebrates the Crescent City with lots of turn-of-the-century red curlicues—in the carpeting, on the brocade-like wallpaper, and in the bright stained glass overhead. BUCKY PIZZARELLI, a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, leads a trio through Saturday, June 16. On Monday, June 18, singer Freddy Cole and his quartet will take over. Music nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

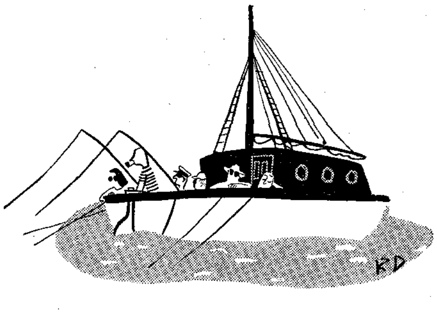
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Super bassist RON CARTER and his super quartet—KENNY BARRON on piano, BEN RILEY on drums, and BUSTER WILLIAMS on bass—perform before large numbers of admirers through Saturday, June 16. Pianist Charles Eubanks' quartet will work on Sunday and *Monday, June 17-18; and on* Tuesday, June 19, pianist TOMMY FLANAGAN and bassist RED MITCHELL will move in. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Most of the lineup: percussionist RAY MANTILLA is in charge of a quintet Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17; Wednesday and Thursday, June 20-21, and Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24, have been allotted to tenor saxophonist CLIFFORD JORDAN, pianist JOHN HICKS, bassist WALTER BOOKER, and drummer JIMMY COBB. Tenor saxophonist DEWEY REDMAN will be on the premises, too, opposite the Jordan quartet on Saturday and Sunday. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY—Norman Zamcheck and Suzy Williams—perform slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime music Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, at ten and midnight. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly at midnight and two, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—MC COY TYNER'S piano solos mostly involve percussive, repetitive, crashing, rumbling, sustained chords, which have a numbing, mystical, synthesizer-like (even though he plays an acoustic piano) effect on his listeners. Tyner and his sextet perform downstairs on Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Friday through Sunday, June 15-17, guitarist JOE PASS, who is revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike, will be performing in the Top of the Gate at ten and midnight. On Monday, June 18, beginning at eight, there will be a tribute to the late Blue Mitchell, with DIZZY GILLESPIE, DEXTER GORDON, ROY ELDRIDGE, WOODY SHAW, ART FARMER, and many others participating. Tuesdays, jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—MILT JACKSON, who plays ful*filling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of* a vibraharp, leads his quartet through Sunday, June 17; on Tuesday, June 19 pianist BILL EVANS will come in with his trio. Mondays are lately claimed by the MEL LEWIS JAZZ ORCHESTRA, a seventeen-piece organization. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays in a variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. THE COUNTSMEN, a quintet co-piloted by ex-Basie-ites DICKY WELLS and EARLE WARREN, occupy the music room through Saturday, June 16. On Sunday, June 17, Jazz à Cordes, a quintet, will be here; Monday, June 18, will be turned over to blues and boogie-woogie pianist SAMMY PRICE; on Tuesday, June 19, Clyde Bernhardt's Harlem Blues and Jazz Band will perform; and Wednesday through Saturday, June 20-23, trumpeter Franc Williams will lead his quartet. The music begins about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Martha Schlamme—In "A Woman Without a Man Is . . . ," an evening of song and poetry. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

Yes—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, June 13-15, at 8.

Teruo Nakamura—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, June 15, at 8.

James (Blood) Ulmer Quartet and **Anthony Davis and James Newton**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, June 15, at 8:30.

Julio Iglesias—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 16, at 8:30.

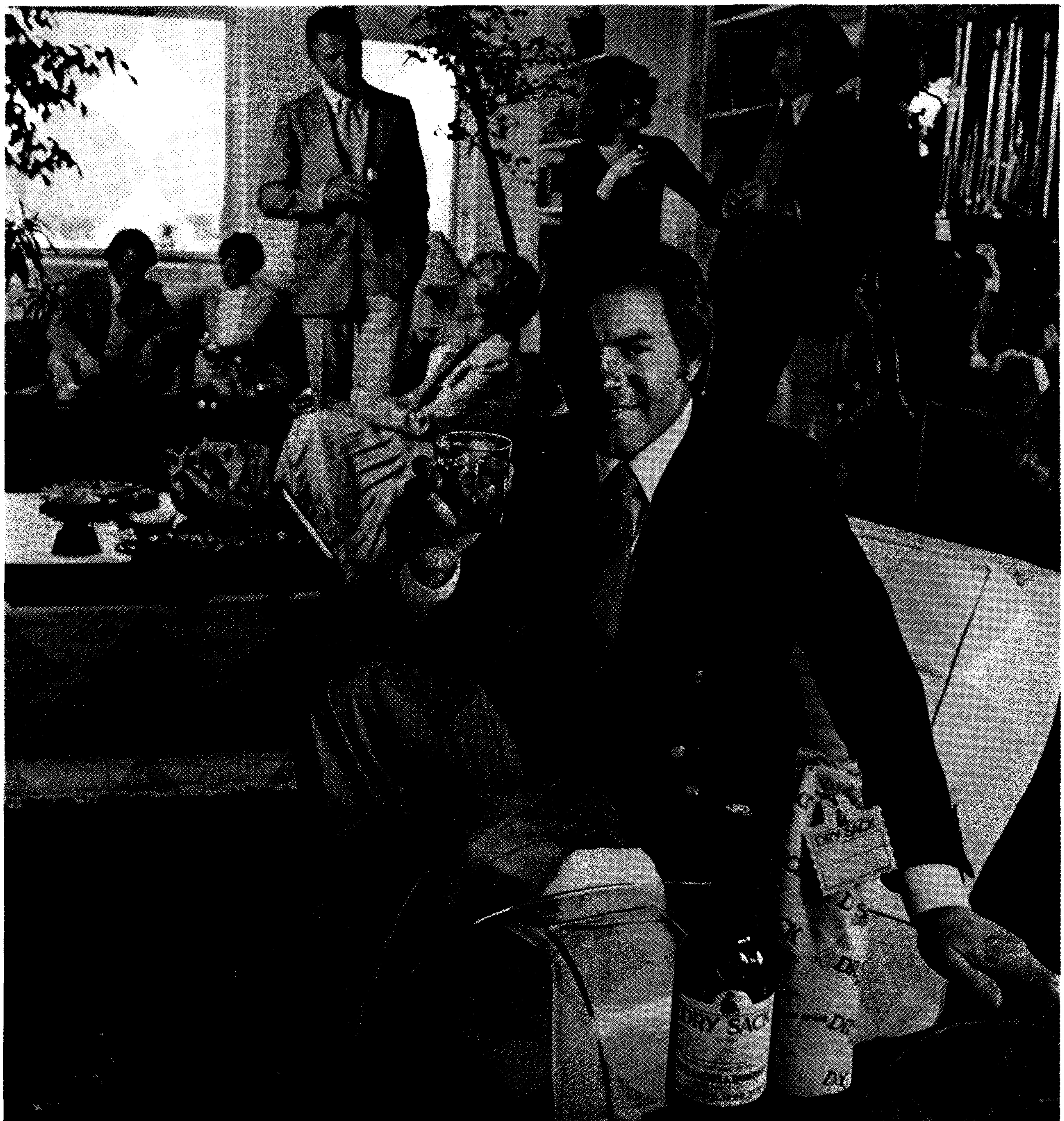
Julius Hemphill Ensemble and **Michael Gregory Jackson**—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 16, at 8:30.

James Jabbo Ware's Orchestra—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Sunday, June 17, at 7. For tickets, call 924-5026.

Sal Mosca—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 17, at 8:30.

The Ultimate Jam Session—Jay McShann, Herbie Mann, John Scofield, Milt Hinton, Doc Cheatham, Earle Warren, and Connie Kay. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

Newport Jazz Festival—The opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga. Stanhope is a fifty-five-minute drive from New York: Exit 25 from Route 80. Forget about Saratoga unless *you're already there. For information about* tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 22, at 5: Al Haig, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: "Dizzy Presents: Unity with Diversity," with Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Roy Haynes, J. C. Heard, Jo Jones, Luis Peralta, Tito Puente, Bernard (Pretty) Purdie, Grady



On second thought, make it Dry Sack. The change of pace drink that's second to none.

Chances are, you're accustomed to drinking the best. So when you want something lighter than your usual, such as wine or an aperitif, why not order the best?

Dry Sack is known for its superb balance. A rich, yet dry taste—with a character that can stand up to ice.

Dry Sack. The light drink with the reputation equal to your usual drink.

DRY SACK
Imported from Spain.

Join us now for tea and sunset on the terrace of Kapalua Bay Hotel.

Late afternoon, the sun begins its plunge between the islands of Molokai and Lanai, shimmering red over Kapalua Bay.

Perhaps the best place to track it is from the terrace of The Bay Hotel. Come and be lulled by the sound of ocean waves, the gleam of sky, sea, silver teapot and china cups.

You did, after all, play 18 holes of golf this morning, on Arnold Palmer's championship course. You lunched like a king, snorkeled off lava rocks like a native, sunned on white sand beach.

Tonight, have a walk among the palm groves before dinner served beside a waterfall. Linger, unwind, then sleep like a rosy child. This is the world created for you on the northwest shores of Maui, at Kapalua Bay Hotel. Would you deny yourself?

Kapalua Bay Hotel
Maui, Hawaii
Rockresorts your host

Ask your travel agent. Or call any office of LRI Inc. (Loews Representation International). Rockresorts operates: Caneel Bay, Little Dix Bay, Jackson Lake Lodge, Jenny Lake Lodge, Colter Bay Village, Kapalua Bay Hotel and Bay Club, Virgin Gorda Yacht Harbour, Woodstock Inn.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tate, and Carlos (Patato) Valdez. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8 and midnight: Cecil Taylor Unit and Sun Ra & His Arkestra. (Symphony Space.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 5: "Swing'n Pianos," with Dick Hyman, Tommy Flanagan, Sammy Price, Jimmy Rowles, Dick Wellstood, Mousey Alexander, Bobby Rosengarden, Ruby Braff, Zoot Sims, Bob Wilber, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: Pat Metheny quartet and solo bass by Jaco Pastorius. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: Betty Carter and her trio, George Adams, the Dorothy Donegan trio, Charles Sullivan, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Rivbea Orchestra—Sam Rivers and thirty musicians. (Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

Fania All-Stars—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 23, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Bernard Karfiol (1886-1952) and **Ben Benn**—Still-life paintings. Through June 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jeffrey Kronsnoble / John Stewart—Paintings (dry brush and oil on paper) of nudes and still-lifes, done with extraordinary photographic fidelity and occasional bits of trompe-l'oeil by an artist who also achieves startling lighting effects in his works. / Overall abstract designs painted on the reverse side of Plexiglas sheets with paints and chemicals whose catalytic reaction produces a chromatic spread like that of oil on water. Through Saturday, June 16. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Impressionist paintings and pastels, mainly of sailing craft in waters off France, Britain, and New England, and of harbor towns in those countries. Through Friday, June 22. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Harry McCormick—Realist paintings of local bar interiors, notably Luchow's, the Russian Tea Room, the Empire Diner on Tenth Avenue, with its Art Deco trappings. Through Saturday, June 16. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—This artist usually works big, and these fifty-four small paintings, accumulated over the past twenty years, represent practically all that exists in this size. Every one bears the unmistakable stamp of the artist. Through Saturday, June 16. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Paintings. Through Friday, June 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. A larger retrospective is currently on view at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Randall Timmons—Complicated devices (consisting of wood, plastic, metal, and string) that look like linear descendants of the apparatuses we send out in space, plus paintings of similar devices, shown in bright colors against a stygian ground. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. (Open

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Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ingber**, 3 E. 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by contemporary American artists, among them Louis Finkelstein, Rosemary Cove, and Modris Ramans. Through June 30. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Outsize paintings, in acrylics on rice paper, of Chinese girls in gaily colored costumes, by Walasse Ting, dominate this group of gallery regulars, among them Alechinsky, Antes, and Segui. Through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Prize paintings from the twenties are on view, including works by Picasso, Léger, Rouault, and Soutine, plus a recently acquired small Calder mobile. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tiny lyrical abstractions based on nature and done in watercolor by Victor Elmaleh; mildly surrealist works by André Masson ("Métamorphose de Hamlet," for instance); small abstracts by Erik Koch; and sombre paintings done in oil mixed with sand by György Kepes. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by minor American exponents of Impressionism, including Ernest Lawson and Gertrude Fiske. Through July 13. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: English paintings and drawings, 1830-1930. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Thirty-seven artists are participating in the current show, among them Dean Howell, who has carved a life-size farmer out of wood, clad him in a real shirt and a wooden kerchief, and surrounded him with carvings of a pig, a rooster, a pitchfork, and an axe; and John Kahn, whose flying machine, on a tricycle frame ten feet tall, is a marvel of paddles and pulleys and propellers. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Two of the artists represented in the current group show are Michael Tetherow and Robert Lobe. Through Thursday, June 21. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Robert Arneson—Ceramic busts. Through Friday, June 15. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Leonid Berman (1896-1975)—This romantic artist travelled the world, keeping to the water's edge, sketching the ports, studying fishing methods, and observing rice planters. Through Friday, June 15. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Frank Bowling—Colorful abstractions by an artist now resident in London who was born in Guyana, South America. Through Thursday, June 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ann Chernow—Two women seated at a soda-fountain counter—eleven times over. Also other drawings and prints. Through Saturday, June 16. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—A dual showing of Abstract Expressionist paintings. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Through July 12. . . . ¶ City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Through Friday, June 22. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sam Francis / Helen Frankenthaler—Large-scale oils based on a heavy-duty grid, plus smaller paintings and works on paper. / Relatively small acrylic works on paper. Through Friday, June 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—A new group of her characteristic fragmented reclining-figure sculptures, plus a new series of works in porcelain and some new drawings on ceramic tablets. Through Friday, June 15. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Graves—Architectural artwork, ranging from formal oil paintings to doodles. Through Saturday, June 16. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Sylvia Guirey—Rectangular fields of color painted, a drop at a time, on untreated, unstretched canvas. Through Saturday, June 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Charles Harrison—Knitted pictures, done in a realist manner reminiscent of Chuck Close. Through Saturday, June 16. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Hepworth (1903-75)—Thirty-five pieces of sculpture done by this English artist during the last fifteen years of her life—bronzes and carvings in marble and wood. Through June 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Irving Kriesberg and George McNeil—A joint exhibition of post-Abstract Expressionist works by two senior painters who have just joined the gallery. Through Friday, June 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

George Rhodes—Complicated kinetic sculptures, mostly in the form of towers, that are Rube Goldberg in principle but a great deal more graceful in operation. Steel balls make their way up and down three constructions with hypnotic effect on the viewer. Through June 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

René Schumacher—These paintings, called maps of distant worlds, consist of bright-colored jigsaw-like pieces laid out on a dark ground. Through Saturday, June 23. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Robert Wilbert—Oil paintings, including a couple of portraits, some floral still-lifes, and arrangements of the sort of things one finds in an attic—Indian clubs, tin horns, toy automobiles, billiard racks, an adding machine, a shako. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 23. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Works on Paper—Fernand Léger and Jean Arp are represented by colorful drawings and collages (Arp has a marble carving, too), and Henri Laurens by some unusual Cubist drawings and later life-studies. Through Saturday, June 23. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: A three-part summer show consisting of collages by Sol LeWitt; new works by gallery associates Ed Kerns, Susan Wilmarth, and others; and drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Avery, Noguchi, and others. Through July 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **gladstone-villani**, 38 E. 57th St.: Watercolor still-lifes by Sondra Freckelton, Jon Carsman, and ten other artists. Through Friday, June 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Louise Bourgeois, Ron Gorchov, Joan Snyder, John Willenbecher, and others. Through July 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **multiples-goodman**, 38 E. 57th St.: A show of humorous drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Saul Steinberg, Claes Oldenburg, Roberta Allen, and others. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **odyssia**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Fourteen artists (Jack Beal, Ellen Lanyon, Lucas Samaras among them) showing pastels. Through Friday, June 15. . . . **alex rosenberg**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by nine artists relatively unfamiliar in this city: canvases by Faiya Fredman on which the edge of a tide has left its mark, reinforced by the artist with a bit of sand and graphite; allover patterns made up of sewn letters and numbers by Russell Forester; posterlike portraits of women in nineteenth-century dress by Barbara Sandler; and others. Through Saturday, June 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Walter De Maria—Sculptures. Through June 30. (Lone Star, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Louise Fishman / Stephanie Brody Lederman—Abstract paintings with impastoed surfaces. / Drawings: epigrams and the illustrations for them. Through June 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Arie Galles / Raymon Elozua—Handsome wall pieces in which vertical white aluminum slats are decorated with bright, colored designs. / Highly realistic ceramic models of huge trestlework structures that time has passed by—mine heads, coaling stations, railroad cranes—all falling to pieces in miniature. Through Saturday, June 16. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Peter Hutchinson—In these color photographs, the months of the year are spelled out letter by letter, written on the snow or on the sides of flourishing trees, for instance, or picked out of commercial signs. Through Saturday, June 16. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Joseph Kosuth—Conceptual art, to wit: Two billboards, side by side on a wall at the southeast corner of Broadway and Houston Street, share a message that concludes as follows: "To read this text/sign is to erase that erasure which this must become in order to say more than is said here." Through Friday, June 15. . . . ¶ Identical signs are hung on the walls of the Castelli Gallery, 420 West Broadway, along with photographs of signs with comparable messages posted abroad, in French, Dutch, and German. Through Saturday, June 16.

Keith Sonnier—Simple, antic abstract designs done with neon and argon tubing in simple, antic colors. Unfortunately, the wiring in this installation is left out in the open, detracting considerably from the general effect. Through Saturday, June 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Fumio Yoshimura—A sculptor who delights in difficult tasks. This time his lindenwood carvings re-create a Sabrett hot dog stand in toto, a bicycle chained to a parking meter; a bunch of sunflowers in a vase; a gauzy brassiere dangling from the back of a chair. Through July 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **boone**, 420 West Broadway: Abstract paintings by Ross Bleckner, Stephen Mueller, and Carl Palazzolo. Through June 30. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: A refreshing new group of seventy-six works chosen from hundreds screened by this facility. Among the prizes are a small, ornate cardboard temple by Andrew Glass, in which details of famous paintings are seen through various apertures; a set of amusing monotypes entitled "Twenty Questions" by Karen Loftus; and two huge urban-landscape drawings in chalk and charcoal by Graham Nickson. Through July 21. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **meisel**, 141 Prince St.: The current exhibit includes paintings of rumpled cloth by Paul Kane; of a tablecloth stretched over something boxlike by Chris Britz; and of overlapping rows of what look like linoleum mill ends by George Green. Through July 27. . . . **sperone westwater fischer**, 142 Greene St.: Included are two floor pieces by Carl Andre, one a square of alternating dark steel and bright aluminum tiles, the other a triangular corner piece of twenty-one copper tiles; a thirty-four-foot row of jagged chunks of Texas corkstone (it looks like a dry streambed) by Richard Long; and a six-foot-tall latticework wall piece by Don Gummer. Through July 27. . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here includes a painting of a lounge on a lawn, with a sleeping figure and a sleeping dog in the background, by Eric Fischl; a dramatic red-and-black abstract by Guy Goodwin; and an evanescent reclining nude by John Lees. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: This gallery's fourth invitational for artists who haven't had a solo show in New York includes works by Loren Calaway, who makes small, precisely carpentered architectural works in the form of strange platforms; by Melvin Charney, who builds full-scale façades, seen here in photographs, to plug up unsightly gaps in streetfronts; and by Marcia Weese, who makes models of mysterious tall buildings. Through Saturday, June 23.

Sculpture—A group show includes a small, quirky neon wall piece by Stephen Antonakos; an eight-foot-tall tower of open cubes by Sol LeWitt; and a massive block of solid oak hewn from a fallen tree and preserved from cracking in a mahogany crate by David Nash. Through June 30. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Carl Andre—Two installations: one a solid square made up of a hundred and twenty-one Douglas fir timbers a foot square and three feet tall, and the other two widely separated rows of thirty similar timbers each. They are juxtaposed on different levels of the Hammarskjöld Plaza, at Second Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. Through July 28.

Sustained Visions—Works by three individualistic artists: Gaylen Hansen, who paints characters from his own mythology; Claire Moore, who writes on her canvases as much as she draws on them; and Salvatore Scarpitta, who makes things out of wood (full-scale racing cars, sleds, and abstract collages). Through Saturday, June 23. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

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Folk Art—A two-part show: patriotic quilts that were made between 1866 and 1945, generally with a flag motif; and nautical collage paintings that were done by R. Johnson, who is thought to have worked from the thirties through the fifties. Through June 24. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mary Lloyd Estrin—Black-and-white photographs of a number of men and women, none of them identified, and all of them obviously rich. Through June 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Mark Feldstein—Black-and-white triptychs. Through Saturday, June 16. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Robert and Frances Flaherty—Photogravures of the native actors in Flaherty's "Nanook of the North," of 1922, and original photographs of the people in the Aran Islands by Mrs. Flaherty. Through Saturday, June 23. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Philippe Halsman—A hundred and fifty portraits—Alfred Hitchcock, Louis Armstrong, Woody Allen, Pablo Casals, Marlon Brando. Through July 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Scott Hyde / Betty Hahn—Impressionistic color prints. / Photographs of flowers that have been altered by applications of paint, pastels, and chalk. Through Saturday, June 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist are on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Fred Picker—New England landscapes. Through July 13. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9; closed Saturdays.)

Eva Rubinstein / J. Seeley—Portraits, interiors, and landscapes. / Abstractions. Through Saturday, June 23. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

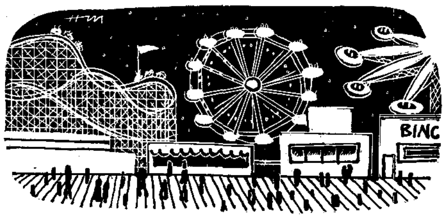
Garry Winogrand / Thomas Barrow—Recent photographs of Greece. / Works that combine several photographs, reproduced on a single sheet and then gone over with stencils and spray paint. Through June 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Max Yavno—Photographs, most of them made in New York and California in the forties. Through Friday, June 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **grey art gallery**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Two hundred photographs made in the thirties and forties and culled from the archives of *Life*. With examples by Bourke-White, Halsman, Munkacsi, and sixty-seven others. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Through June 24. . . . ¶ Drawings: sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection (through Sunday, June 17); and fifty seventeenth-century Italian drawings from the museum's collection (through July 8). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done with Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Dada and New York," a show of works that reflect the spirit of Dada, by artists who were not necessarily associated with the movement. The paintings, drawings, photographs, sculptures, and publications (dated 1915 to 1930) are by Stuart Davis, Arthur G. Dove, Beatrice Wood, Man Ray, and others. Through July 6. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through July 8. . . . **photography:** Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Through July 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Through July 31. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, Arlene Croce, Isaac Bashevis Singer, John Hollander, Joseph Brodsky, Kay Boyle, James McConkey, Philip Schultz, Dave Smith, John N. Morris, and Ned Rorem. Also paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Larry Rivers, Willem de Kooning, Tony Smith, John M. Johansen, and others. Through Sunday, June 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of more than two hundred items, about half of them book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), and the other half of them decorative objects, such as a christening set (a silver knife, fork, and spoon) which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other items designed by him. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of paintings and frakturs that date from 1773 to 1894. Through June 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of eighty eighteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 27. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of Hale Woodruff's paintings, ranging from early landscapes of Paris to recent abstract works. . . . ¶ Abstract drawings, paintings, constructions, and prints by, among others, Howardena Pindell, Al Loving, and William T. Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through June 24.

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—The final programs of new music by American composers will be performed (by the composers—roughly six a night) each evening at 8 through Saturday, June 16.

U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.—Joining the Reginald Marsh murals and the Daniel Chester French statues are sixteen new works (generally conceptual in nature) also created expressly for this building space. Plus dance, music, and other business—performance art—Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—At Avery Fisher Hall, a series of all-Bach concerts. Wednesday, June 13, at 8: Rosalyn Tureck playing the harpsichord and piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 15, at 8: Margaret Hillis directing the orchestra and chorus, with Susan Belling, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and Martin Berinbaum, trumpet. . . . ¶ Monday, June 18, at 8: Anthony Newman, harpsichord, and friends. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 8: Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus, with John Wion, flute, along with the Messrs. Berinbaum and Paul. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: Richard Westenburg directing a performance of the B-Minor Mass, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; James Hoback, tenor; and John Cheek, bass.

Texas Girls' Choir—Shirley Carter directing. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Friday, June 15, at 7.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program entitled "English Music from Byrd to Britten." The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 16, at 8.)

Ivan Rebroff—Bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 16, at 8.)

L. Shankar—Violin. (High School of Fashion Industries, 225 W. 24th St. Sunday, June 17, at 7. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last concerts in two series, these (postponed from April 11-12) with Jules Eskin, cello, and Oscar Shumsky, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday and Tuesday, June 18-19, at 8.)

Susan Gregory—Soprano, in a program of art songs and arias. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, June 22, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 12—Saturday, June 16, at 9: Laszlo Heltay conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a benefit performance of a Respighi double bill, the American première of his opera "Lucrezia" (with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; James McCray, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and others) and "Gli Uccelli," danced to by Kay Mazzo and Peter Martins with other members of the New York City Ballet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 17, at 5:30: The Music Project, with Carrol Anne Curry, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, at 8:30: Repeat performances of the opening-night program, with Robert Weiss in place of Mr. Martins. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 5:30: Lili Kraus, piano, in a Mozart-Beethoven-Schubert recital. (Katonah, N.Y. On Friday, June 22, and Saturdays, starting June 23, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, June 15, at 7: Journey and Sweet. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, June 16-17, at 7: The Marshall Tucker Band and Pure Prairie League. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 19, at 8:15: Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8:15: Frank Sinatra. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, June 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Friday, June 15, at 8:05; Saturday, June 16, at 7:05; and Sunday, June 17, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Tuesday, June 19, at 8; Wednesday, June 20, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Thursday, June 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, at 8.

Boxing—Larry Holmes vs. Mike Weaver, 15 rounds, for the W.B.C. World Heavyweight Championship; Roberto Duran vs. Carlos Palomino, welterweights, 10 rounds; and Jimmy Young vs. Wendell Bailey, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 22, at 8:30.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 16; the Nassau County Handicap, Sunday, June 17; the Youthful, Monday, June 18; the Celanese Cup Handicap, Wednesday, June 20; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 15. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 14. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 16.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, June 13, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings and other works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 13, at 2, and Thursday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental ceramics, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 15, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 15, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental miniatures and manuscripts and Islamic works of art, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 2: Persian rugs, from many owners. . . . ¶ Monday, June 18, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 19, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 2: Historical American manuscripts and autographs, from the Elsie O. and Philip D. Sang Foundation. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 14. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture, decorations, paintings, silver, ceramics, and folk art; from many collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 16. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, June 16, at 10:30: Japanese works of art, from many collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century art glass and paperweights, from a number of owners.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 13, at 8:30 (rain date, June 14), "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Giuliano Ciannella, Mario Sereni, and Gene Boucher; conducted by James Conlon. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Mignon Dunn, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens: Saturday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "La Traviata," with the same cast as June 13. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Tuesday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "La Traviata," with the same cast as June 13. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx: Wednesday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Aida," with the same cast as June 15, except that Garbis Boyagian will replace Mr. MacNeil. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "La Traviata," with the same cast as June 13.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Morgan Freeman and Gloria Foster in a revived production of CORIOLANUS by a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe of black and Hispanic actors originally done earlier this spring at the Public Theatre. Directed by Wilford Leach. The first of two plays to be presented in Delacorte Theatre this summer. Free performances start on Friday, June 22, and will run through Sunday, July 22. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Sunday, June 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will start on Wednesday, June 20, and run through Sunday, Aug. 12. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 4.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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DRIVE-IN
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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 17: "The Father" and (at 10 P.M. only) "The Searchers."
June 18: Theatre closed.
June 19: "The Pied Piper."
June 20: "Bay of the Angels."
June 21: "The Young Girls of Rochefort."
June 22-23: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 21: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From June 22: "Saint Jack."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 14: "Autumn Sonata" and "The Story of Adèle H."
June 15-21: "The Champ" and "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
From June 22: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 21: "The China Syndrome."
From June 22: "Hair."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 14: "Grease."
From June 15: "Prophecy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 21: "Hair."
From June 22: "The Main Event."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Manhattan."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 14: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From June 15: "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 21: "A Little Romance."
From June 22: "The Main Event."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 21: "Malicious."
From June 22: "Escape from Alcatraz."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 14: "Hair."
From June 15: "The Kids Are Alright."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Players."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 14: "Phantasm."
From June 15: "Love at First Bite."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through June 21: "Saint Jack."
From June 22: "The Frisco Kid."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through June 21: "Newsfront."
From June 22: "A Little Romance."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 14: "Bread and Chocolate."
From June 15: "Walk Proud."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Champ."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 14: "The Promise."
From June 15: "The In-Laws."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through June 14: "Love at First Bite."
From June 15: "Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 14: "Winter Kills."
From June 15: "Goldengirl."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 14: "Superman."
June 15-21: "Norma Rae."
From June 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Deer Hunter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 14: "Dawn of the Dead."
From June 15: "Game of Death."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Alien."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 14: "Grease."
From June 15: "Prophecy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hair."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Escape to Athena." From June 15: "Walk Proud."
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Phantasm." From June 15: "The In-Laws."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hair."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 14: "Dawn of the Dead."
From June 15: "Rocky II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Fedora."
Theatre 2: "The China Syndrome."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through June 14: "The Innocent." From June 15: "The Fragrance of Wild Flowers."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Love at First Bite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 21: "The Prisoner of Zenda."
From June 22: "The Muppet Movie."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Deer Hunter."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Down and Dirty."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 21: "Fedora."
From June 22: "Hair."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 14: "Hair."
From June 15: "The In-Laws."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Death of a Bureaucrat."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through June 21: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From June 22: "The Main Event."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Hair."
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Dreamer" and "The World's Greatest Lover." From June 15: "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days."
Theatre 3: "The China Syndrome."
Theatre 4: Through June 14: "The Innocent." From June 15: "Game of Death."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through June 14: "Sextette."
From June 15: "Ulysses."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 14: "Norma Rae" and "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."
June 15-21: "Superman."
From June 22: "The China Syndrome" and "The Cheap Detective."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 21: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
From June 22: "The Main Event." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Sunnyside." From June 15: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 21: "The China Syndrome." (†) From June 22: "Love at First Bite." (†)
Theatre 4: Through June 21: "Coming Home." From June 22: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 21: "Love at First Bite." (†)
From June 22: "Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through June 14: "The Champ." (†)
From June 15: "Prophecy." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Players." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through June 14: "Phantasm." (†)
From June 15: "Goldengirl." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through June 14: "Escape to Athena." (†)
From June 15: "Phantasm." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through June 14: "Battlestar Galactica."
From June 15: "Game of Death." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through June 14: "Superman." (†)
From June 15: "Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through June 14: "The Deer Hunter." (†)
From June 15: "Walk Proud." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through June 14: "Sextette." (†)
From June 15: "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 13: "Elvira Madigan" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg, with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark; and "Mayerling" (1937), in French, directed by Anatole Litvak, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux.
June 14: "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
June 15-16: "Goin' South" (1978), directed by Jack Nicholson, with Nicholson, Mary Steenburgen, Veronica Cartwright, and John Belushi; and "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
June 17-18: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
June 19: "Hoodlum Soldier" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura; and "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori.
June 20: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz." (†)
June 21: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (†); and "In Harm's Way" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with John Wayne, Kirk Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Tom Tryon.
June 22-23: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977), directed by John Landis, with Da-

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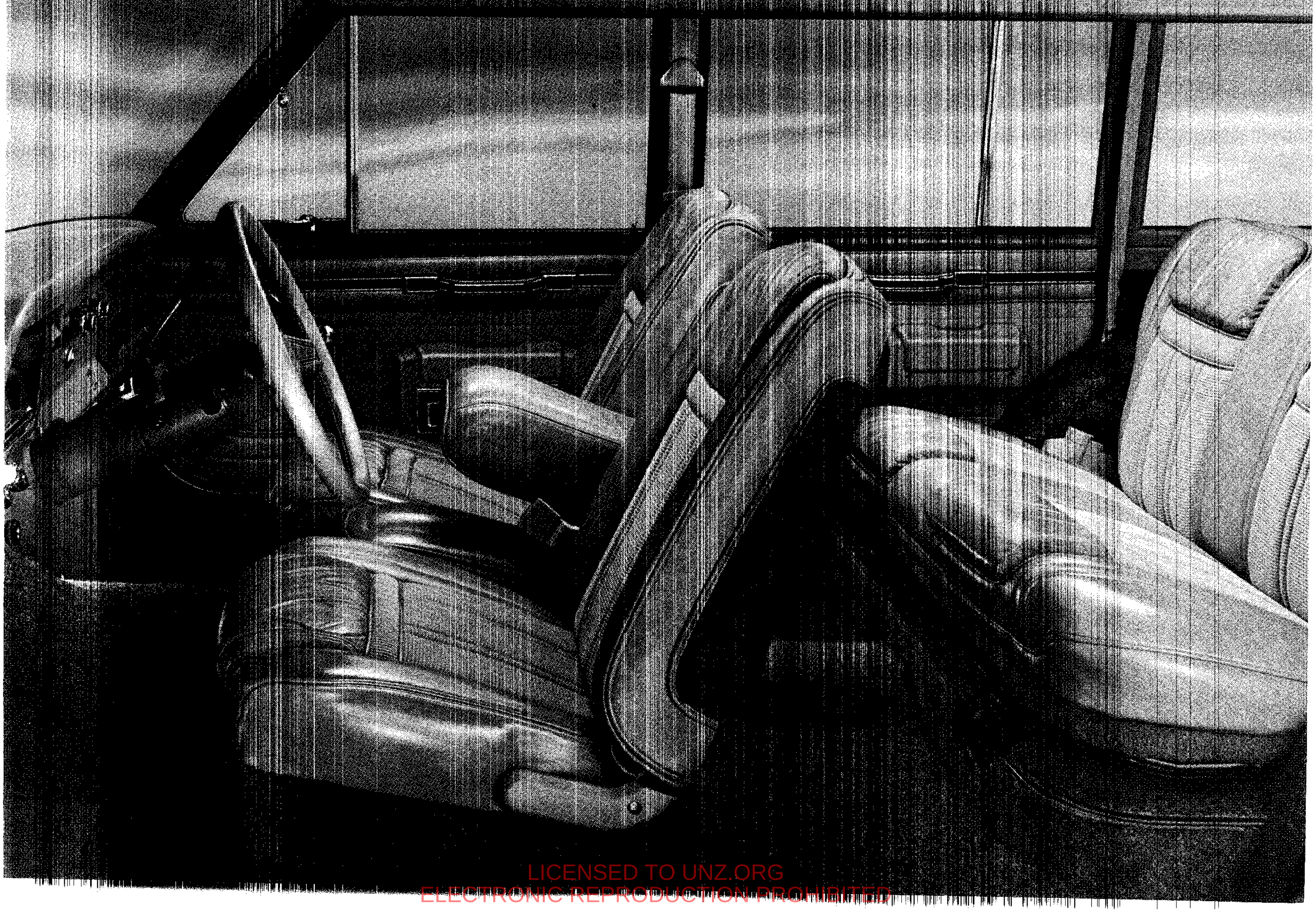

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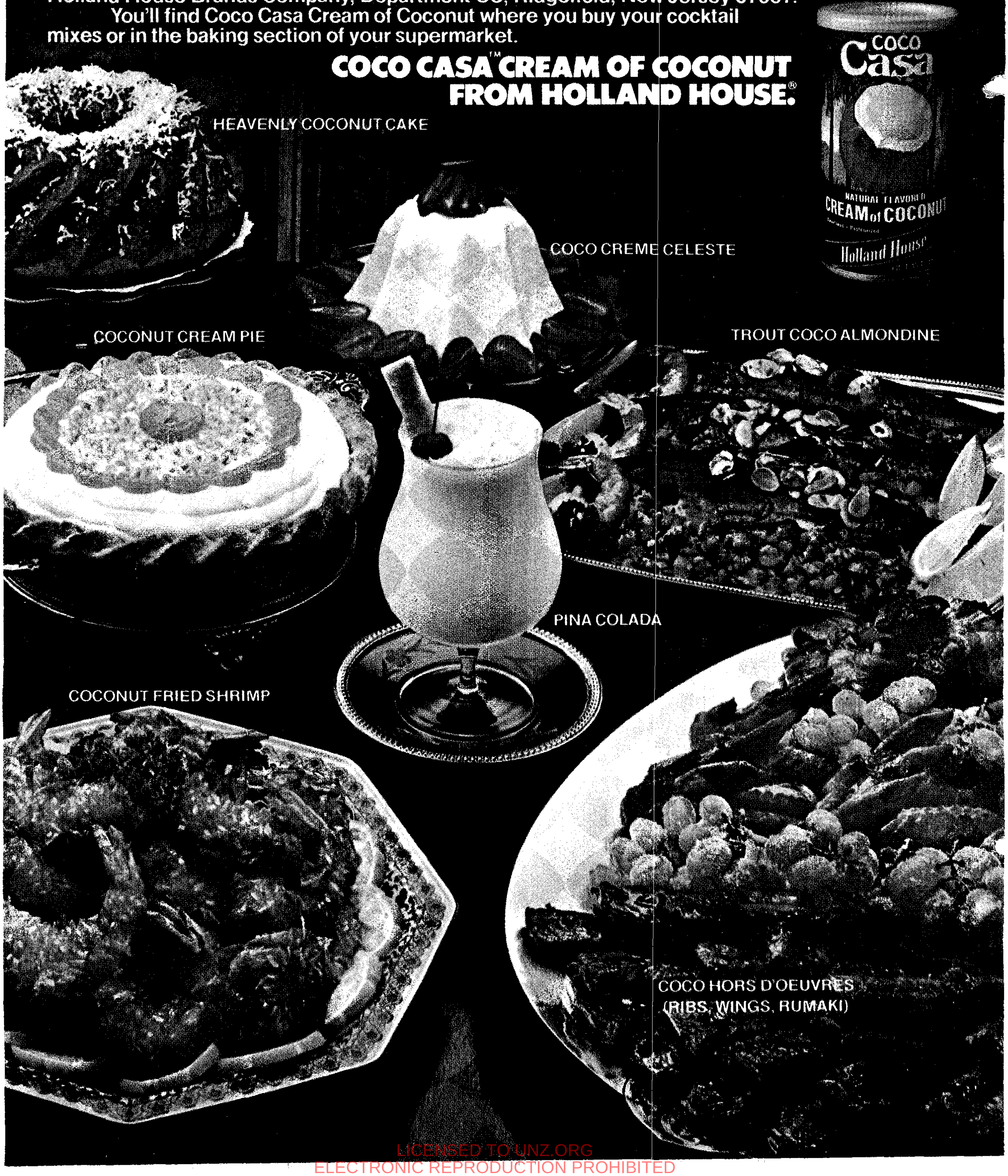
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vid Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 13: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "Number Seventeen" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

June 14: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre.

June 15: "Yojimbo" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori.

June 16: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.

June 17: "Under Milk Wood" (1973), directed by Andrew Sinclair, with Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter O'Toole, and Victor Spinetti; and "Passages from Finnegans Wake." (†)

June 18: "Fat City" (1972), directed by John Huston, with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Hard Times." (†)

June 19: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.

June 20: "Easy Virtue" (1927), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Isabel Jean and Franklin Dyall; and "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

June 21: "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), in Czech, directed by Miloš Forman; and "Closely Watched Trains" (1966), a Czech film, directed by Jiří Menzel.

June 22: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Shock Corridor." (†)

June 23: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Big Sleep." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 14: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "The Big Sleep." (†)

June 15-16: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Inserts" (1976), directed by John Byrum, with Richard Dreyfuss.

June 17-18: "Big Wednesday" (1978), directed by John Milius, with Jan-Michael Vincent, William Katt, and Gary Busey; and "Lifeguard." (†)

June 19: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, with Sergio Corrieri; and "The Last Supper." (†)

June 20-21: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958) and "Kanal" (1956), both films in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

June 22-23: "Midnight Express" (1978), directed by Alan Parker, with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971), directed by Harvey Hart, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Sextette." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 13: "The Hustler" (1961), directed by Robert Rossen, with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott; and "Nightmare Alley" (1947), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, Ian Keith, and Coleen Gray.

June 14-16: "Viva Zapata!" (1952), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "The Mark of Zorro" (1940), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone, and Gale Sondergaard.

June 17-18: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (†); and "Five Million Years to Earth" (1967), directed by Roy Ward Baker, with James Donald, Andrew Keir, and Barbara Shelley.

June 19-20: "Can-Can" (1960), directed by Walter Lang, with Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan; and "On the Avenue." (†)

June 21-23: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949), directed by Howard Hawks, with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 13: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930), in French, directed by René Clair, with Albert Préjean; and "A Nous la Liberté" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair, with Raymond Cordy and Henri Marchand.

June 14: "Hell in the Pacific" (1969), directed by John Boorman, with Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune; and "Leo the Last" (1970), directed by John Boorman, with Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw, and Calvin Lockhart.

June 15-16: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

June 17: "Oliver!" (†) and "A Tale of Two Cities." (†)

June 18: "Stella Dallas" (†) and "Imitation of Life." (†)

June 19: "Falstaff" (1967), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

June 20: "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "Poil de Carotte" (1933), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur and Robert Lynen.

June 21: "The Killing of Sister George" (†); and "The Grissom Gang" (1971), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Kim Darby and Scott Wilson.

June 22-23: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 13: "Tea and Sympathy" (1956), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr; and "Separate Tables" (1958), directed by Delbert Mann, with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller.

June 14: "The Lodger" (1926), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello; and "Hangover Square" (1945), directed by John Brahm, with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

June 15-16: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

June 17: "The Old Maid" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, and George Brent; and "It's Love I'm After." (†)

June 18: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923), a silent film, directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney; and "The Unholy Three." (†)

June 19: "Tales of Manhattan" (†) and "Flesh and Fantasy." (†)

June 20: "I Found Stella Parish" (1935), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas, and Bar-

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ton MacLane; and "Confession" (1937), directed by Joe May, with Kay Francis, Basil Rathbone, and Ian Hunter.

June 21: "Les Femmes Savantes" (1965), in French, directed by Jean Meyer, with Renee Devillers and Maria Versini; and "The Would-Be Gentleman." (†)

June 22-23: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937; "The Girl Was Young"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 14 at 2:30: "America's Sweetheart: The Mary Pickford Story" (1978), directed by John Edwards, narrated by Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ June 14 at 6: "My Best Girl" (1927), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. . . . ¶ June 14 at 8:30: "Suds" (1920), a silent film, directed by Jack Dillon, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2:30: "America's Sweetheart: The Mary Pickford Story.". . . ¶ June 15 at 6: "Marie-Louise" (1943), in French and German, directed by Leopold Lindtberg, with Josiane, Heinrich Gertler, and Margrit Winter; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 16 at noon: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, and the Dead End Kids. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "Little Annie Rooney" (1925), a silent film, directed by William Beaudine, with Mary Pickford and William Haines. . . . ¶ June 16 at 5: "Sparrows" (1926), a silent film, directed by William Beaudine, with Mary Pickford and Gustav von Seyffertitz. . . . ¶ June 17 at noon: "Angels with Dirty Faces.". . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30: "Suds.". . . ¶ June 17 at 5: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 18 at noon: "Christo's Running Fence" (1976), directed by David Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and Albert Maysles. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1917), a silent film, directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Mary Pickford, Maxine Hicks, and Charles Wellesley. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: A program of films by Klaus Wyborny. . . . ¶ June 19 at noon: "Artpark People" (1976), directed by Michael Blackwood. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2:30: "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1936), directed by Irving Cummings, with Shirley Temple, Alice Faye, Gloria Stuart, and Jack Haley. . . . ¶ June 19 at 6: "Crow Dog" (1979), directed by David Baxter and Mike Cuesta. . . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30: "Sparrows.". . . ¶ June 21 at 6: "Little Annie Rooney.". . . ¶ June 21 at 8:30: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), a silent film, directed by Alfred E. Green and Jack Pickford, with Mary Pickford, Claude Gillingwater, Kate Price, and Frances Marion. . . . ¶ June 22 at 2:30: "The Taming of the Shrew.". . . ¶ June 22 at 6: "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1936). . . . ¶ June 23 at noon: "Music for Madame" (1937), directed by John Blystone, with Nino Martini, Joan Fontaine, and Erik Rhodes. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: "Little Lord Fauntleroy.". . . ¶ June 23 at 5: "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1917). (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 17: "I-You-He/She" (1978), a video installation by Taka Iimura. Continuous showings Wednesday through Friday from 1 to 7:45, and Saturday and Sunday from noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Kirlian Witness" (1978), directed by Jonathan Sarno, with Nancy Snyder, Joel Colodner, Ted Leplat, and Nancy Boykin. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Kardish, Mekas, Raynal, McBride, Hafif, and others. Showings at 7 and 9 (except June 18-19). Closed Sundays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother (1975)—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he shows poor judgment, and he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. The idea—Holmes' bringing in his insanely jealous younger brother, Sigerson, to help on a case involving Queen Victoria's state secrets—has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. There's no mystery, and since you can't have a parody of a mystery without a mystery, there's no comic suspense. And Wilder, keeping his eye on his responsibilities as a director, loses his performing rhythm. A vaudeville number is disconcertingly like the specialty number in Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein" (which Wilder co-wrote and starred in) and calls attention to the general similarity between the two films. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, Leo McKern, and Roy Kinnear. (Olympia; through June 14.)

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum, and Criterion.)

Autumn Sonata—Just when Americans seem to be recovering from that fifties craziness of children's blaming everything on their parents, we're getting it back from Ingmar Bergman. Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. The whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 14.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Though written and directed by Jacques Demy, this film is almost an emanation of its star, Jeanne Moreau, and seems inconceivable without her. It's rather like a French attempt to purify—to get to the essence of—a Warners movie of the thirties about a gambling lady. Demy not only gets to the essence, he gets beyond it. His virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes the flimsy, capricious story a lyrical study in compulsion and luck—a passionate comedy. The concept of gambling as almost total spontaneity and irresponsibility—as giving in to chance, as if that were the most complete acceptance of life—is oddly suggestive, and we begin, in this film, to feel its pull and appeal, to feel that gambling is a bum's existentialism. And Jeanne Moreau, in a very Betty Davis sort of way, dramatizes herself superbly. (There are times when she's as white and as unreal as Constance Bennett in her satins, and you think how marvellous she'd be singing "The Boulevard of Broken Dreams.") This is a magical, whirling little film; it's a triumph of style, even though it runs down to nothing in the last—too quick, too ambiguous—shot. With Claude Mann. Photographed, in dazzling sunlight, by Jean Rabier. The music, by Michel Legrand, is integral to the film, in a way that music has rarely been used since René Clair's first talkies. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 20.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty, incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement (Chandler reported that while the film was in production, William Faulkner and the other screenwriters had to appeal to him for guidance, and apparently Chandler couldn't exactly figure it out either), but it's the dialogue and the entertaining qualities of the individual sequences that make this movie. It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city, where sensation is all. The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. The characters are a collection of sophisticated monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb), drug addicts, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Dorothy Malone seduces the hero in what must surely be record time), murderers. All of them talk in innuendoes, as if there were a new stylization of the American language, but how reassuring it is to know what the second layer of meaning refers to. Howard Hawks directed—and so well that you may even enjoy the fact that, as he says, "Neither the author, the writer, nor myself knew who had killed whom." (Cinema Village; through June 14. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Gemini 1; through June 14.)

Butch and Sundance: The Early Days—With Tom Berenger and William Katt, directed by Richard Lester. (Eastside Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; starting June 15.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through June 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 15-21.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for the producer Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Olympia; starting June 22.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Embassy; through June 21. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 22.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 20.)

Dawn of the Dead—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (U. A. East, and Greenwich; through June 14. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through June 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 22.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)—Robert Wise directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Regency; June 17-18.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (5/28/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Festival. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through June 14.)

Down and Dirty—With Nino Manfredi, directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Paris.)

Dreamer—With Tim Matheson and Susan Blakely, directed by Noel Nosseck. (Loews 83rd Quad; through June 14.)

Escape from Alcatraz—With Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan, directed by Don Siegel. (Trans-Lux East, and Forum; starting June 22.)

Escape to Athena—With Roger Moore, Telly Savalas, David Niven, and Elliott Gould; directed by George D. Cosmatos. (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; through June 14.)

The Father—Directed by Yilmaz Guney. In Turkish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 17. No showing at 10 P.M.)

Fedora—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through June 21.)

Flesh and Fantasy (1943)—Three spooky stories, by Oscar Wilde, Laslo Vadnay, and Ellis St. Joseph, are linked together by a device involving Robert Benchley as a pragmatic type who doesn't believe in the supernatural. Produced by Charles Boyer and the director Julien Duvivier, the film has somewhat more flair and ingenuity than Duvivier's other American trick omnibus film, "Tales of Manhattan," but it still suffers from the overexplicit Hollywood style of the forties, and it lacks the ease and believability of Duvivier's earlier French films. There are a few neat plot twists, though, and, in addition to Boyer as a tightrope walker, the cast includes Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson, Thomas Mitchell, and Betty Field as a girl who has got it in her head that she isn't pretty enough to attract—hold it—blobby Robert Cummings. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19.)

The Fragrance of Wild Flowers—Directed by Srdjan Karanovic. In Yugoslav. (Quad Cinema; starting June 15.)

The Frisco Kid—With Gene Wilder and Harrison Ford. (Cinema 1; starting June 22.)

Game of Death—A recently completed film with Bruce Lee, Gig Young, Dean Jagger, Colleen Camp, and Hugh O'Brian. Directed by Robert Clouse. (U.A. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Rivoli; starting June 15.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Eastside Cinema; through June 14. . . . ¶ Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 21.)

Goldengirl—With James Coburn, Leslie Caron, Robert Culp, Harry Guardino, Curt Jurgens, John Newcombe, and Susan Anton; directed by Joseph Sargent. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting June 15.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema, and Loews Ciné; through June 14.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (86th St. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Paramount; through June 14. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through June 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Cinema 3; starting June 22.)

Hard Times (1975)—Close to stately in its manner—spacious, leisurely, and with elaborate period re-creations of Louisiana in the thirties—this first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp, perhaps even great pulp. The hero (Charles Bronson) rides into town on the rails, looking like an authentic Depression worker—a cap on his head, his face worn, narrow slits of hurting eyes. This aging itinerant never speaks of his past; he hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no holds barred—for gambling stakes. By using Bronson with superb calculation, so that he is the underdog in every situation, Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that our hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. Written by Hill, Bryan Gindorff, and Bruce Henstell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

Imitation of Life (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter did a remake in 1959 which pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but, at least, the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl. (Thalia; June 18.)

The In-Laws—With Peter Falk, Alan Arkin, and Nancy Dussault; directed by Arthur Hiller. (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Paramount, and Embassy; starting June 15.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 14.)

It's Love I'm After (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. It begins with a burlesque of the tomb scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeds like a somewhat deranged "Taming of the Shrew." With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Plaza; starting June 15.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—This is a case of the wrong director (Robert Aldrich) for the material (Frank Marcus's play). It's about a butch lesbian actress (played by Beryl Reid) who is going to be killed off in her television soap-opera role and who is also

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losing her girlfriend (Susannah York) to a chic rival (Coral Browne). Aldrich starts out in that blunt, overwrought style of his and keeps pounding away at us. The film is full of grotesque touches: the girlfriend playing with dolls, sadomasochistic rituals, etc. In a guided tour through a London lesbian bar, every shot is locked in with significance; the obvious supposition is that we're going to be shocked and wowed. It's a clumpingly archaic piece of moviemaking: to convey a flicker of expression, Aldrich sends a messenger bicycling across the screen; after a while, the screen is so covered with grooves that the messengers sink in their tracks. (Thalia; June 21.)

The Last Supper (1978)—A few years back, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's oddly quizzical "Memories of Underdevelopment," made in Fidel's Cuba, startled dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries. In "The Last Supper," set on a Cuban sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century in Holy Week, a bewigged white count, who casts himself as Jesus, invites twelve of his black slaves to an enactment of Christ's feast. A frail, overdecorated man, the count is one of Cuba's biggest sugar-growers and unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revolution; the slaves are a threat, yes, but they are more familiar than the strange machines he is getting from England. The feast of Maundy Thursday, filmed in brownish black and filled with the clattering of knives and forks used by people more accustomed to eating with their fingers, begins in nervous conviviality and ends with the count asleep and the slaves reverting to happy Africanism. The informality of that Thursday is something for which the slaves pay dearly as Easter goes on. A remarkable film from Fidel's Cuba—or, indeed, from anywhere else; it says a great deal about élitism and revolution. In Spanish. (5/15/78) (Cinema Village; June 19.)

Lifeguard (1976)—A low-key account of a Southern California star high-school athlete (Sam Elliott) who goes on working as a lifeguard, clinging to the pleasures of adolescence rather than joining the money-grubbing world of his old classmates. Well shot and intelligently made, with a feeling for ordinary American talk, but too mechanical, too blandly sensitive, too cool to become a popular hit—the sort of picture that disappoints one in a movie theatre but shines on Home Box Office. Kathleen Quinlan gives an unusually appealing, unconventional performance as the teen-ager drawn to the overage lifeguard; with Parker Stevenson and Anne Archer. Directed by Daniel Petrie from Ron Koslow's script. (Cinema Village; June 17-18.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Sutton; through June 21. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting June 22.)

Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Guild. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through June 14. . . . ¶ Forum; through June 21. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting June 15. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 22.)

The Main Event—With Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Howard Zieff. (Murray Hill, Sutton, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting June 22.)

Malicious (1973; "Malizia")—A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; through June 21.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

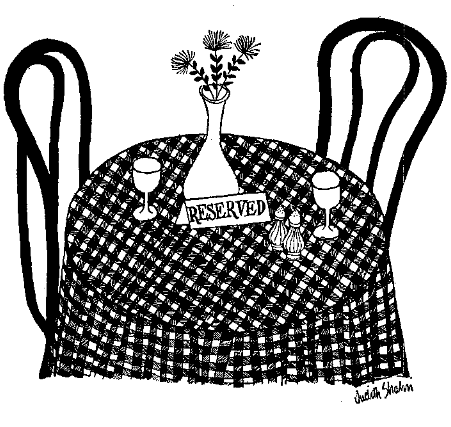
The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high: it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the title role as an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as always. There's not much of the outdoors; the action takes place mainly in Shinbone, and even a stagecoach robbery was filmed on a sound stage. With Lee Marvin as the villainous Liberty Valance, Edmond O'Brien as the newspaper editor, and Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 21.)

The Muppet Movie—A musical comedy, with Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bears, and other Jim Henson puppet characters, along with live performers such as Charles Durning and Austin Pendleton. Directed by James Frawley. (Ziegfeld; starting June 22.)

Newsfront—A salute to the men who made movie newsreels in Australia back in the forties and fifties. Directed by Phillip Noyce, who has had the wit to use lots of actual newsreel footage. (6/11/79) (Cinema II; through June 21.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; through June 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 15-21.)

Oliver! (1968)—This emotionally satisfying picture is not only a musical entertainment but a fine, imaginative version of "Oliver Twist" which treats Dickens' novel as a lyrical, macabre fable. The tone is set in the opening sequence, in the children's workhouse, when Oliver's "Please, sir, I want some more" leads into a choreographed children's riot. The stylization seems to put quotation marks around everything Dickensian, yet not in a cloying way—rather, in a way that makes us more aware of some of the qualities of Dickens' art. Music is the most painless of all alienating devices; the songs provide the distancing that enables us to appreciate Dickens' pathos intellectually. The director, Carol Reed, sustains the tone that tells us it's all theatre. He doesn't urge an audience to tears; he always leaves us our pride. Typically, the best moment is a quiet one. Oliver (Mark Lester), who has been listening to "Who Will Buy?," the lovely early-morning song of the tradespeople in Bloomsbury, walks along singing a few bars to himself, and it is probably the most delicately beautiful reprise in movie-musical history. The Lionel Bart score is adequate—which always really means inadequate to one's hopes—but, at least, it's well sung. And though there's a Broadway-London sound and an awful kind of commercial thinking in numbers like "You've Got to Pick a Pocket or Two," the good voices and the playful performing spirit often suggest Gilbert and Sullivan. Ron Moody is marvellously effective as Fagin the fence; Jack Wild is the Artful Dodger; Shani Wallis is a hearty Nancy (though her solo "As Long As He Needs Me" has that designed-to-stop-the-show vulgarity which is not redeemable when the song is as poor as this one); and, as Bill Sikes, Oliver Reed has found the right outlet for his peculiar talents. With set designs by John Box and choreography by Onna White. (Thalia; June 17.)



On the Avenue (1937)—One of the best of the Fox musicals of the thirties, despite its unevenness and lack of sophistication. If it had nothing else, it might still be worth seeing for Alice Faye singing the memorable "This Year's Kisses," and it has a lot more: Dick Powell in ebullient voice, the Ritz Brothers doing a parody number, and a first-rate Irving Berlin score that includes "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm," "Slumming on Park Avenue," and "You're Laughing at Me." The love interest involves ever beautiful, ever coy Madeleine Carroll, who gurgles when she means to talk, but the director, Roy Del Ruth, doesn't linger on her. (Regency; June 19-20.)

Passages from Finnegans Wake (1967)—Not great, certainly, but a pleasant and inoffensive attempt to convey the fun of the jokes and enigmas and metamorphoses of the Joyce dream book. Martin J. Kelley is Finnegan, Peter Haskell is Shem, and Jane Reilly is Anna Livia Plurabelle. Mary Ellen Bute directed; based on the play version by Mary Manning. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

Phantasm—With Michael Baldwin, directed by Don Coscarelli. (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2; through June 14. . . . ¶ National; starting June 15.)

The Pied Piper (1972)—With Jack Wild, Donald Pleasence, John Hurt, and Donovan as the Pied Piper; directed by Jacques Demy. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 19.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again (1976)—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and his fish-eyed deadpan is joyless. The director, Blake Edwards, sets up promising situations, and then the payoffs are out of step; after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. (St. Marks Cinema; June 15-21.)

Players—With Ali MacGraw and Dean-Paul Martin, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

The Prisoner of Zenda—Peter Sellers in three roles, one of which is mercifully brief. Why was this foolish movie ever made? Ronald Colman is the only prisoner of Zenda worthy of the name. (6/4/79) (Ziegfeld; through June 21.)

The Promise—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Beekman; through June 14.)

Prophecy—With Talia Shire and Robert Foxworth, directed by John Frankenheimer. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting June 15.)

Rocky II—With Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers; directed by Stallone. (Loews New York 1, Greenwich, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting June 15.)

Saint Jack—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79)

(Cinema I; through June 21. . . . ¶ Art; starting June 22.)

The Searchers (1956)—A little girl is kidnapped by Comanches; by the time her uncle, John Wayne, finds her, years have passed and she has turned into Natalie Wood. John Ford directed this leisurely, large-scale Western; the motives of the bitter, taciturn uncle are obscure throughout, and Ford's attempt at comic relief—male knockabout humor—is a fizzle. The cast includes Jeffrey Hunter, as Wayne's partner in the long search, and Vera Miles, Ward Bond, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Jordan, John Qualen, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 17, at 10 P.M. only.)

Sextette—With Mae West, Timothy Dalton, Dom DeLuise, and Tony Curtis; directed by Ken Hughes. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ New Yorker, and Victoria; through June 14.)

Shock Corridor (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

Stella Dallas (1937)—A sentimental war-horse, but effective. In this version, directed by King Vidor, Barbara Stanwyck plays the uncouth young woman who gives up her daughter (Anne Shirley), and John Boles is the socially proper man she can't live up to. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is entirely Stanwyck's, and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance. (Thalia; June 18.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 14.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (72nd Street East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through June 14. . . . ¶ Olympia; June 15-21.)

A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dickens' novels, Ronald Colman is noble Sydney Carton, and Edna May Oliver is Miss Pross. Blanche Yurka's Madame Defarge dominates the film; a menace in the grand manner, she knits like a house afire and takes the Bastille practically single-handed. Simpleminded and yawny, in the M-G-M style for classics. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolutionary sequences; S. N. Behrman had a sizable hand in the script. The big cast includes Elizabeth Allan, Basil Rathbone, Billy Bevan, Reginald Owen, Isabel Jewell, Fritz Leiber, Donald Woods, H. B. Warner, and Henry B. Walthall. (Thalia; June 17.)

Tales of Manhattan (1942)—This five-episode film was planned by its producers, Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle (known now as Sam Spiegel), as a flamboyant, star-filled, gimmicky package. Ten top screenwriters, including Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Ferenc Molnár, concocted this script (which resembles a series of O. Henry rejects), and the performers include Charles Boyer, Henry Fonda, Paul Robeson, Rita Hayworth, Edward G. Robinson, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton, Ethel Waters, Roland Young, Thomas Mitchell, James Gleason, Cesar Romero, and the Hall Johnson Choir. The story is about the jacket of a full-dress suit; as this tailcoat, cursed by its cutter, passes from one owner to the next, it changes the luck of those who handle it. One director, Julien Duvivier, wrestled with the hyperactive, overextended vignettes, bringing the film a gaudy unity, but not a single episode is convincing on any level. The Edward G. Robinson portion has, at least, a little suspense and irony; in competition for the most embarrassing section are the ones with Laughton as a symphony conductor and a miracle featuring Robeson and Waters. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (New Yorker; starting June 15.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 22-23.)

The Unholy Three (1930)—Lon Chaney, in a talkie remake of one of his grotesque, horrifying silent hits, taken from a novel by Clarence Aaron Robbins. He plays Echo, a crooked ventriloquist who works in a dime museum along with a malevolent midget (Harry Earles, later the star of "Freaks") and a strong man (Ivan Linow). They sell parrots who, with Echo's aid, appear to be great talkers; when dissatisfied customers complain, the three visit the customers' homes, which they subsequently burglarize. (Surely the most outlandish burglary scheme on film.) This sound version, directed by Jack Conway, isn't as nightmarishly well done as the Tod Browning silent, but Chaney ("the man of a thousand faces") demonstrates that he also has a variety of voices (he uses four), and the sound is particularly effective in the courtroom climax when, masquerading as an old woman, he suddenly gives himself away by speaking like a man. With Lila Lee, John Miljan, and Elliott Nugent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

Walk Proud—With Robby Benson, directed by Robert Collins. (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting June 15.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (Loews Tower East; through June 14.)

The World's Greatest Lover (1977)—Gene Wilder's slapstick farce may not be long, but "long" is a relative term, and a half hour of this is eternity enough. It's set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. The picture never rises to sophomoric humor—it's infantile humor, for young, slow kids, who want everything pounded at them. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLuise, and Fritz Feld. Script by Wilder, with a "thank you" credit to Fellini (for the use of part of the plot of "The White Sheik"). (Loews 83rd Quad; through June 14.)

The Would-Be Gentleman (1960)—An enjoyable photographed performance, in color and with the exquisite Lully music, by the Comédie-Française of the famous Molière comedy about the rich man (Louis Seigner) who wants to become a gentleman. Jean Meyer, who directed the play and the film, appears as the valet. The exaggerated balletic movement and the elegant diction are intact; the subtitles are witty and idiomatic. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

The Young Girls of Rochefort (1967)—Jacques Demy's musical, with Gene Kelly and a score by Michel Legrand. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 21. Demy will speak after the 8 P.M. showing.)

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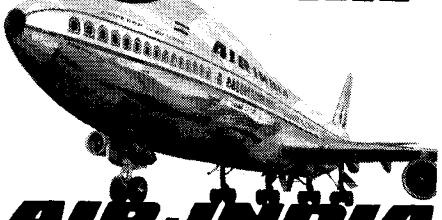

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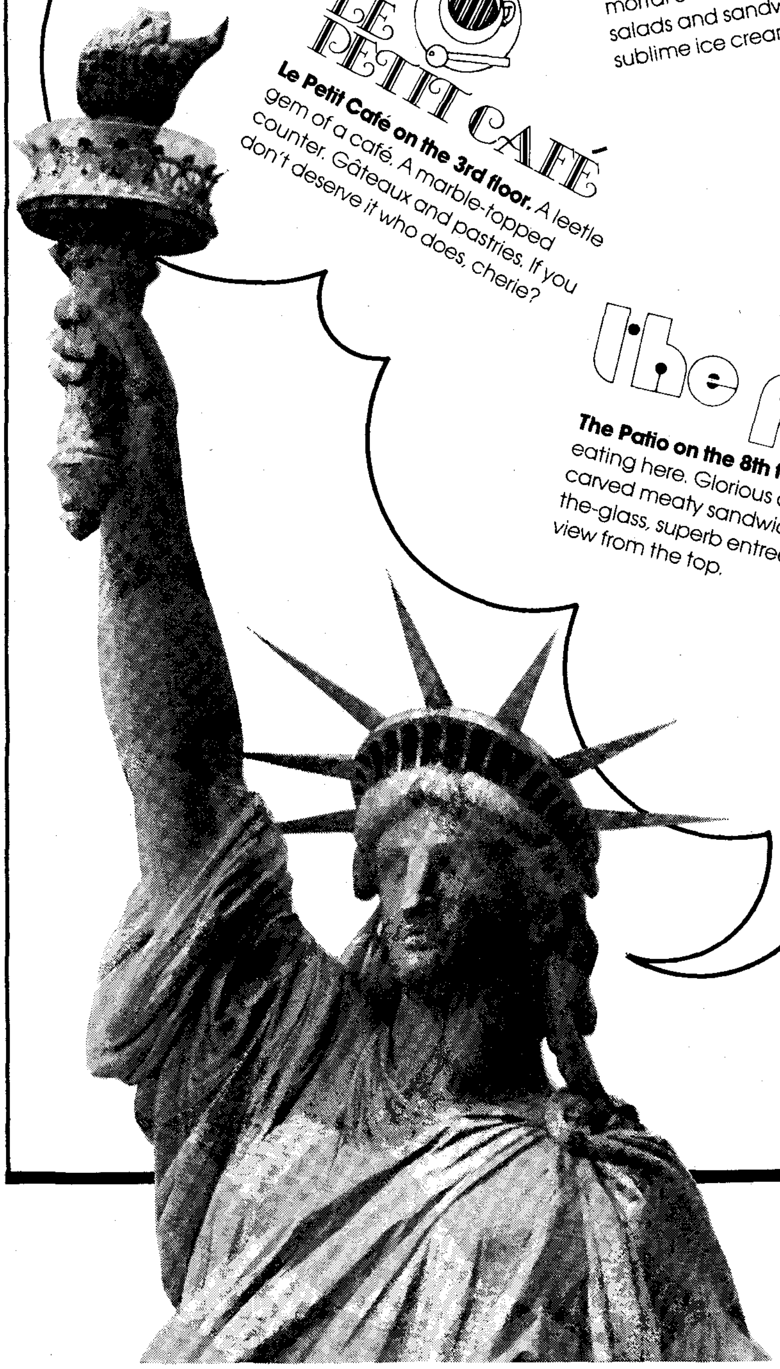

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THE NEW YORKER

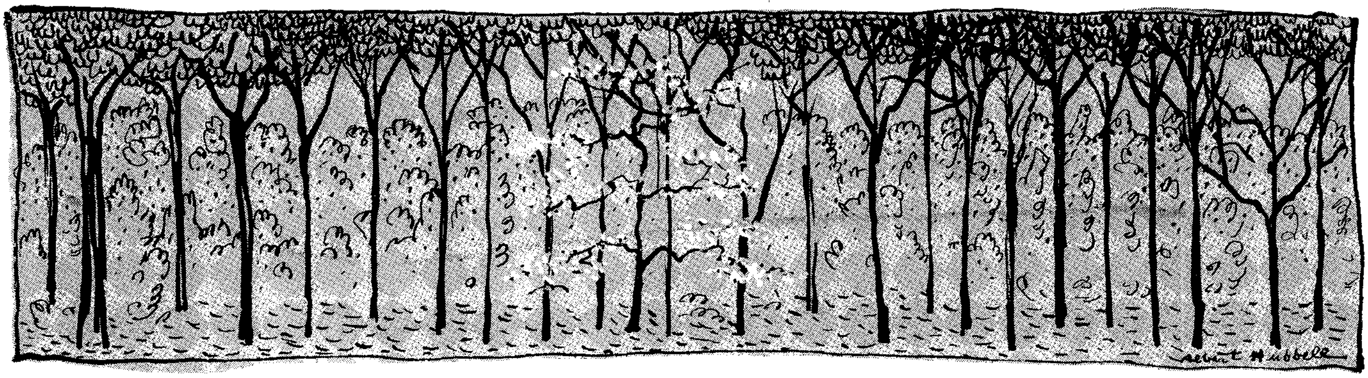
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours, a woman in her fifties who lives on Long Island and had been to the recent demonstration against a nuclear power plant under construction in Shoreham, stopped by to tell us about it. She said:

It was pouring rain last Sunday. I really didn't feel like going. But my daughter Sophie had come all the way out from New York just to go to the demonstration, and since she doesn't drive she was going to have to hitch to get there. So I put on my bluejeans, my Nova Scotia boots, my daughter Jenny's riding jacket, and my sou'wester hat, and off we went. We had to walk a way from the parking place to get to the beach. There was a river of people, and we were walking past what looked to me like very strange development houses. Those houses were the most imaginary houses I have ever seen. They looked pasted on. The houses looked pasted on, the lawns looked pasted on, the bushes looked pasted on, the flowers looked pasted on—perfect bushes, perfect flowers—and the people sitting on their porches (not porches, really, but those mini-porticoes) watching all of us looked pasted on. It was very odd. They were all out on their porticoes watching us in silence. We were silent, too. People seemed to want to be quiet. Then we got to the beach, near the plant where the demonstration was being held, and that was simply extraordinary—so many people on a beach in the rain. One of the nice things was that there were all ages. There were quite a lot of people who were crippled in some way, and there were old ladies who, when we got there, sat on the sand talking to each other. Once in a while, someone would go and hold an umbrella over a group of them. At the entrance to the beach, a man was showing off a windmill he had made by cutting three oil drums in half, vertically, and mounting them on plywood discs—two halves, facing in opposite directions, on each disc, the three sets of discs and drums themselves mounted vertically, one above another, on a metal frame. The drums were painted red and blue, and the whole thing was spinning, even though there didn't seem to be a breath of air—only rain. There was also a young man who was generating electricity by pedalling a bicycle. He told me that he and his father used it in their house, but just for luxuries. The television set was hooked up to it, for example. If you wanted to look at television, you had to pedal the bicycle first. Fifteen minutes of pedalling would give you an hour of television. I told him about my idea that joggers should be somehow hooked up to the electrical systems, and at last, *at last*, I had found someone who didn't sneer at my idea.

It wasn't a particularly emotional occasion. When someone tried to get the crowd to chant "No more nukes! No more nukes!" no one paid any attention—people didn't want that sort of thing—and speakers of the ranting type lost their audience quickly. There was one speaker, though—a nun—who was terrific. She has been involved in cancer research, and she said that the results of Three Mile Island were going to be much worse than anyone had admitted. She said that the issues of nuclear armaments and nuclear power could not be separated. Her talk was very brief. She was like a diamond. The only aspect of the demonstration which made one feel emotional was the number of people: people all the way down the beach and up on the cliffs. And then there were the people on boats, too. A great sloop came in, a wonderful gaff rig, with a beam that must have been twenty-five feet, and with a sun on its topsail. It looked as though it were a really lived-on boat. Later, I learned that it was the Clearwater. There were also four oarsmen in a huge rowboat, and a man who came alone in a canoe. That was particularly moving. And there were lots of little sailboats—nice, chunky ones—and other little boats, and if it hadn't been raining there would certainly have been lots and lots more. I'm sure there would have been triple the number of people, too. It was amazing, though, just as it was. As Sophie pointed out, it was quite an occasion for Long Island. People on Long Island have no idea who else is there. Long Island was getting to meet itself at last. Another unusual thing was



that the cops were darlings. They were polite and humorous and gentle. The Long Island Lighting Company's security people were vile, and there were a few rowdy people who wanted to throw rocks and dirt—they were really just hoodlums, I think—but in general the demonstration was peaceful. I later heard that around eleven that night, when a platoon of cops roared in on their motorcycles to the Yaphank jail, the friends and families of the people who had been arrested for civil disobedience cleared an aisle for the policemen and greeted them with a spontaneous outburst of thanks and applause.

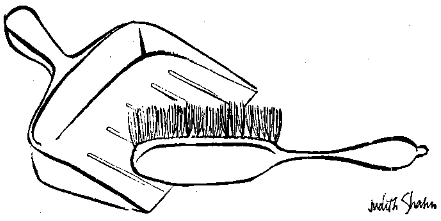
Finally, we left, because we were wet and exhausted and we hadn't brought anything to eat. People were still streaming onto the beach as we headed for the car, but, driving home, we found we were in the usual Long Island traffic—all sorts of people who had nothing to do with the demonstration. There are an *awful* lot of people on Long Island. To stop something like nuclear power takes ninety per cent. Ninety per cent of the people in a community have to object. I spoke yesterday to M., who lives one town away from the plant, and she said she wasn't bothered by it at all. She said she didn't think about it. Referring to the anti-nuclear march a while back, she said that she thought it was terrible, people fornicating in the streets of Washington. What on earth was she talking about? People have the weirdest reactions. I read that Governor Carey's only comment on our demonstration was that we would have to pay a billion and a half dollars out of our own pockets if our little nuclear planty-poo were closed down. I wiped him right off my books. People like Carey should have been there, just to get the tenor. Nobody there was thinking about money. It's the boys who think too much about money and not about other things who are the problem. The people on the beach at Shoreham were thinking about other things.

• •

Progress

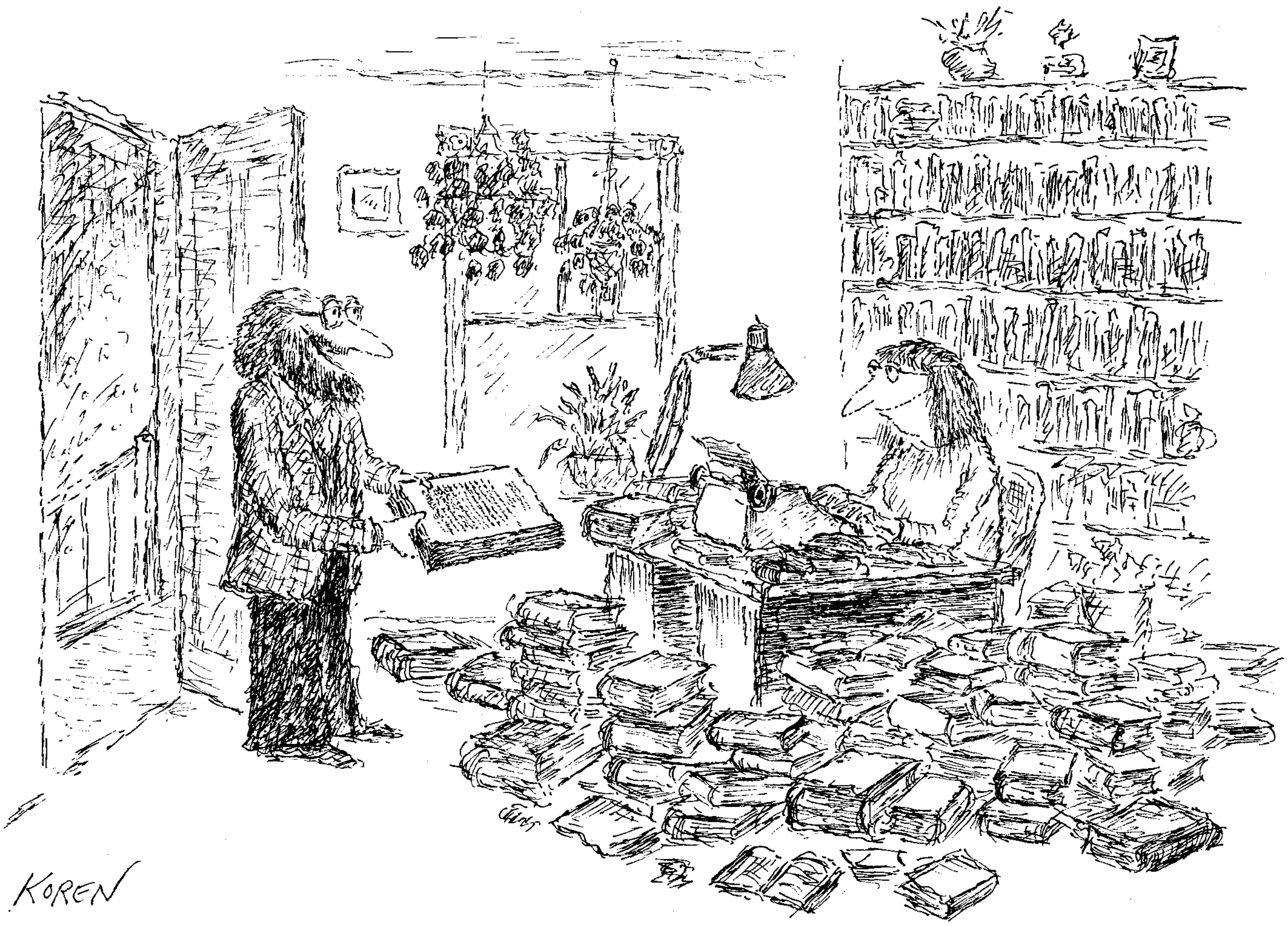
THIS four-day event, the Int'l Inventors Expo '79, at the Statler Hilton, has been put together by World-Wide Patents, Limited—they've been doing it three years running now—and it is important to understand that the sponsors have *no personal axes to grind*. None whatsoever. What we're talking about here is progress. What we're talking about is giving the itinerant inventor the chance to meet a manufacturer who will either buy his invention outright or license it or joint-venture it. Now, there's a man here who's developed an automatic vegetable peeler that will make your potatoes or turnips or carrots look as if they grew without natural skins. And there's another man here who's got a pretty good thing going with an underwater metal contraption called Sea Trap which is great for trapping crabs or lobsters and/or a crab or crabs *and* a lobster or lobsters or occasionally something totally unexpected. O.K. Now, *that's* a Disco Bag and *that's* a Disco Belt and *her* name is Sandy and she's with Pixonic Corporation and they are invention-development consultants. Sitting there, that's Sandy's husband, Jesse, who is the president of Pixonic Corporation, and an electronic engineer and inventor, and who takes as much credit as possible for the first mass-produced stereo phonograph and the Polaris submarine and the B-58 bomber and the Bomarc missile and language labs and teaching machines, and who explains that at one point he went to one of those dishonest invention-development consultants and got taken advantage of and so decided to go into this business to prevent other individuals from experiencing similar occurrences. These days, he is so busy trying to help other people market *their* inventions that he doesn't have time to work on his own ideas. The Disco Bag and Disco Belt lady is a Pixonic client, as is the lady who invented the Bake-In Lift 'N Serve Spatula and the guy who invented Playball—a rubber ball on an elastic string that can be clipped to a baseball glove, so that the ball comes back—and right now, with the Playball, they're sitting on what looks like a very big order from A. & P. and it looks very exciting.

That man over there is Harold Chaskin, M.E., P.E., L.S., Consulting Engineer, and the developer of the fifty-one-star American flag, which is different from all other American flags in that Harold Chaskin has invested each star with special significance. Interested? O.K., he'll tell you about it. It's chronological. You just point to a star on the flag or name a state and he'll explain what's what. Michigan? Easy. Second row down, third from the left. Give him another one. Go ahead. That? Oh, that's one of Harold Chaskin's other inventions. It's a three-way heating pad, called Grandpa's Multi-Purpose Comforter. You can wrap it around your head and use it as a muffler or maybe wear it as a sleeve or open it along the zippers and put it wherever you hurt. It's like thermal therapy. It's the same setup as when you go to the doctor and he charges you twenty bucks. Harold Chaskin once had that experience.



Over here, this is the Illuminated Shoe, and it is made for disco dancing and has a clear-plastic heel with tiny red bulbs inside that light up each time you take a step. Those two little batteries in there will last for something like twenty thousand hours, and by that time your feet will be tired. There's a manufacturer up in Connecticut who is interested, but he wants Akis Pelengaris, the father of the Illuminated Shoe, to pay for the cost of tooling. On the other hand, there was that Japanese guy around the other day who wants to ship like a hundred thousand pairs and sell them over there. And remember—*these Japanese are very good businessmen.*

Forget, for the moment, the Watermill Superfrank Multi-Hot-Dog Machine, the floating golf-ball retriever, the lifesaving escape chute, the Nothingness Battery Bicycle Turn Signal, the Solar Bottle, the painless syringe, the Kosher Ablution Groovy Solution portable sauna health kit, and the Lazy Man's Sleeping Bag, and concentrate instead on *this:* Jack Reitknecht's toothbrush. Believe it or not, it represents ten years of work. Jack calls it the Laminated Fountain Toothbrush with Barrier. What Jack has done is to put the toothpaste container *inside the handle of the toothbrush,* and then, with his patented slide, he extrudes the toothpaste into position on the brush head. There's no other toothbrush in the world—and this is very important—there is no other toothbrush in the world that has a slide betwixt the bristles and the toothpaste and that can be selectively opened and closed by Jack Reitknecht or by anyone else. By not having the typical family handling the typical wrinkled toothpaste tube, with its bacteria-laden crevices, Jack has eliminated the risk of contracting some of the infectious diseases that are apt to spread because of careless handling of toothpaste tubes, such as flu, tuberculosis, whooping cough, and malaria. Also, on the toothbrush handle itself



"I think what people are going to say is 'Wow!'"

• •

Jack has reserved plenty of room for as yet unsold display advertising.

And this, this thing that looks like a plastic shoetree, is the Kalor Boots Dryer. It will dry the snow boots or the work boots or the ladies' boots, and the people behind this are from Montreal. Over here are many, many articles written in praise of the Kalor Boots Dryer. Here, read them. No, pardon, this is in Italian. Here, here is an article in English. The Boots Dryer has a thermostat in there and the temperature goes up and down. It is a very good gift item for the lady. It is a good item for the man to give to the lady who doesn't have one already but does have the wet boots.

Birding

A SLIGHT frown appeared on the face of Russell W. Peterson, the new president of the National Audubon Society, when he was introduced as "the No. 1 Birder" to about forty men and women carrying binoculars. They were assembled at the northeast corner of Central Park West and Eighty-first Street a few minutes before seven on a clear morning not long ago which was ideal for a bird walk in Central Park. As the group moved south toward the Ramble, we fell into step with Peterson, a tall, trim, brown-haired man in his early sixties who was dressed somewhat more nattily than most of the other birders—brown suède shoes, brown twill trousers, and a light-brown sweater, which went with his hair—and we asked him what seemed to bother him about the jocular title he had been given.

Peterson, whose blue eyes squint out from under a protruding Nordic brow, grinned. "Well, for one thing, if you're talking about making people all around the world aware of the beauty and importance of birds, there's another Peterson—Roger Tory Peterson—who certainly gets the title hands down," he said. "And, beyond that, you've got to say that somebody like Joe Taylor, who is head of the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, in Pennsylvania, has seen a lot more birds than I have. There are maybe six hundred and fifty species that breed on this continent north of Mexico, and then there are fifty or so that visit pretty frequently—not to mention up to a hundred strays and accidentals. Well, Joe Taylor must have seen about seven hundred, or nearly all of them. My life list is about five hundred. So I've still got a way to go." He checked a bush with his glasses, which were seven-power Nikons. "But I'm forging ahead all the time," he went on. "And this new job is certainly going to help. I started it only at the beginning of April, and I've already picked up two life firsts. On a trip to a regional meeting in Dallas, I got a Harris's sparrow, and a few days ago in Dayton I saw my first cerulean warbler. There! Somebody's spotted a parula warbler in that evergreen halfway up the slope." Binoculars were raised, and sunlight caught blue on the head and back, yellow at the throat of a tiny bird whose song was like the buzzing of an insect.

As we approached the Ramble, there were exclamations about other migrating warblers, which flock to Central Park as to an oasis among the wastes of streets and buildings in Manhattan. "There's a myrtle warbler, moving over there in the bushes!" a man in a business suit called out. All eyes were on a small, generally dark bird with a yellow crown, yellow side patches, and a yellow spot above its tail.

"Oh, you mustn't call it the myrtle warbler anymore," a woman said with mock disapproval. "As *British Birds* puts it, it has been 'boringly renamed' the yellow-rumped warbler."

The renaming took place because, it seems, ornithologists have discovered that the myrtle warbler, here in the East, and Audubon's warbler, out West, are really the same species—that although there are distinct differences in their markings, they can interbreed. Peterson dutifully called it the yellow rump whenever it appeared—and, whatever its name, the bird was far and away the most plentiful among the migrants observed that morning: The warblers arrive in waves, and the myrtle, or yellow rump, is always among the earliest.

Birding in Manhattan is a novelty for Peterson, who has just moved here from Washington, where he served for more than a year as director of the Office of Technology Assessment, an advisory agency set up by Congress, and, for three years before that, as chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality. "I did spend some time up in Westchester after I lost my job in 1972," he told us. Peterson had been elected to a four-year term as governor of Delaware in 1968. "As a politician, I'm batting .500—I got elected once and beaten once. After I ran for reëlection and lost, Nelson Rockefeller asked me to head up his Commission on Critical Choices, and I lived out in Pocantico Hills." Before deciding to run for governor of Delaware, Peterson, who has a doctorate in chemistry, had worked for twenty-six years at the du Pont company. "I helped develop Dacron and other synthetic fibres," he said.

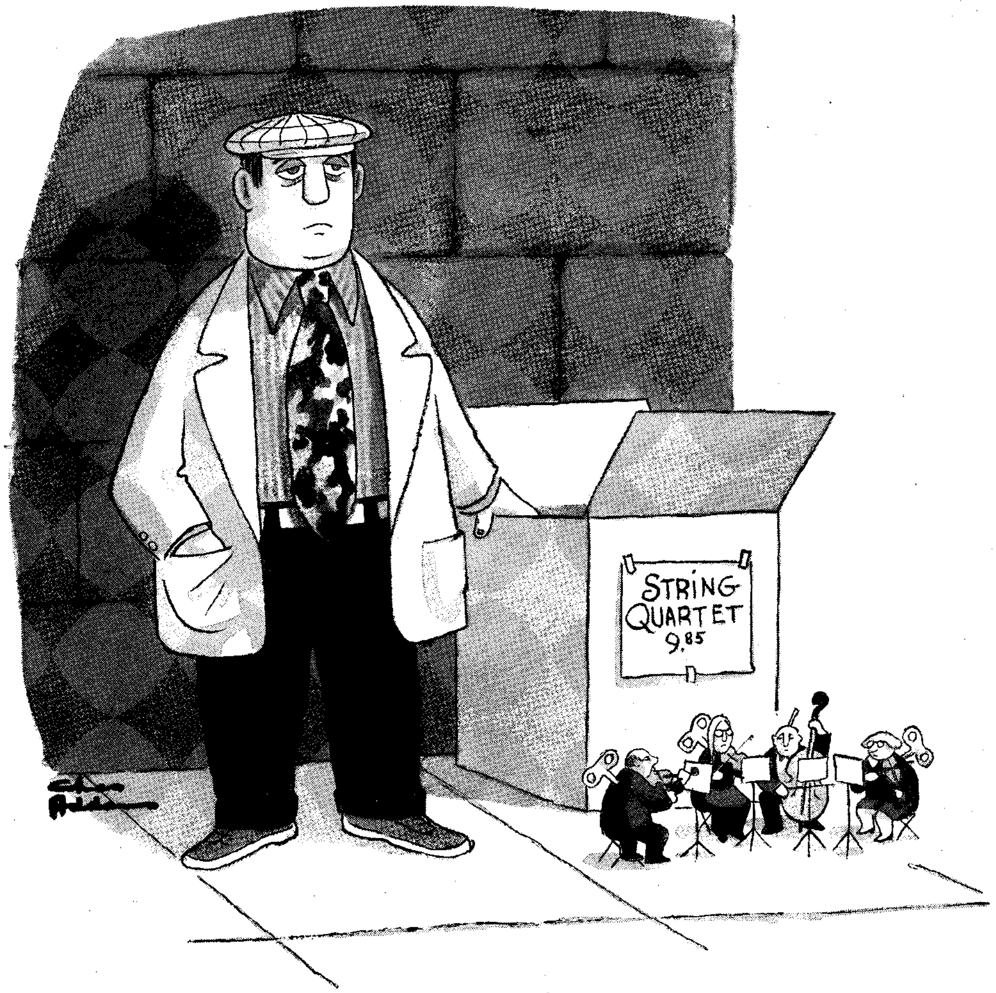
We asked him if his present concern about environmental matters caused him to have any second thoughts about the wisdom of using petroleum to make textiles, and he replied, with only a trace of sharpness, "It's better than using petroleum to run cars that get ten miles a gallon." As governor, the former du Pont executive annoyed, and probably surprised, a number of big-business developers by persuading the Delaware legislature to pass a law barring heavy industry from a two-mile strip along the state's entire coastline.

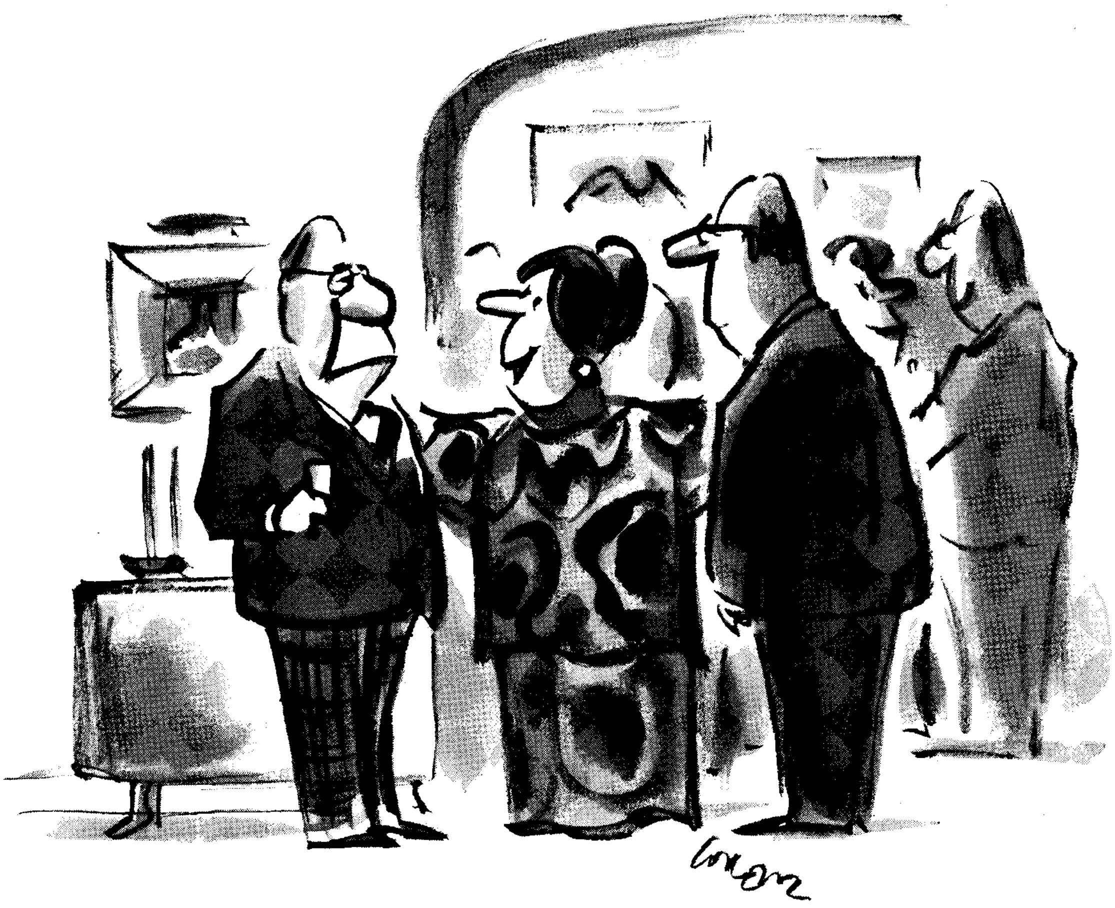
As the birders entered the Ramble, ten or twelve of them bunched up below some rocks to look at a veery. To our way of thinking, a veery is a rather ordinary-looking thrush, but then Peterson spotted an ovenbird—a striking warbler with a streaked breast, an olive back, and stripes on its head. "You're too short," Peterson said to a young woman with a blond ponytail and dressed in a blue warmup suit who was straining to see the ovenbird. When she moved up the path a bit, she had better success.

Peterson told us he would be taking the noon shuttle to Washington in order to attend a White House briefing on the President's proposals for the disposition of Alaskan lands. "Carter's been very good on conservation," he said. "When I was at the Council on Environmental Quality, we used to talk about 'the Terrible Twenty'—a bunch of those absurd flood-control and water-reclamation projects that cost a lot of money and do a lot of harm. (There goes a towhee!) I'm going to a press conference tomorrow morning with Senator Bill Cohen, of Maine, who's against the Dickey-Lincoln dam in his state. It's not easy for politicians to come out against things like that. The Garrison Diversion Unit, for instance, would bring hundreds of millions of dollars into North Dakota. Carter opposed nineteen of the Terrible Twenty. We finally got rid of only a few of them, but that was the first time in our history a President had really taken on the Corps of Engineers and the pork-barrel interests. (Don't miss the ruby-crowned kinglet on your right!) Carter's opposition to breeder reactors has limited the availability of weapons-grade plutonium. He signed a good strip-mining bill. Yes, he's done very well." Grasping our elbow firmly for emphasis, Peterson added, with a smile, "And this is a Republican telling you about our Democratic President."

As we walked out on the spit of land called the Point, which extends into the Lake in Central Park, Peterson called our attention to a black-and-white warbler moving along a branch on a low tree. "That's an easy one for me, because I'm somewhat color-blind," he said. "You know, I used to play a lot of golf, but this is really the way to spend your time out-of-doors. I have a place at Rehoboth Beach, in Delaware, and Saturday I expect to be out all day. You take some sandwiches and some beer—there's nothing like it."

Our Democratic President has appointed Peterson to the Three Mile Island Accident Commission, and the commission is to produce its report within six months—by the end of October. We asked Peterson if he





"Arthur, meet Tyler Broadhurst. He doesn't cook, either."

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thought the Audubon Society's identification in the public's mind as a club for bird-watchers was something of a quaint misapprehension in view of the larger issues of public policy which seemed to preoccupy its chief officer.

"Not at all," Peterson said firmly. "If you get interested in birds, you can't help getting into these so-called larger issues. Developers wanted to build a jetport in the Florida Everglades, and bird-watchers were against that because it would destroy an essential habitat for birds. But if the birds' habitat is endangered, so is ours. Some of these migrants wintered in tropical forests. We can't ignore it if somebody plans to tear up the banks of the Amazon. Birds we see here in Central Park today may breed in Alaska, so of *course* I'm interested in what's going to happen to the wilderness up there."

Peterson was standing near the end of the Point. Tall apartment buildings on Fifth Avenue loomed over the boathouse and a line of racked rowboats along the shore. Gripping our elbow once again, Peterson said, "The big problem is population. We not only have more people crowding out the wild places but have new knowledge and new tools that allow us to do more damage than ever to nature. A man with a shovel and an axe is nothing compared to a man with a chain saw and a bulldozer. And then, as we were mentioning about the synthetics, back up the path, chemists like Peterson come along and create new molecules that nature can't absorb. The synthetics don't rot away, the way natural substances do, so they poison the earth. Once again, the birds give us the signal. DDT and the peregrine falcon is a case in point. Oh, yes, birds tell the whole story about the life-support systems we all depend on—air, water, land. You know, miners used to take a canary in a cage down into the mine with them, and when the bird toppled over they knew they were in trouble themselves."

Peterson raised his binoculars abruptly. There had been rumors that somebody had seen a bittern on the shore of the lake the day before, and everyone was eager to spot it, but Peterson, lowering his glasses, announced cheerfully that the bird he had just seen was a female rusty blackbird.

Unveiling

A NUMBER of sports personalities, sports-related personalities, and newsmen and newswomen from the papers and television, the mayor of New York City, the governor of New York State, Cardinal Cooke, and almost two hundred people who just happened to be passing by gathered the other day in the mall at Madison Square Garden to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Madison Square Garden (there were three Madison Square Gardens before the present one, the first two really on Madison Square, and the third up at Fiftieth and Eighth) and to unveil a bronze statue of the goddess Diana, a duplicate of a statue of the goddess Diana which used to stand on top of the second Madison Square Garden.

Jack Dempsey was there, seated in a chair.

Dave Maloney, Phil Esposito, and Mike McEwen (the Rangers hockey stars) were there, and they stood behind Jack Dempsey, with their arms folded across their chests.

Joe Frazier was there, and he stood next to Jack Dempsey, with his hands folded across his chest.

A man wearing a toupee that made him look exactly like George Steinbrenner was there.

Jackie Stone, the television-news reporter, was there. After the taping of her report, she worried out loud about the angle at which her nose had been shot.

Howard Cosell, acting as master of ceremonies, was there.

Some of the people who were there made elaborate speeches. Some of the people who were there applauded the end of the elaborate speeches.

One man, whose name we didn't catch, named, in his elaborate speech, some boxing event as the most electric moment in the history of Madison Square Garden. Cardinal Cooke, in his elaborate speech, said that Madison Square Garden and St. Patrick's Cathedral were both a hundred years old this year. Howard Cosell began his elaborate speech, "I think you know the nature of the circumstances under which we are gathered here."

After that, Mayor Koch, Governor Carey, and a number of the other guests, grabbing the ends of two pieces of gold cord, unveiled the statue. The goddess Diana stood stark naked on tiptoe with a drawn bow.

GYPSIES

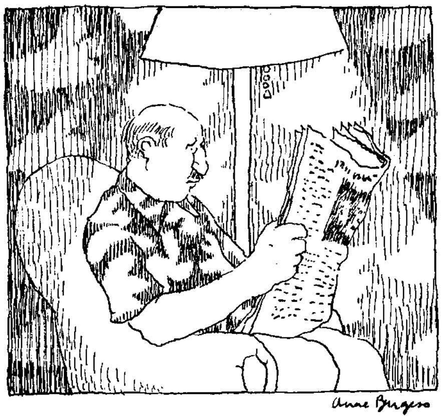
AT the corner where the two limbs of the L-shaped, elmed drive met, down some five hundred yards from the house and a hundred or so from the main road, there was a grassy plot bordered by a dozen cypresses interrupting the drive's outer row of elms. This tree-protected plot of green made an inviting resting place, and though it belonged to the house—a country house in Tuscany, near Siena—strangers would often leave the road and stop there for a rest.

In the hot summer, it might be a workman who would lean his bicycle against a cypress and sit in the shade to have a bite to eat and to drink some watered wine from an old fiasco. At night, a car with lovers might slowly drive there and the lovers would park and switch off its lights. In the spring, when the shepherds walked their flocks up from the pasturelands by the sea toward the mountains, or in autumn, walking down from the mountains to the sea, they would sometimes stop there for the night, and a hundred and more sheep, the sheepdogs, and the shepherds themselves would sleep on the grass. The shepherds would usually come up to the house and give the owners a drum or two of sheep's cheese—*pecorino*—as a present. And sometimes gypsies would stop there.

Then a certain wakefulness, a certain uneasiness would take hold of the house. The cook was nervous; so were the maid and the women from the farm next door to the main house. They would try to pass on their apprehension to the owners. But the owners, who were rather worldly people and not originally from this part of the country, would pay little heed to what was said. Nevertheless, the maid and the cook would make sure that the outside doors were bolted, barred, and double-locked, and would even lock the gates to the chicken run and the back courtyard. The owner's family would listen, faintly amused, to the stories about gypsies that the cook told. The owner's daughter, in particular, was skeptical of any stories with gypsies as the villains and critical of anything said against them. As she grew to be a teen-ager, and then into her early twenties, this sympathy for gypsies became more and more pronounced.

Her mother, laughing, often said she was a "little gypsy." Gypsies had an inimitable way of dressing, but she came close to it. Like them, she wore frayed black shawls, long skirts, unpressed and ragged, of a flowered, soft cotton, and much jewelry. She was very good-looking, even striking, slim and fairly tall. Her profile, her features were contoured in bold and sweeping lines, lines such as any artist would have liked to capture, but which if they were to be done justice had to be drawn quickly the first time and not cancelled or retraced. She had brown, almond-shaped eyes; her hair was black and long; she frequently went barefoot, and, rather than use a chair, she would sit on the floor or lie down wherever she could, assuming the most restful poses. She liked to tell friends' fortunes, reading their palms, or cards, or tea leaves. And she travelled a great deal and was often away for months at a time, even out of the country—as far as Egypt, Turkey, or the West African coast—taking little money with her. Indeed, she often said that she despised money and that it ought to be abolished, along with bureaucracy, passports, and all frontiers.

Though she had had a sketchy education, she read a lot, spoke French and English, had a good memory for poetry and names, and was fond of arguing about politics, art, and religion, with whomever she met, no matter how expert he was in his field; she was quite unimpressed by position, titles, degrees, or erudition. She delighted in sharing her enthusiasms—for the works of such disparate people as Lao-tzu and Kandinski—with anyone at all willing to listen, whether they were scholars or workmen. And some would nod gravely and others smile. But always she found someone who admired her, befriended her, and helped her—to carry her luggage, get her out of a tight spot, or find a lodging. She sometimes would have trouble with officials because her passport had expired, or because she needed a visa, or because she had run out of funds in some strange city. And always she would find a way out of her troubles: she made friends easily (and as easily made enemies, usually the Italian consuls), for she had something childlike, open, and innocent about her that soon made the police realize they were faced with no one dangerous. She would laugh, and they would laugh with her and let her go.



ONE cold and windy winter afternoon, not long after the daughter of the house had returned from Egypt, a caravan of gypsies stopped for the night on the green by the cypresses. Two thin, swarthy women shivering in their flowery rags came up with empty knotted kerchiefs to the kitchen door, and with outstretched arms asked the cook for food. The cook—a buxom woman in her late fifties, who had been at the house nearly thirty years and partaken of its ups and downs as though they were her own—went into the pantry and returned with a large chunk of bread, the usual fare for beggars.

"Bread alone?" one of the visitors said, taking it and dropping it inside her dark, capacious kerchief and stretching an arm out greedily for more.

"Eh, what did you want?" said the cook. "Isn't bread enough? These are hard times. The others are content." By others she meant the ordinary hoboes. "Why are you so special?" she added. But going into the pantry again she came back with the heel of a salami. "Here. I'm not giving you anything else. Go on, now."

Undaunted, the second visitor produced an empty two-litre fiasco, as if from nowhere, and bade her fill it up.

"Fill it? With what?"

"Wine."

"Ah, wine, too, you want now." She took the fiasco. "But I won't fill it," she said. Yet one saw that even though with the changing times she had outgrown some of her fears she still wasn't indifferent to the gypsies' putting a curse on her if they didn't get at least part of what they asked for. And at the same time she didn't want to give in to them. Why didn't they work the way she did for their food? Oh, they were vicious people. She had to strike a nice balance, and her calm, unruffled face was flushed. She returned with the half-filled fiasco, and still the curse came, not crushing but muddled—a grumble of a curse—as the two women left, fast and sly in the half-light.

"Go away! You can't put a curse on me any more than I can put one on you!" the cook shouted in a rage from the kitchen door.

And upstairs, where she was painting in her studio, the owner's daughter heard her. Down she came, like lightning. "Didn't you give them anything?"

"Bread, salami, and wine I gave them, and plenty of it. But were they satisfied? No, they are never satisfied. A curse, that's all I got back from them, and not a word of thanks."

"You didn't give them enough," the girl said, and she rushed into the pantry.

"What are you doing?" the cook said, seeing her take the best part of a salami.

"I'm cutting this," the girl said fiercely.

"What are you going to do? Give them all that? You can't."

But the girl went on cutting. From a shelf she took a loaf of bread, and then, with the bread and salami, she shot out of the house and down the drive.

"A whole loaf of bread and most of a new salami," the cook said aloud to herself. "But what can you do? She is herself one of them."

Soon the girl was back, her hands empty.

"You gave it to them?"

"Yes."

"Well, they'll have a good meal tonight for sure."

"Why shouldn't they?"

"Oh, as far as I'm concerned . . . It's nothing of mine," the cook said sulkily.

"It's so cold down there," the girl said, "and windy."

"Eh, but they've got their blankets and their coach."

For a moment, the girl seemed to ponder some difficult question. Then she said, "I'm going to ask them to dinner and to sleep here."

"What?"

"I'm going to go down and ask them to eat and sleep here."

"Eat and sleep here? Here you want them! But you must be joking."

"No, I'm not joking."

"Oh, I'm not going to make the beds, you'll see, or cook for them, after what they said to me."

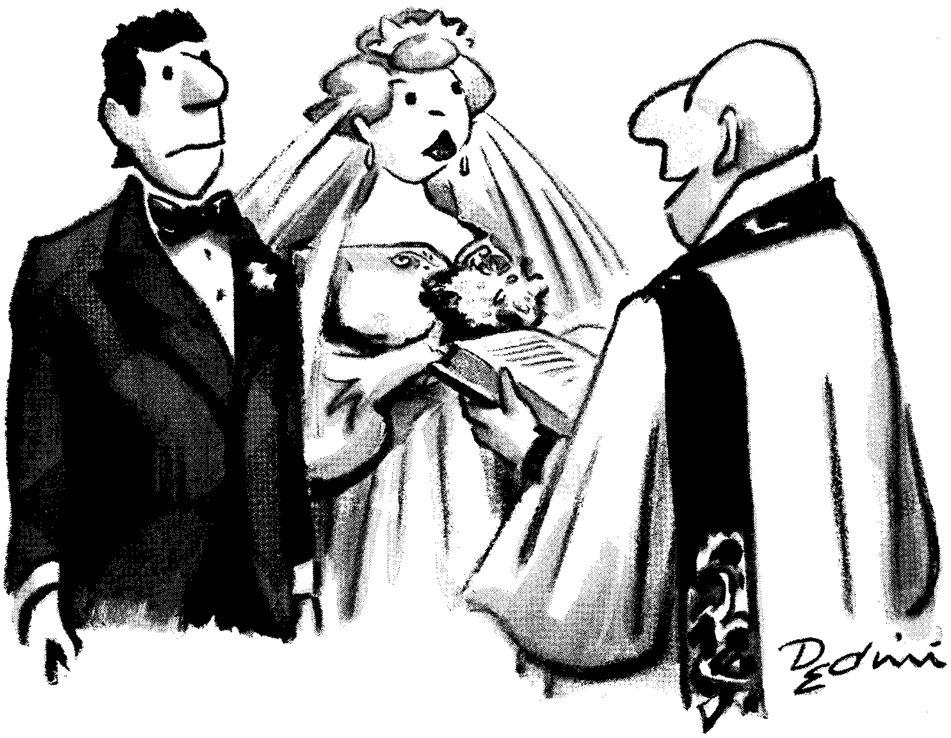
"I'm not, either," said the maid, a short, unassuming woman, who had joined the girl and the cook in the pantry and was even more scared of gypsies than the cook was.

"I'll cook and make the beds," said the girl, who never helped with the housework.

"At least, first ask your mother."

"BUT no, absolutely not," said the girl's mother, brought down to the kitchen by the maid.

The girl, however, had a terrific will.



"And do you promise to stick together during the coming crunch?"

Her father was called. He, too, sided with the cook and the maid. "Don't even dream of it," he said. "You won't, because I don't want you to—do you hear me?"

"Yes, I'm going to invite them. They can sleep in my studio and in the *fattoria.*" This was a wing of the house next to her studio.

"No."

"Bigots," she sneered, and with a dark, determined look she went upstairs to her studio. Minutes later, she could be heard vigorously moving furniture.

"You can't tell her anything when she gets into these furies," the mother said.

But the father, slight and old, started toward the stairs.

"No, please," his wife said to him. "Let her. Anything's better than these scenes. Let her. Please. For my sake. I'll stay up. We can lock an inside door, and then what can they do?" She knew her daughter well: she could become violent, especially about something like this, when she thought—when she was convinced—that she was right; then it became a cause with her. And deep down she admired her daughter, so flamboyant and unlike her. It was so bleak here in the winter. Perhaps the house could do with company, with music and gypsy dancing. Things like that might keep their daughter home.

In the kitchen, the cook and the maid spoke in undertones. And then they saw the girl leave by the front door of the house and walk toward the drive—it was getting dark now—down to the green where the gypsies camped.

As night fell, the cook, the maid, and the girl's mother waited. The father had gone back to his room. Long they waited. At last, they heard a ring at the front door. Her mother went to unlatch the door while cook and maid watched from the kitchen. It was the girl, alone.

"They won't come," she said to her mother. "They won't come," she repeated to the cook and the maid in the kitchen. "I told them I had beds for them, the fire lit, and that soon I'd have dinner ready, but they wouldn't come; though I begged them to, they wouldn't. Why? I don't understand."

"Because they are true gypsies," her mother said. "You see, it's different with them."

The cook and the maid were quite happy now. "Ha, no, ha? They didn't want to come, eh?"

"No, they just wouldn't."

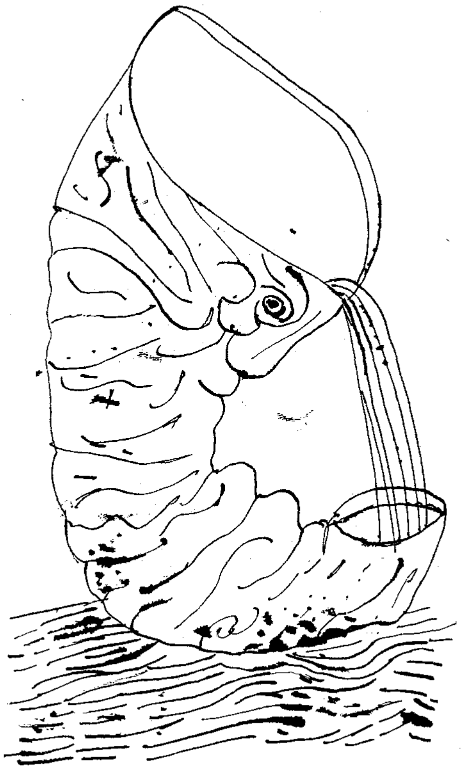
"They are happy where they are," the mother said. "A grassy spot near a road is what they want, and to be left alone. They can do without beds, walls, furniture—everything but freedom."

The girl's father appeared in the kitchen. "Well?"

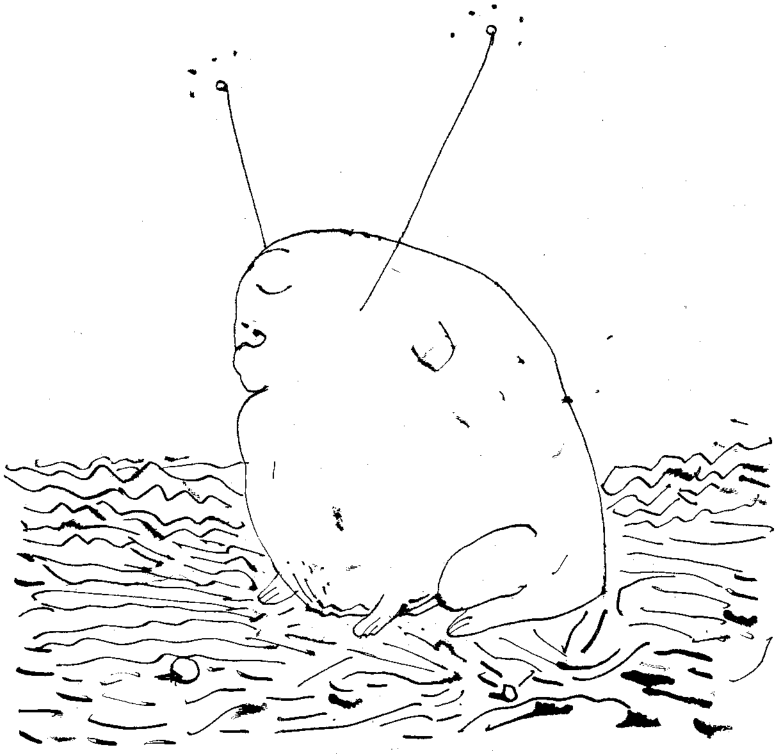
"They wouldn't come."

"Ah, you see," he said, as if giving them credit. —ARTURO VIVANTE

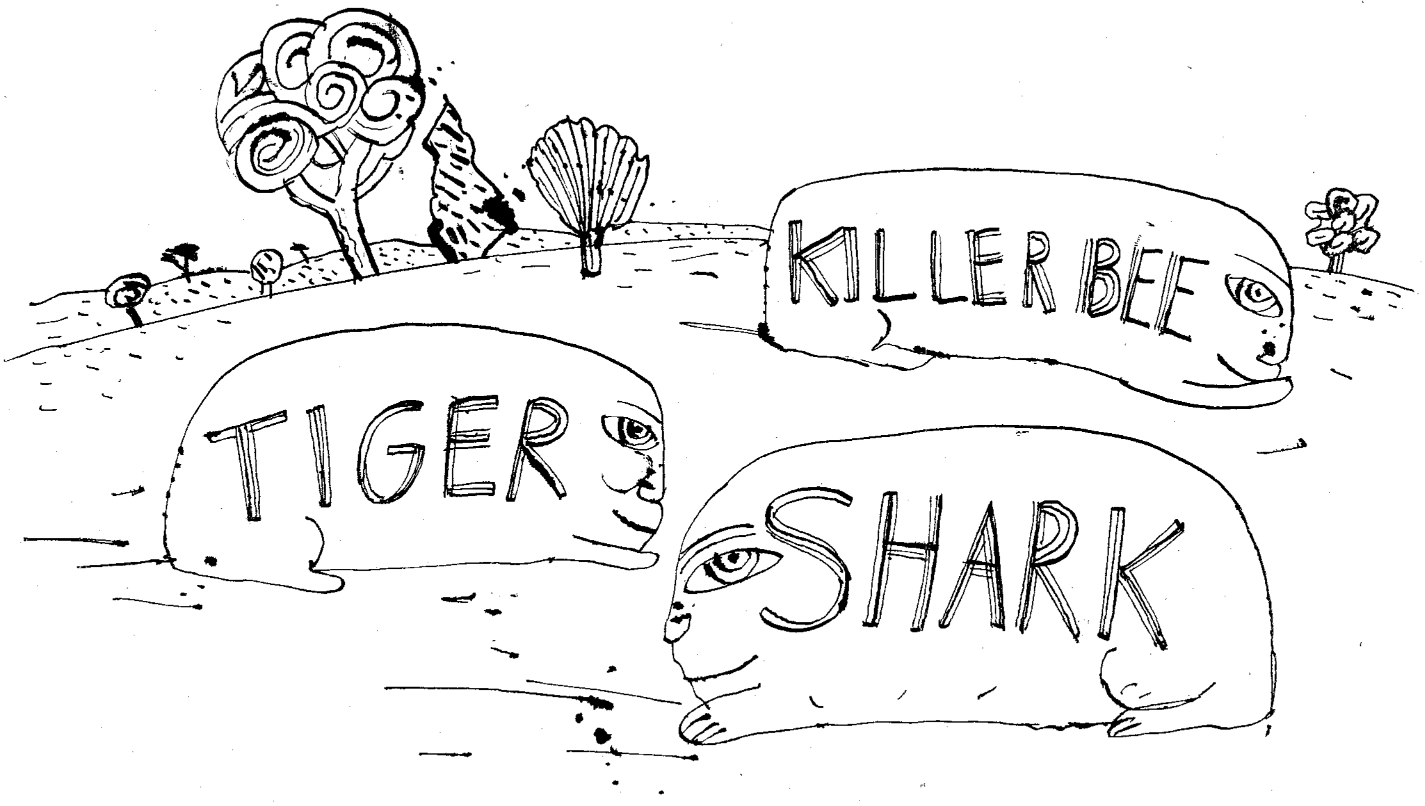
A BESTIARY



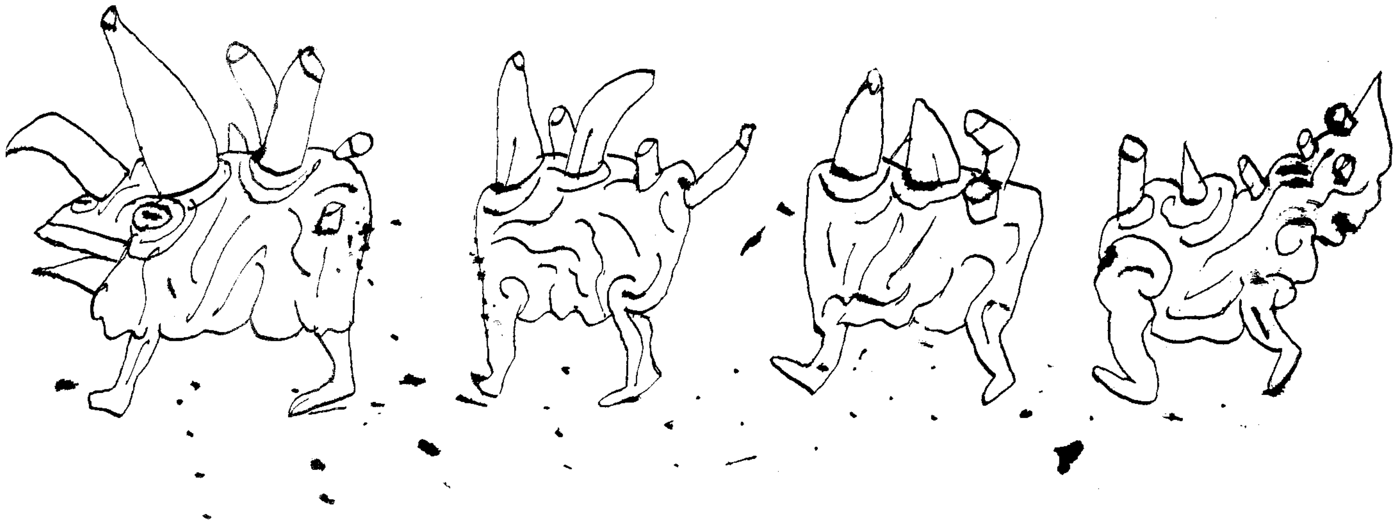
To remain an integrated creature, the frepp pours its top half into its bottom half every twelve hours.



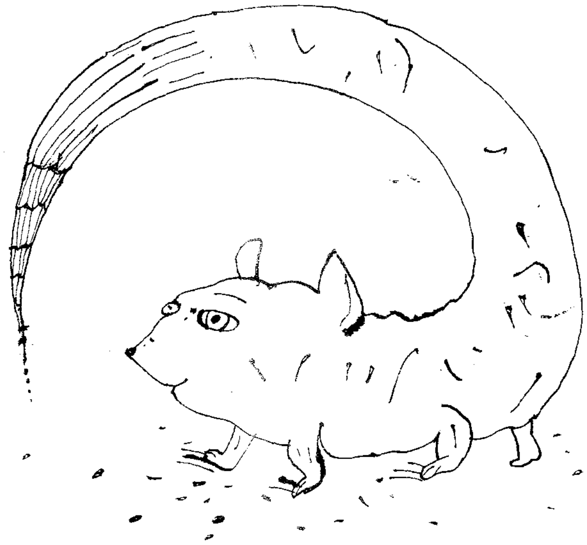
The poog has built-in antennae and can receive both public and cable TV. Its favorite shows are "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood" and "Bowling for Dollars."



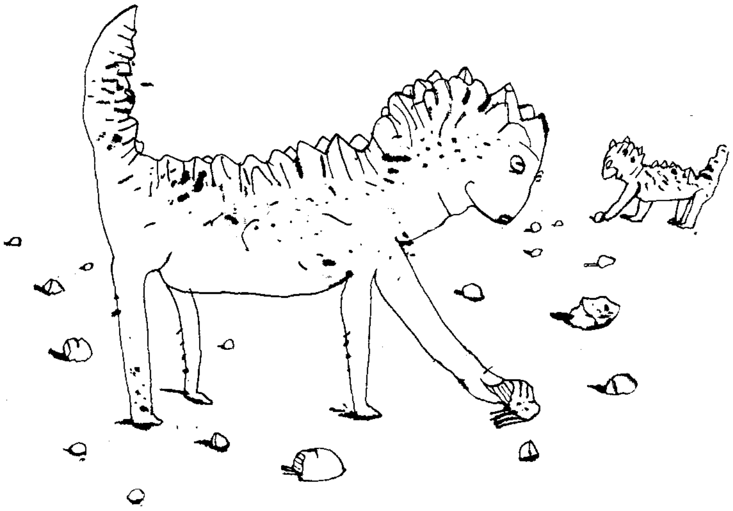
The harmless boote protects itself from predators by its ingenious camouflage.



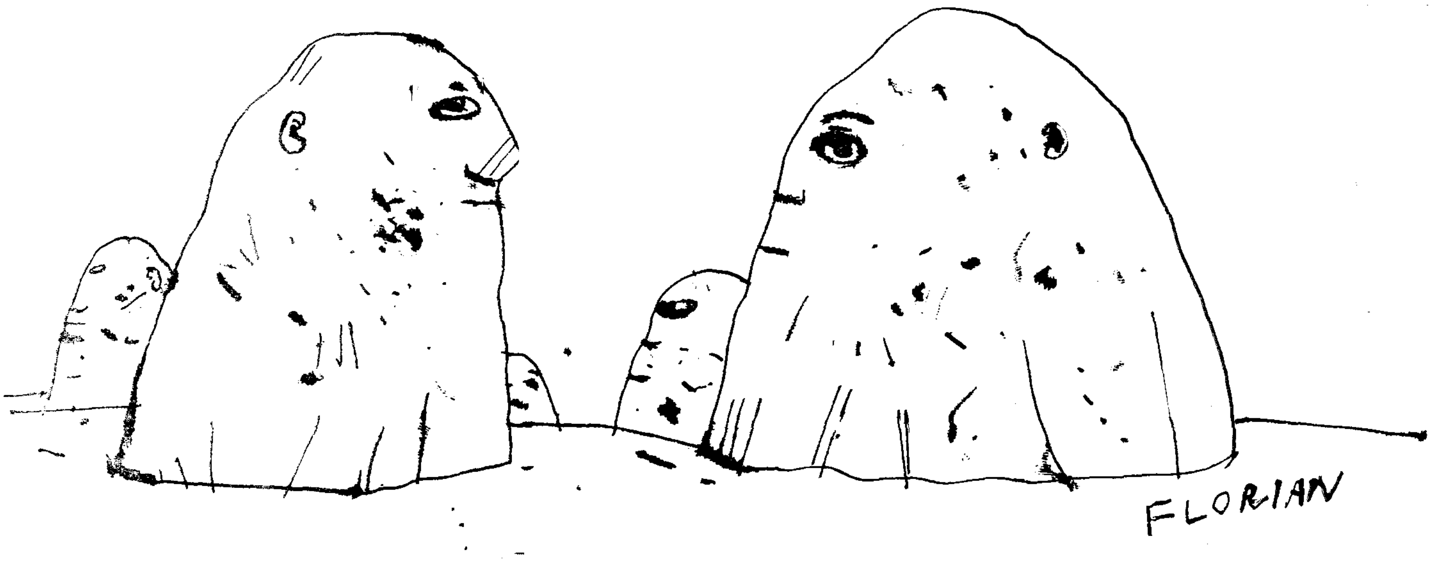
The quatrice always travels in four parts. Consequently, it can arrive both early and late.



The floog keeps its tail in front of it, thereby never getting ahead of itself.



The maztoz spends its days looking under rocks for something. Whatever it is, it's still to be found.



The glod will speak only when spoken to. Unfortunately, the vestigial ears are purely decorative.

FRIENDS

TO put us at our ease, to quiet our hearts as she lay dying, our dear friend Selena said, Life, after all, has not been an unrelieved horror—you know, I *did* have many wonderful years with her.

She pointed to a child who leaned out of a portrait on the wall—long brown hair, white pinafore, head and shoulders forward.

Eagerness, said Susan. Ann closed her eyes.

On the same wall three little girls were photographed in a schoolyard. They were in furious discussion; they were holding hands. Right in the middle of the coffee table, framed, in autumn colors, a handsome young woman of eighteen sat on an enormous horse—aloof, disinterested, a rider. One night this young woman, Selena's child, was found in a rooming house in a distant city, dead. The police called. They said, Do you have a daughter named Abby?

And with *him*, too, our friend Selena said. We had good times, Max and I. You know that.

There were no photographs of *him*. He was married to another woman and had a new, stalwart girl of about six, to whom no harm would ever come, her mother believed.

Our dear Selena had gotten out of bed. Heavily but with a comic dance, she soft-shoed to the bathroom, singing "Those were the days, my friend . . ."

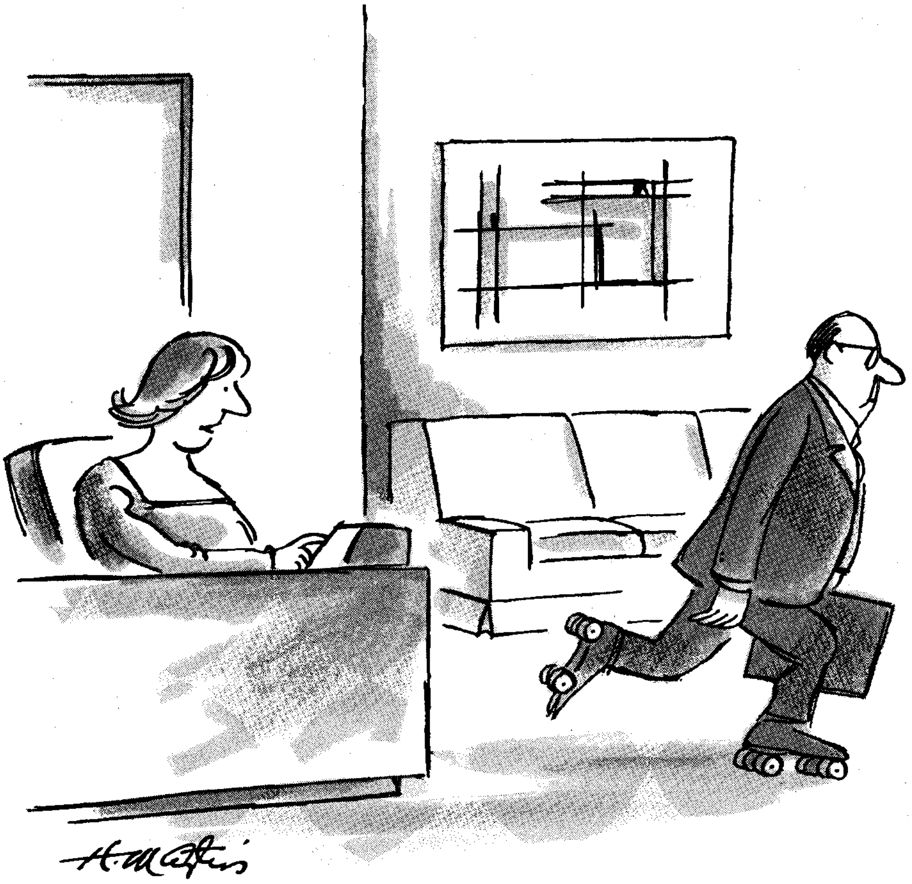
Later that evening, Ann, Susan, and I were enduring our five-hour train ride to home. After one hour of silence and one hour of coffee and the sandwiches Selena had given us (she actually stood, leaned her big soft excavated body against the kitchen table to make those sandwiches), Ann said, Well, we'll never see *her* again.

Who says? Anyway, listen, said Susan. Think of it. Abby isn't the only kid who died. What about that great guy, remember Bill Dalrymple—he was a non-coöperator or a deserter? And Bob Simon. They were killed in automobile accidents. Matthew, Jeannie, Mike. Remember Al Lurie—he was murdered on Sixth Street—and that little kid Brenda, who O.D.'d on your roof, Ann? The tendency, I suppose, is to forget. You people don't remember them.

What do you mean, "you people"? Ann asked. You're talking to *us*.

I began to apologize for not knowing them all. Most of them were older than my kids, I said.

Of course, the child Abby was exactly in my time of knowing and in all my places of paying attention—the park, the school, our street. But oh! It's true! Selena's Abby was not the only one of that beloved generation of our children murdered by cars, lost to war, to drugs, to madness.



"Mr. Fitchner, Mr. Ellis is on his way to see you."

Selena's main problem, Ann said—you know, she didn't tell the truth.

What?

A few hot human truthful words are powerful enough, Ann thinks, to steam all God's chemical mistakes and society's slimy lies out of her life. We all believe in that power, my friends and I, but sometimes . . . the heat.

Anyway, I always thought Selena had told us a lot. For instance, we knew she was an orphan. There were six, seven other children. She was the youngest. She was forty-two years old before someone informed her that her mother had *not* died in childbirthing her. It was some terrible sickness. And she had lived close to her mother's body—at her breast, in fact—until she was eight months old. Whew! said Selena. What a relief! I'd always felt I was the one who'd killed her.

Your family stinks, we told her. They really held you up for grief.

Oh, people, she said. Forget it. They did a lot of nice things for me, too. Me and Abby. Forget it. Who has the time?

That's what I mean, said Ann. Selena should have gone after them with an axe.

More information: Selena's two sisters brought her to a Home. They were ashamed that at sixteen and nineteen they could not take care of her. They kept hugging her. They were sure she'd cry. They took her to her room—not a room, a dormitory with about eight beds. This is your bed, Lena. This is your table for your things. This little drawer is for your toothbrush. All for me? she asked. No one else can use it? Only me. That's all? Artie can't come? Franky can't come? Right?

Believe me, Selena said, those were happy days at Home.

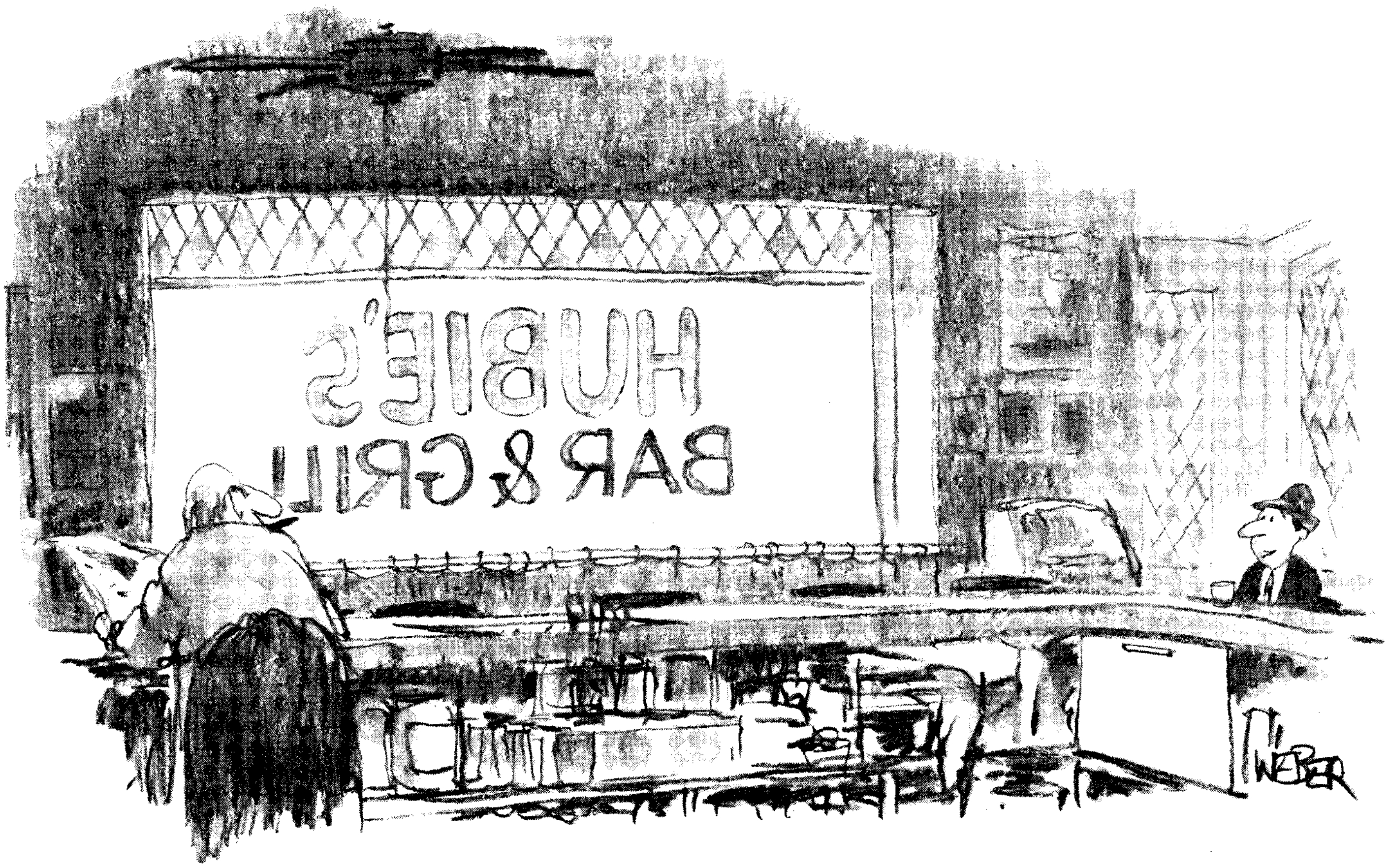
Facts, said Ann, just facts. Not necessarily the *truth*.

I don't think it's right to complain about the character of the dying or start hustling all their motives into the spotlight like that. Isn't it amazing enough, the bravery of that private inclusive intentional community?

It wouldn't help not to be brave, said Selena. You'll see.

She wanted to get back to bed. Susan moved to help her.

Thanks, our Selena said, leaning on



"I've had a little something from the bar. Now I believe I'd enjoy a little something from the grill."

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another person for the first time in her entire life. The trouble is, when I stand, it hurts me here all down my back. Nothing they can do about it. All the chemotherapy. No more chemistry left in me to therapeut. Ha! Did you know before I came to New York and met you I used to work in that hospital? I was supervisor in gynecology. Nursing. They were my friends, the doctors. They weren't so snotty then. David Clark, big surgeon. He couldn't look at me last week. He kept saying, Lena . . . Lena . . . Like that. We were in North Africa the same year—'44, I think. I told him, Davy, I've been around a long enough time. I haven't missed too much. He knows it. But I didn't want to make him look at me. Ugh, my damn feet are a pain in the neck.

Recent research, said Susan, tells us that it's the neck that's a pain in the feet.

Always something new, said Selena, our dear friend.

On the way back to the bed, she stopped at her desk. There were about twenty snapshots scattered across it—the baby, the child, the young woman. Here, she said to me, take this one. It's a shot of Abby and your Richard in front of the school—third grade? What a day! The show those kids put on! What a bunch of kids! What's Richard doing now?

Oh, who knows? Horsing around someplace. Spain. These days, it's Spain. Who knows where he is? They're all the same.

Why did I say that? I knew exactly where he was. He writes. In fact, he found a broken phone and was able to call every day for a week—mostly to give orders to his brother but also to say, Are you O.K., Ma? How's your new boyfriend, did he smile yet?

The kids, they're all the same, I said.

It was only politeness, I think, not to pour my boy's light, noisy face into that dark afternoon. Richard used to say in his early mean teens, You'd sell us down the river to keep Selena happy and innocent. It's true. Whenever Selena would say, I don't know, Abby has some peculiar friends, I'd answer for stupid comfort, You should see Richard's.

Still, he's in Spain, Selena said. At least you know that. It's probably interesting. He'll learn a lot. Richard is a wonderful boy, Faith. He acts like a wise guy but he's not. You know the night Abby died, when the police called me and told me? That was my first night's sleep in two years. I *knew* where she was.

Selena said this very matter-of-factly—just offering a few informative sentences.

But Ann, listening, said, Oh!—she called out to us all, Oh!—and began to sob. Her straightforwardness had become an arrow and gone right into her own heart.

Then a deep tear-drying breath: I want a picture, too, she said.

Yes. Yes, wait, I have one here someplace. Abby and Judy and that Spanish kid Victor. Where is it? Ah. Here!

Three nine-year-old children sat high on that long-armed sycamore in the park, dangling their legs on someone's patient head—smooth dark hair, parted in the middle. Was that head Kitty's?

Our dear friend laughed. Another great day, she said. Wasn't it? I remember you two sizing up the men. I *had* one at the time—I thought. Some joke. Here, take it. I have two copies. But you ought to get it enlarged. When this you see, remember me. Ha-ha. Well, girls—excuse me, I mean ladies—it's time for me to rest.

She took Susan's arm and continued that awful walk to her bed.

We *didn't* move. We had a long journey ahead of us and had expected a little more comforting before we set off.

No, she said. You'll only miss the express. I'm not in much pain. I've got lots of painkiller. See?

The tabletop was full of little bottles.

I just want to lie down and think of Abby.

It was true, the local could cost us an extra two hours at least. I looked at Ann. It had been hard for her to come at all. Still, we couldn't move. We stood there before Selena in a row. Three old friends. Selena pressed her lips together, ordered her eyes into cold distance.

I know that face. Once, years ago, when the children were children, it had been placed modestly in front of J. Hoffner, the principal of the elementary school.

He'd said, No! Without training you cannot tutor these kids. There are real problems. You have to know *how to teach.*

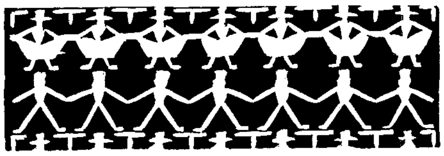
Our P.-T.A. had decided to offer some one-to-one tutorial help for the Spanish kids, who were stuck in crowded classrooms with exhausted teachers among little middle-class achievers. He had said, in a written communication to show seriousness and then in personal confrontation to *prove* seriousness, that he could not allow it. And the board of ed itself had said no. (All this no-ness was to lead to some terrible events in the schools and neighborhoods of our poor yes-requiring city.) But most of the women in our P.-T.A. were independent—by necessity and disposition. We were, in fact, the soft-speaking tough souls of anarchy.

I had Fridays off that year. At about 11 A.M. I'd bypass the principal's office and run up to the fourth floor. I'd take Robert Figueroa to the end of the hall, and we'd work away at storytelling for about twenty minutes. Then we would write the beautiful letters of the alphabet invented by smart foreigners long ago to fool time and distance.

That day, Selena and her stubborn face remained in the office for at least two hours. Finally, Mr. Hoffner, besieged, said that because she was a nurse, she would be allowed to help out by taking the littlest children to the modern difficult toilet. Some of them, he said, had just come from the barbarous hills beyond Maricao. Selena said O.K., she'd do that. In the toilet she taught the little girls which way to wipe, as she had taught her own little girl a couple of years earlier. At three o'clock she brought them home for cookies and milk. The children of that year ate cookies in her kitchen until the end of the sixth grade.

Now, what did we learn in that year of my Friday afternoons off? The following: Though the world cannot be changed by talking to one child at a time, it may at least be known.

Anyway, Selena placed into our eyes for long remembrance that useful stubborn face. She said, No. Listen to me, you people. Please. I don't have lots of time. What I want . . . I want to lie down and think about Abby. Nothing special. Just think about her, you know.



IN the train Susan fell asleep immediately. She woke up from time to time, because the speed of the new wheels and the resistance of the old track gave us some terrible jolts. Once, she opened her eyes wide and said, You know, Ann's right. You don't get sick like that for nothing. I mean, she didn't even mention him.

Why should she? She hasn't even seen him, I said. Susan, you still have him-itis, the dread disease of females.

Yeah? And you don't? Anyway, he *was* around quite a bit. He was there every day, nearly, when the kid died.

Abby. I didn't like to hear "the kid." I wanted to say "Abby" the way I've said "Selena"—so those names can take thickness and strength and fall

ICARIUM MARE

We have heard of the undimmed air
Of the True Earth above us, and how here,
Shut in our sea-like atmosphere,
We grope like muddled fish. Perhaps from there,

That fierce lucidity,
Came Icarus' body tumbling, flayed and trenched
By waxen runnels, to be quenched
Near Samos riding in the actual sea,

Where Aristarchus first
Rounded the sun in thought; near Patmos, too,
Where John's bejewelled inward view
Discerned an angel in the solar burst.

The reckoner's instruments,
The saint's geodic skull bowed in his cave—
Insight and calculation brave
Black distances exorbitant to sense,

Which in its little shed
Of broken light knows wonders all the same.
Where else do lifting wings proclaim
The advent of the fire-gapped thunderhead,

Which swells the streams to grind
What oak and olive grip their roots into,
Shading us as we name anew
Creatures without which vision would be blind?

This is no outer dark
But a small province haunted by the good,
Where something may be understood
And where, within the sun's coronal arc,

We keep our proper range,
Aspiring, by our lashed and irised sight,
To gather tokens of the light
Not in the bullion but in the loose change.

—RICHARD WILBUR

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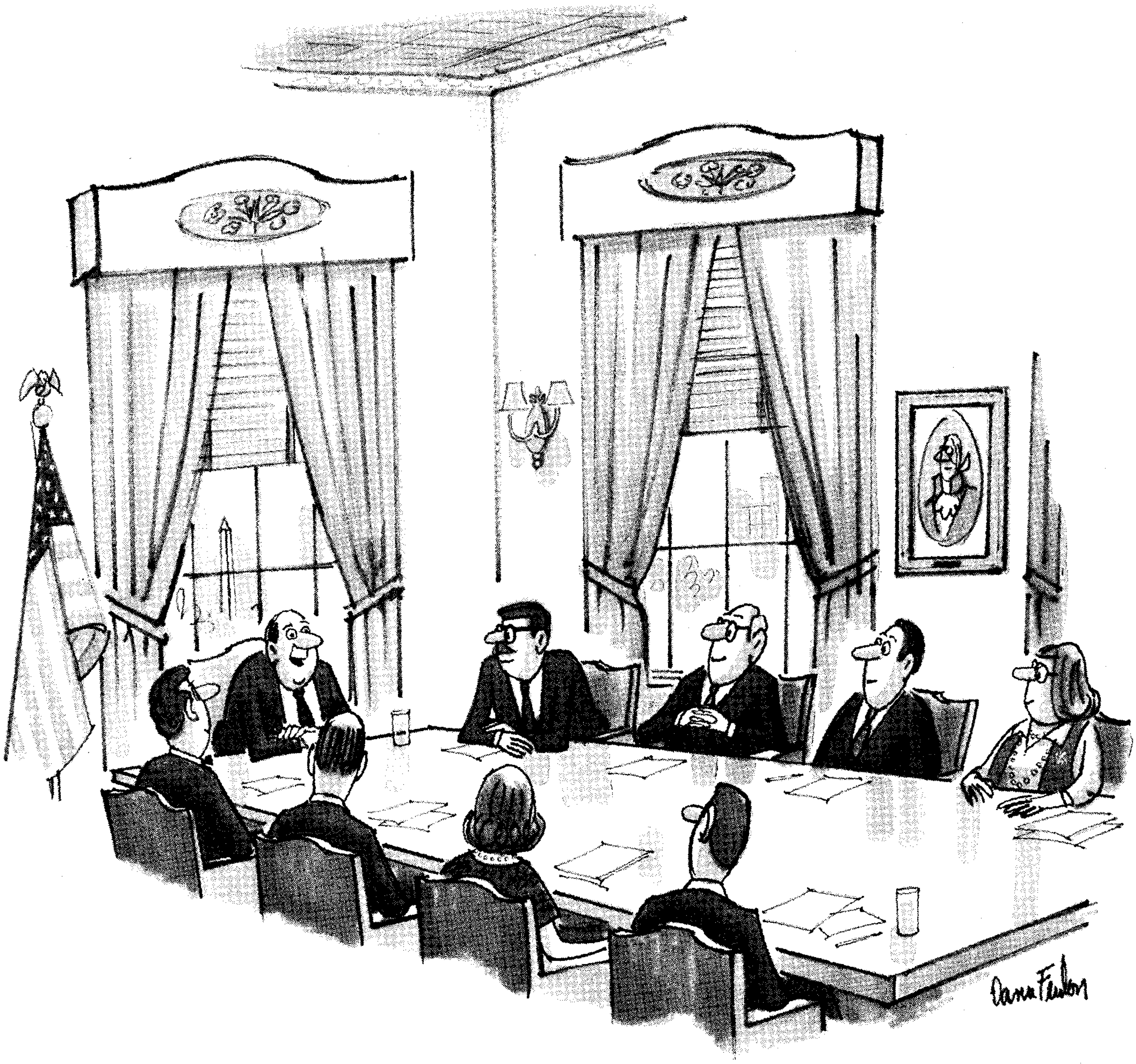

"Then we're all agreed. As it has always done with its difficulties in the past, America will ~~somehow~~ find a way to solve its energy problems."

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back into the world with their weight.

Abby, you know, was a wonderful child. She was in Richard's classes every class till high school. Good-hearted little girl from the beginning, noticeably kind—for a kid, I mean. Smart.

That's true, said Ann, very kind. She'd give away Selena's last shirt. Oh, yes, they were all wonderful little girls and wonderful little boys.

Chrissy *is* wonderful, Susan said.

She *is*, I said.

Middle kids aren't supposed to be, but she is. She put herself through college—I didn't have a cent—and now she has this fellowship. And, you know, she never did take any crap from boys. She's something.

Ann went swaying up the aisle to the bathroom. First she said, Oh, all of them—just wohunderful.

I loved Selena, Susan said, but she never talked to me enough. Maybe she talked to you women more, about things. Men.

Then Susan fell asleep.

Ann sat down opposite me. She looked straight into my eyes with a narrow squint. It often connotes accusation.

Be careful—you're wrecking your laugh lines, I said.

Screw you, she said. You're kidding around. Do you realize I don't know where Mickey is? You know, you've been lucky. You always have been. Since you were a little kid. Papa and Mama's darling.

As is usual in conversations, I said a couple of things out loud and kept a few structured remarks for interior mulling and righteousness. I thought: She's never even met my folks. I thought: What a rotten thing to say. Luck—isn't it something like an insult?

I said, Annie, I'm only forty-eight. There's lots of time for me to be totally wrecked—if I live, I mean.

Then I tried to knock wood, but we were sitting in plush and leaning on plastic. Wood! I shouted. Please, some wood! Anybody here have a matchstick?

Oh, shut up, she said. Anyway, death doesn't count.

I tried to think of a couple of sorrows as irreversible as death. But truthfully nothing in my life can compare to hers: a son, a boy of fifteen, who disappears before your very eyes into a darkness or a light behind his own, from which neither hugging nor hitting can bring him. If you shout, Come back, come back, he won't come. Mickey, Mickey, Mickey, we once screamed, as though he were twenty miles away instead of right in front of us in a kitchen chair; but he refused to return. And when he did, twelve hours later, he left immediately for California.

Well, some bad things have happened in my life, I said.

What? You were born a woman? Is that it?

She was, of course, mocking me this time, referring to an old discussion about feminism and Judaism. Actually, on the prism of isms, both of those do have to be looked at together once in a while.

Well, I said, my mother died a couple of years ago and I still feel it. I think *Ma* sometimes and I lose my breath. I miss her. You understand that. Your mother's seventy-six. You have to admit it's nice still having her.

She's very sick, Ann said. Half the time she's out of it.

I decided not to describe my mother's death. I could have done so and made Ann even more miserable. But I thought I'd save that for her next attack on me. These constrictions of her spirit were coming closer and closer together. Probably a great enmity was about to be born.

Susan's eyes opened. The death or dying of someone near or dear often makes people irritable, she stated. (She's been taking a course in relationships *and* interrelationships.) The real name of my seminar is Skills: Personal Friendship and Community. It's a very good course despite your snide remarks.

While we talked, a number of cities passed us, going in the opposite direction. I had tried to look at New London through the dusk of the windows. Now I was missing New Haven. The conductor explained, smiling: Lady, if the windows were clean, half of you'd be dead. The tracks are lined with sharpshooters.

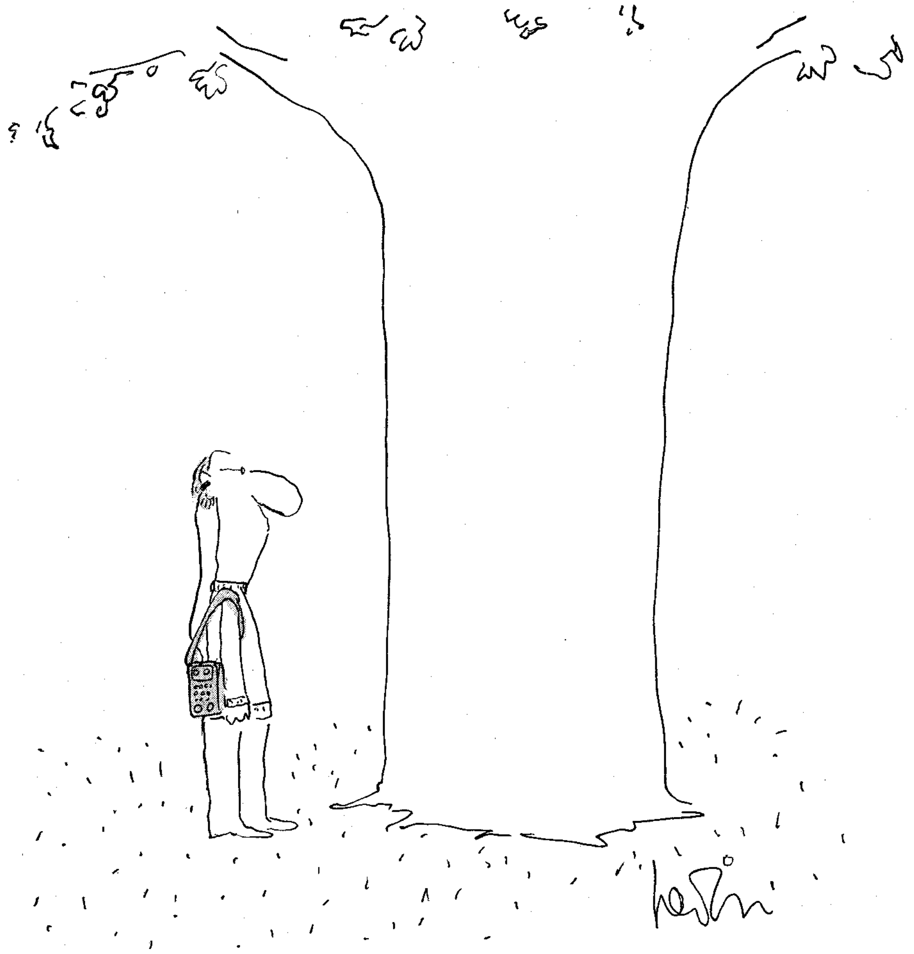
Do you believe that? I hate people to talk that way.

He may be exaggerating, Susan said, but don't wash the window.

A man leaned across the aisle. Ladies, he said, I do believe it. According to what I hear of this part of the country, it don't seem unplausible.

Susan turned to see if he was worth engaging in political dialogue.

You've forgotten Selena already, Ann said. All of us have. Then you'll make this nice memorial service for her and everyone will stand up and say a few words and then we'll forget her again—for good. What'll you say at the memorial, Faith?



It's not right to talk like that. She's not dead yet, Annie.

Yes, she is, said Ann.

We discovered the next day that give or take an hour or two, Ann had been correct. It was a combination—David Clark, surgeon, said—of being sick unto real death and having a tabletop full of little bottles.

Now, why are you taking all those hormones? Susan had asked Selena a couple of years earlier. They were visiting New Orleans. It was Mardi Gras.

Oh, they're mostly vitamins, Selena said. Besides, I want to be young and beautiful. She made a joking pirouette.

Susan said, That's absolutely ridiculous.

But Susan's seven or eight years younger than Selena. What did she know? Because: People *do* want to be young and beautiful. When they meet in the street, male or female, if they're getting older they look at each other's faces a little ashamed. It's clear they want to say, Excuse me, I didn't mean to draw attention to mortality and gravity all at once. I didn't want to remind you, my dear friend, of our coming eviction, first from liveliness, then from life. To which, most of the time, the friend's eyes will courteously reply, My dear, it's nothing at all. I hardly noticed.

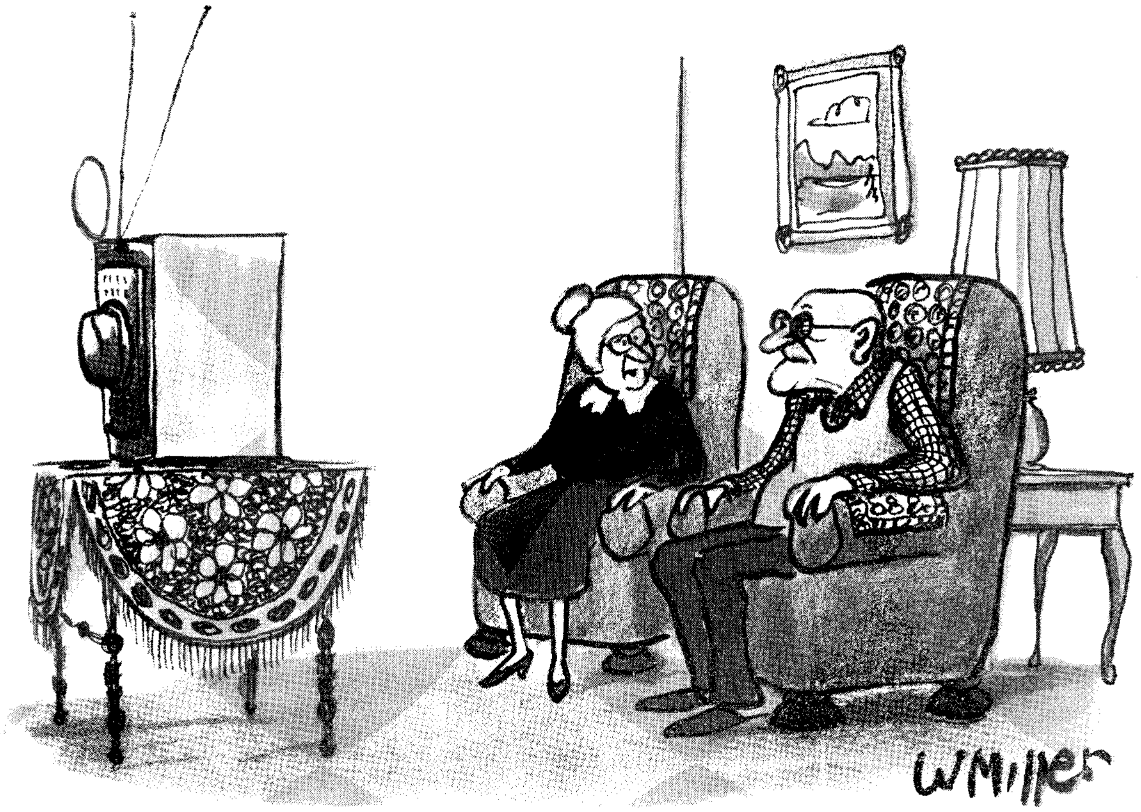
Luckily, I learned recently how to get out of that deep well of melancholy. Anyone can do it. You grab at roots of the littlest future, sometimes just stubs of conversation. Though some believe you miss a great deal of depth by not sinking down down down.

Susan, I asked, you still seeing Ed Flores?

Went back to his wife.

Lucky she didn't kill you, said Ann. I'd never fool around with a Spanish guy. They all have tough ladies back in the barrio.

No, said Susan, she's unusual. I met her at a meeting. We had an amazing talk. Luisa is a very fine woman. She's one of the office-worker organizers I told you about. She only needs him two more years, she says. Because the kids—they're girls—need to be watched a little in their neighborhood. The neighborhood is definitely not good. He's a good father but not such a great husband.



"He said, 'You don't really know where it's at until you've played Vegas on New Year's Eve.'"

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I'd call that a word to the wise.

Well, you know me—I don't want a husband. I like a male person around. I hate to do without. Anyway, listen to this. She, Luisa, whispers in my ear the other day, she whispers, Suzie, in two years you still want him, I promise you, you got him. Really, I may still want him then. He's only about forty-five now. Still got a lot of spunk. I'll have my degree in two years. Chrissy will be out of the house.

Two years! In two years we'll all be dead, said Ann.

I know she didn't mean all of us. She meant Mickey. That boy of hers would surely be killed in one of the drugstores or whorehouses of Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco. I'm in a big beautiful city, he said when he called last month. Makes New York look like a garbage tank.

Mickey! Where?

Ha-ha, he said and hung up.

Soon he'd be picked up for vagrancy, dealing, small thievery, or simply screaming dirty words at night under a citizen's window. Then Ann would fly to the town or not fly to the town to disentangle him, depending on a confluence of financial reality and psychiatric advice.

How *is* Mickey? Selena had said. In fact, that was her first sentence when we came, solemn and embarrassed, into her sunny front room that was full of the light and shadow of windy courtyard trees. We said, each in her own way, How are you feeling, Selena? She said, O.K., first things first. Let's talk about important things. How's Richard? How's Tonto? How's John? How's Chrissy? How's Judy? How's Mickey?

I don't want to talk about Mickey, said Ann.

Oh, let's talk about him, talk about him, Selena said, taking Ann's hand. Let's all think before it's too late. How did it start? Oh, for God's sake talk about him.

Susan and I were smart enough to keep our mouths shut.

Nobody knows, nobody knows anything. Why? Where? Everybody has an idea, theories, and writes articles. Nobody knows.

Ann said this sternly. She didn't whine. She wouldn't lean too far into Selena's softness, but listening to Selena speak Mickey's name, she could sit in her chair more easily. I watched. It was interesting. Ann breathed deeply in and out the way we've learned in our Thursday-night yoga class. She was able to rest her body a little bit.

We were riding the rails of the trough called Park Avenue-in-the-Bronx. Susan had turned from us to talk to the man across the aisle. She was explaining that the war in Vietnam was not yet over and would not be, as far as she was concerned, until we repaired the dikes we'd bombed and paid for some of the hopeless ecological damage. He didn't see it that way. Fifty thousand American lives, our own boys—we'd paid, he said. He asked us if we agreed with Susan. Every word, we said.

You don't look like hippies. He laughed. Then his face changed. As the resident face-reader, I decided he was thinking: Adventure. He may have hit a mother lode of late counterculture in three opinionated left-wing ladies. That was the nice part of his face. The other part was the sly out-of-town-husband-in-New-York look.

I'd like to see you again, he said to Susan.

Oh? Well, come to dinner day after tomorrow. Only two of my kids will be home. You ought to have at least one decent meal in New York.

Kids? His face thought it over. Thanks. Sure, he said. I'll come.

Ann muttered, She's impossible. She did it again.

Oh, Susan's O.K., I said. She's just right in there. Isn't that good?

This is a long ride, said Ann.

Then we were in the darkness that precedes Grand Central.

We're irritable, Susan explained to her new pal. We're angry with our friend Selena for dying. The reason is, we want her to be present when we're dying. We all require a mother or mother-surrogate to fix our pillows on that final occasion, and we were counting on her to be that person.

I know just what you mean, he said. You'd like to have someone around. A little fuss, maybe.

Something like that. Right, Faith?

It always takes me a minute to slide under the style of her public-address system. I agreed. Yes.

The train stopped hard, in a grinding agony of opposing technologies.

Right. Wrong. Who cares? Ann said. She didn't have to die. She really wrecked everything.

Oh, Annie, I said.

Shut up, will you? Both of you, said Ann, nearly breaking our knees as she jammed past us and out of the train.

Then Susan, like a New York hostess, began to tell that man all our private troubles—the mistake of the World Trade Center, Westway, the decay of the South Bronx, the rage in Williamsburg. She rose with him on the escalator, gabbing into evening friendship and a happy night.

AT home Anthony, my youngest son, said, Hello, you just missed Richard. He's in Paris now. He had to call collect.

Collect? From Paris?

He saw my sad face and made one of the herb teas used by his peer group to calm their overwrought natures. He does want to improve my pretty good health and spirits. His friends have a book that says a person should, if properly nutritioned, live forever. He wants me to give it a try. He also believes that the human race, its brains and good looks, will end in his time.

At about eleven-thirty he went out to live the pleasures of his eighteen-year-old nighttime life.

At 3 A.M. he found me washing the floors and making little apartment repairs.

More tea, Mom? he asked. He sat down to keep me company. O.K., Faith. I know you feel terrible. But how come Selena never realized about Abby?

Anthony, what the hell do I realize about you?

Come on, you had to be blind. I was just a little kid, and *I* saw. Honest to God, Ma.

Listen, Tonto. Basically Abby was O.K. She was. You don't know yet what their times can do to a person.

Here she goes with her goody-goodies—everything is so groovy wonderful far-out terrific. Next thing, you'll say people are darling and the world is *so* nice and round that Union Carbide will never blow it up.

I have never said anything as hopeful as that. And why to all our knowledge of that sad day did Tonto at 3 A.M. have to add the fact of the world?

The next night Max called from North Carolina. How's Selena? I'm flying up, he said. I have one early-morning appointment. Then I'm cancelling everything.

At 7 A.M. Annie called. I had barely brushed my morning teeth. It was hard, she said. The whole damn thing. I don't mean Selena. All of us. In the train. None of you seemed real to me.

Real? Reality, huh? Listen, how about coming over for breakfast—I don't have to get going until after nine? I have this neat sourdough rye?

No, she said. Oh Christ, no. No!

I REMEMBER Ann's eyes and the hat she wore the day we first looked at each other. Our babies had just stepped howling out of the sandbox on their new walking legs. We picked them up. Over their sandy heads we smiled. I think a bond was sealed then, at least as useful as the vow we'd all sworn with husbands to whom we're no longer married. Hindsight, usually looked down upon, is probably as valuable as foresight, since it does include a few facts.

Meanwhile, Anthony's world—poor, dense, defenseless thing—rolls round and round. Living and dying are fastened to its surface and stuffed into its softer parts.

He was right to call my attention to its suffering and danger. He was right to harass my responsible nature. But I was right to invent for my friends and our children a report on these private deaths and the condition of our lifelong attachments.

—GRACE PALEY

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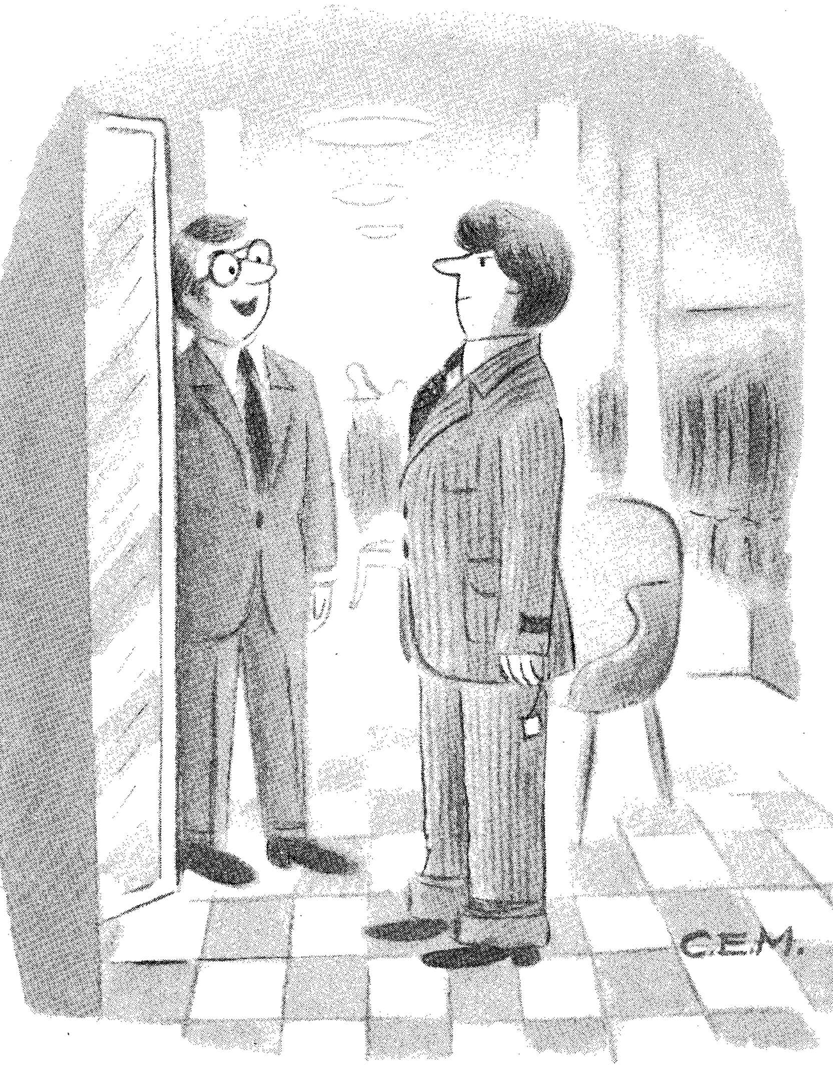


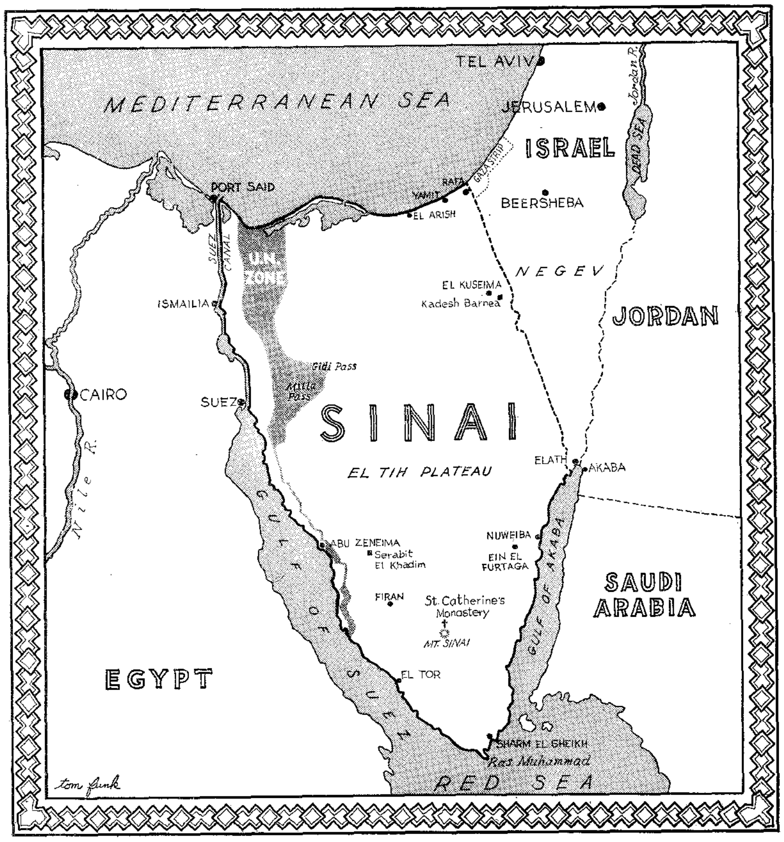
"It's a great look for you. Laid back but ready to pounce."

LEGISLATIVE BRIEFS—*Emergency Temperature Restrictions:* May 10 the House passed H. Res. 209, a resolution approving the plan submitted by President Carter to provide authority to impose restrictions on non-residential building thermostats. The plan proposes restricting building temperatures to the following levels: no higher than 65 degrees for room heating, no lower than 80 degrees for room cooling, and no higher than 105 degrees for hot water intended for personal hygiene and general cleaning purposes. (Water for washington dishes is exempt from this restriction.)—*Newsletter distributed by U.S. Representative Henry B. Gonzalez, of Texas.*

It goes without saying.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE WILDERNESS—III



THE central sector of any given geographical entity has always struck me, perhaps unfairly, as the least appealing, and the middle of the Sinai Peninsula was no exception. (I was in the midst of the second, and longest, of four journeys I made through the Sinai in April of 1978, in order to learn about the peninsula and its people at first hand. As on the first journey, Dr. Clinton Bailey, an American-born Israeli who possessed both a thorough knowledge of the region and a four-wheel-drive Land-Rover, was my guide and translator.) While Bailey and I drove north from St. Catherine's Monastery, at Mt. Sinai, in the early afternoon of Sunday, April 9th, the quality of the terrain changed quickly from mountainous grandeur to dry, sloping plains rising from a rubbly wadi to the tops of unremarkable limestone and granite hills. The going was hot and laborious. Only the appearance of a natural phenomenon that the Bedouins call Moses' Seat broke the dull sameness. A recess in a rock which indeed looked like a rough-cut Brobdingnagian throne, the seat is thought by some to be the site of Rephidim, where Moses, annoyed at his grumbling followers ("What shall I do unto this people? they be almost ready to stone me," he cried rabbinically to God), was instructed to strike a rock and produce fresh water to slake the complaints. Also at Rephidim, the Israelites were set upon by the Amalekites, a bellicose band of nomads. Joshua was appointed to lead the inexperienced Israelites in a counterattack, which was directed by Moses from a hill. "And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed"—but his arms grew heavy, and so a stone throne was placed under him for added support during the daylong battle, which the Israelites thus won. Muslims believe that the actual impression of Moses' body is on this holy rock in Wadi El Sheikh, and some Jewish mystics hold that anyone who sees it should give thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty. Bailey and I took turns sitting on the throne, irreverently raising and lowering our hands.

If it were possible to pinpoint a true Rephidim (and some Biblical scholars have spent years trying to do just that), it would more likely be at Firan, about thirty kilometres to the west, since the Amalekites would have been protecting the wells there against the foreign intruders. Dubbed the Pearl of the Sinai by Victorian explorers, Firan is a fruitful wadi-oasis bounded by the geological spectacle of towering red granite walls. Water, palms, tamarisks, and rich soil are plentiful, and have made the region invaluable to anyone who happened by through the centuries of Sinai history. Besides the Amalekites and the Israelites, those who happened by were, of course, various indigenous Bedouin tribes and, comparative newcomers, the Christian hermits and pilgrims. The first Christians to make their way into the green wadi considered nearby Mt. Serbal to be the original Mt. Sinai. They created a monastic city at Firan, building huts and enlarging the caves in the wadi walls. These caves, resembling mouseholes from the valley floor, may have given the place its name. According to the British Arabist Professor Edward H. Palmer, Wadi Firan meant Valley of the Mice—although he conceded that "Firan" might also be an Arabic version of the Biblical word "Paran" (Arabs pronounce the letter "p" as "f"). The ruins of the monastic city, and its crumbling church and garden, are still watched over by a solitary monk from St. Catherine's Monastery, which has title to the land. But it is the Bedouins who have taken back for their own purposes most of what was rightfully theirs in the first place.

We had hoped to see Firan, then double back along Wadi El Sheikh to another track, Wadi Beirak, which coursed vaguely northwest toward the turquoise mines and the temple at Serabit El Khadim. But we were running late (the road was rougher than Bailey had expected), and when we stopped for cold drinks at a Jebeliya booth, next to a veritable jungle of a *bustan* (garden), I decided that a visit to Firan was out of the question. The only way we could see Firan would be to spend the night there, missing out on an early-morning climb to the mines atop Serabit—one of my prime objectives in the Sinai. Spending the night at Firan was precisely what Bailey wanted to do; there were Bedouin friends of his at the oasis whom he wanted to interview. Bailey was miffed. I was adamant. We were both very tired. It was inevitable that two men thrown together for twenty-four hours a day in difficult circumstances would have at least one conflict of temperament. Unhappily, it was at that place and at that time.

Bailey had never been in Wadi Beirak before (one of the few tracks in the Sinai he did not know like his own living room), but a Bedouin at the Jebeliya booth needed a ride up the wadi and volunteered to give us expert directions. It was a good thing he came along, because the entrance to the wadi was so cunningly concealed by boulders and brush that we would never have found it by ourselves. After the first half hour of a grinding trek up the valley floor, I was sorry that I had overruled Bailey and not agreed to go on to Firan. It was too late to turn back, though. We were in the badlands, the worstlands—ugly, treacherous stone rubble and loose sand, empty of any sign of even desert life, unbearably hot as we crept along in four-wheel drive. In moody silence, we bounced and tossed and strained through every kilometre. The hostility of the terrain matched our common temper. Ominous vultures circled overhead—a redundant reminder of what was in store for us if we broke down. The distant, grayish El Tih Plateau complemented the unfriendly landscape. To add to the general misery, small whirlwinds spun the loose sand into our faces—an indication that a khamsin was possibly due—but it was too hot to close the car windows. I felt a sudden, paralyzing cramp in my right hand and realized that it was from gripping the window strut so tightly. As I tried to flex my hand, I saw that my knuckles were bone white. Maybe, I thought, we shouldn't have been quite so irreverent at Moses' Seat.

The Bedouin hitchhiker abruptly asked to be let out. In all likelihood, he couldn't stand the electric tension between the two strange Occidentals. Whatever the reason, he simply walked off into nowhere, without giving us any more useful information about what lay ahead. What lay ahead was more of the same, but on rising ground. We were climbing, slowly but unmistakably, out of the desert floor. Bailey, struggling, sighing, and sweating, spotted a long strip of greenish flintstone off the track and cut over to it. Being able to shift out of four-wheel drive seemed to gladden him slightly. "Pray for more flintstone," he said—his first real words in more than an hour. "We can make time on flintstone. But if we don't reach Serabit by nightfall we're in big trouble." He rubbed his abdomen and winced. "My liver's killing me. I never should have climbed Mt. Sinai this morning." I felt guilty and apologized to him. He sank into morose silence again.

SWANS

The swans like wrecks in battle run
Aground upon this beach,
And bending bathers reach
For them with half a breakfast bun.

The fifty swans of Starnberger See
Have lost their dignity
And it is sad to see
Them flock beneath the Strand Café.

I linger on this edge defiled
By waste and cannot tell
The ill swans from the well
Or know the tame ones from the wild.

Perhaps there is no difference left,
Unless in summary things:
A blurring of the wings,
A different smell where they have slept.

All day I look for one which holds
Away from shore and brings
The vessel of his wings
Into the far ravine, which folds

Around these waters like a hand;
Like him I'd hold apart,
Refuse the sticky tart
Or sweet roll rooted out of sand.

Their loveliness is all a braid
Of everything I love—
What I'm complaining of
Is how we stoop and try to trade

A crust against that white estate
Which is forever lost
To everyone who tossed
Them bread and sat out talking late.

This transit of the trees and light
Whose changing crystal hones
The quality of stones
Into their evening, glancing height,

These stars which sleep in chrome and keys
On shores where lovers park
And elevate the dark
With shadows onto rowing knees,

These things themselves, and rays which link
In commerce every end
Of human sight, descend
Back to their surfaces and sink,

As fifty swans compete for bread
Thrown by hands cautious of
The human way they shove
Into their circus to be fed.

—Anthony Lombardy

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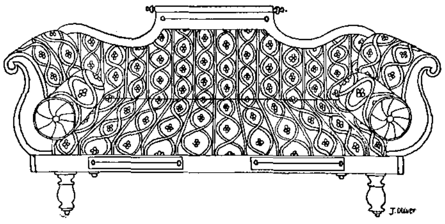
At last came a change of scenery and a sign of life. Red peaks stood in the distant northwest—Serabit had to be one of them, according to our maps—and racing toward us on the flintstone was a yellow Jeep pickup truck full of Bedouins. An odd ritual, like a meeting of strangers in the Old West, ensued. Both vehicles went slowly past each other, stopped, and then backed up until the drivers were face to face. Bailey and the Bedouin driver traded *salamats*. The Bedouin came unexpectedly to the point: he wanted three aspirin, to quiet a splitting headache. (So Bedouins get headaches, like the rest of us.) I dug into my rucksack and found my aspirin bottle. I gave him six tablets—three extra for good luck and for some good directions to Serabit. He told Bailey that the encampment of a Bedouin named Barakat, who supervised the Serabit area for the Israeli government, was about twenty kilometres farther up the wadi, but we must turn off to get to it. How would we spot the turnoff? It was hard to describe, he said. We exchanged thanks and pressed on. If anything, the encounter had dispirited us more.

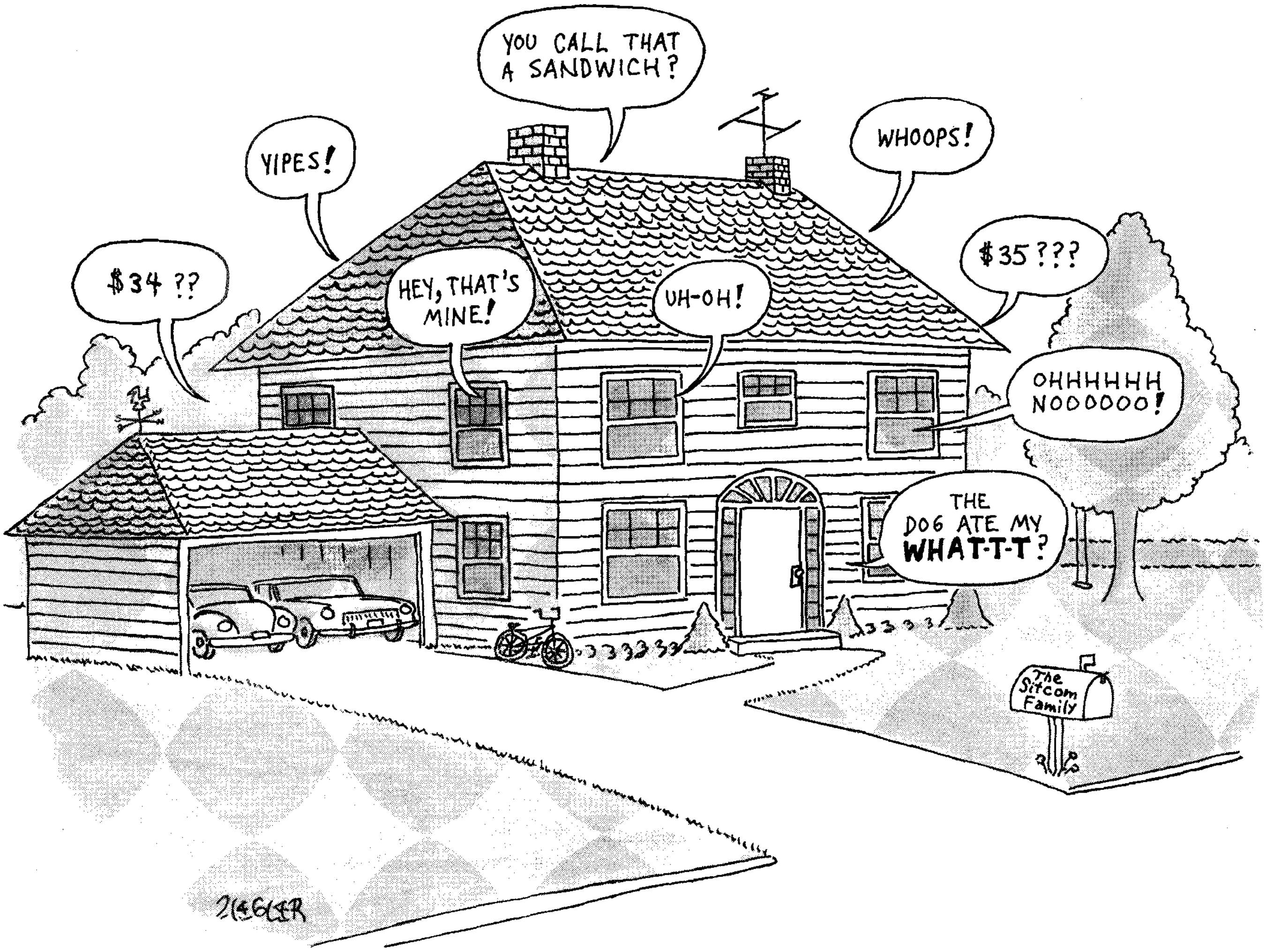


I stared at the odometer, cheering on every new kilometre that registered. When we had travelled twenty kilometres from the point where we met the Bedouins in the yellow pickup truck, there was still no hint of a turnoff, and, indeed, the red mountains seemed no closer. Had we gone by the ill-defined turnoff? Were we north of Serabit? Neither of us was sure. We were riding on pure intuition over a frightening stretch of loose sand, which brought us to the verge of panic. As we churned through the sand in four-wheel drive, barely making headway, burning up our fuel reserves while seemingly going nowhere, near total exhaustion, I felt myself breaking.

"Let's go back and look for the turnoff," I said. "We must have passed it."

Bailey scanned the glowering horizon. "No," he said. "We'll never find anything in this light. We'll go on. Something will turn up. It always does."

He was, of course, right. A little Bedouin girl, maybe six years old, appeared out of the gloom, coaxing a herd of sheep and goats home. We were as thrilled to see her as if we had happened upon a Travelers Aid Society


$34 ??
YIPES!
HEY, THAT'S MINE!
YOU CALL THAT A SANDWICH?
UH-OH!
WHOOPS!
$35 ???
OHHHHHH NOOOOOO!
THE DOG ATE MY WHAT-T-T?
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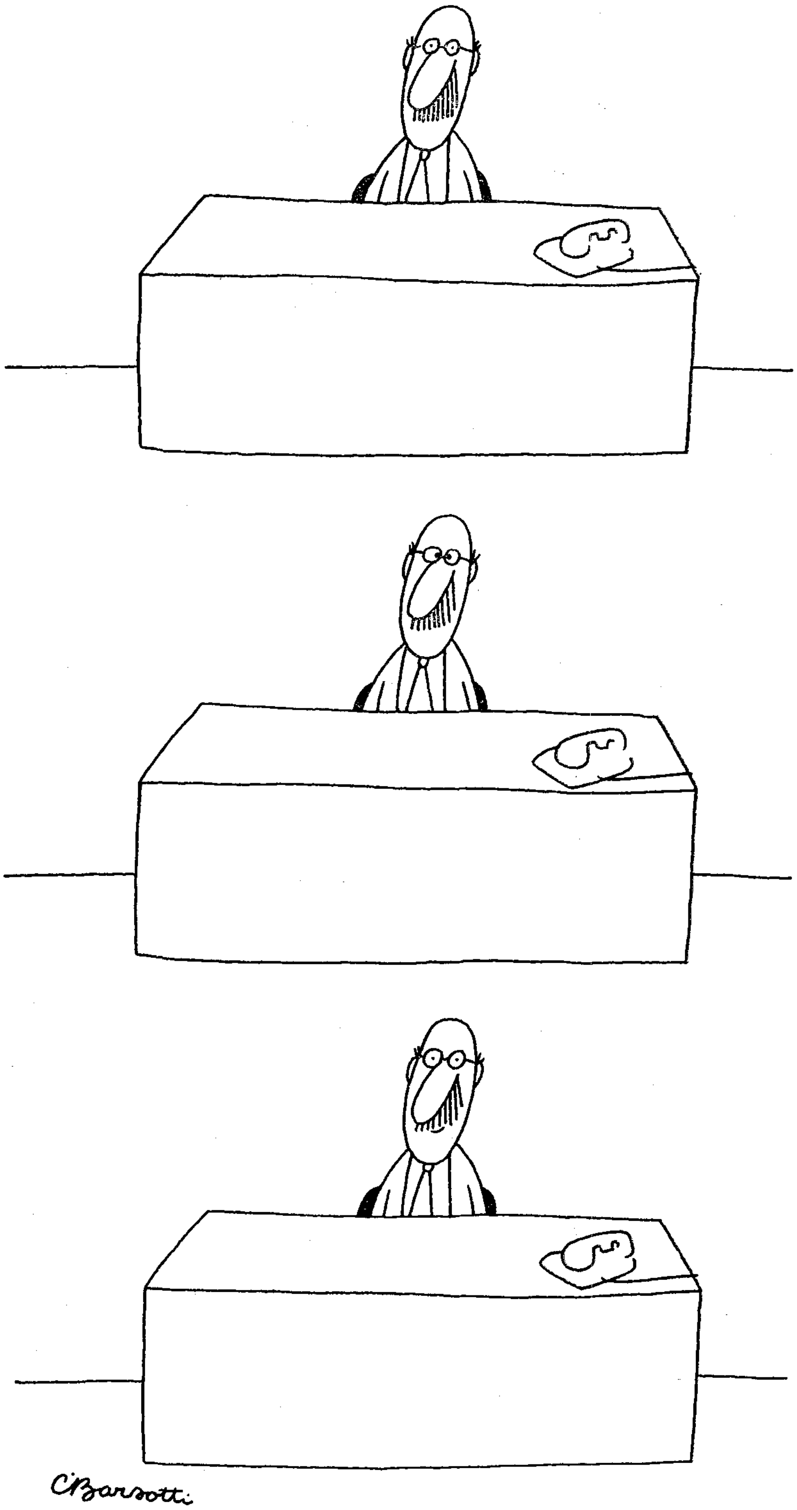
office. She was shy to the point of speechlessness, but Bailey, with the help of some sugar wafers and gentle talk, managed to learn the whereabouts of her parents' tent. While he hiked to the tent, a couple of hundred yards away, I tried out my few words of Arabic with her, but I might as well have been a Venusian as far as she was concerned. She hid behind the animals, which were almost as tall as she was, her array of bright jewelry and colorful clothes giving her away. She had probably been tending the family livestock ever since she was old enough to walk—an amazing responsibility for a small child, but one that Bedouins take as a simple fact of life. Soon Bailey returned, smiling for the first time since we had left Wadi El Sheikh. The turnoff to Serabit was only a few kilometres up the track, the girl's parents had told him, and, what's more, a hard-packed gravel plain lay just ahead. With any luck, we would reach Serabit before dark. In gratitude, we gave the girl all our remaining sugar wafers and roared off.

"You see? There's always a Bedouin around when you need one," Bailey said, once we were speeding along on the gravel plain, past striated monadnocks and looming mountains. "It's the old *inshallah* principle in desert life—to trust in fate. God will somehow provide, and if He doesn't—well, that's His will." Brightening with the break in tension, and getting his second wind, he went on to say that in situations like the one we were in you must make the best preparations you can but you must also put yourself in the hands of a superior force. "I'm certainly no Muslim, but I've come to believe in *inshallah*. When I first went into the Sinai, I used to ask Bedouins if there were snakes around. They told me, 'Don't worry. If Allah sends snakes, he sends snakes. You can't go to sleep every night and worry about snakes. There are certainly snakes in the desert, but one must sleep. *Inshallah*.' And I would often make appointments with different Bedouins to interview them, but they wouldn't show up. So after a while I learned to seek out the Bedouins who were around, and sometimes I'd get better information, priceless and unexpected. It doesn't pay to get worked up. If one thing won't happen, another will. *Inshallah*. Just last February, my wife and I went on vacation to Cyprus. We were sitting in the hotel lobby waiting for our car to be delivered, so we could go sightseeing. As we were about to get into the car, I thought I'd go back into the lobby and visit the head, because I probably wouldn't get another chance for several hours. My wife said, 'No, you're always going to the bathroom at the wrong time. Get in the car.' So I got in the car, and we drove off. A few minutes later, Palestinian terrorists burst into the lobby and assassinated Yousef El Sebai, the editor of the Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahram*, and they took a lot of hostages. Can you imagine what they would have done to me, an Israeli, if I had been in that lobby? *Inshallah* again."

As if to prove his argument further, we happened on a Bedouin tent, from which an old man emerged and indicated the Serabit turnoff, down a sandy hill a kilometre ahead. With some slipping and sliding in the powdery sand, we rolled into Barakat's camp—a community of a few tents and stone houses nestled together in a bleak, uninviting valley—just as the pale sun vanished behind the mountains to the west, and the khamsin, on cue, swirled into a full-fledged sandstorm. To our surprise, there was an Israeli campsite nearby, filled with touring youngsters who had come to Serabit by bus, over a better road, from the west. We found Barakat's house but no Barakat. His wife, a vivacious, talkative woman, told us that he would be away until morning but—and this stunned Bailey and me—she would be honored to give us some tea and prepare dinner for us. She said we could sleep in one of the empty stone houses, out of the storm. A Bedouin woman never invites strangers into her house when her husband is away—a male relative, perhaps, but never a stranger. Was women's lib coming to the Sinai? We accepted thankfully. "We could have our heads handed to us when Barakat comes home," Bailey whispered to me as we sat down, shoeless and cross-legged, on the carpet inside her house.

In the light of a glowing brazier, situated under a hole in the corrugated-iron roof, I could see that Barakat's wife was exceptional. Aging but still beautiful (at least from her veil up), she moved about with sureness and dispatch, shooing five adorable half-naked children away from her guests, giving housekeeping orders to Nura, her teen-age daughter, discouraging alarmed neighbor women from peeking in the open doorway. While I sipped the welcome hot tea and smoked my pipe, she unabashedly asked me for some tobacco to make cigarettes with. (She smoked, too!) I handed her my pouch, and she helped herself to just about all the tobacco inside. (One must meet generosity with generosity, I thought, hoping I had enough tobacco in my rucksack to last me until I returned to Jerusalem.) Her hair was in a braided topknot, signifying that she was married, and her black dress was adorned with tinkling pendent coins and turquoise jewelry. She coyly let her veil slip below her nose as she bustled about, readjusting it only when she was sure we had seen enough of her face. "Don't look at her too much," Bailey warned.

She was a flirt, like the wife of the Tarabin Sheikh Suleiman Ibn Jazi, in El Arish—a not uncommon trait among Bedouin women. It was another Bedouin paradox—extreme female reticence (so strong that to photograph a woman is tantamount to making an indecent pass at her and insulting her husband) and explicit, earthy sexuality ("Experts in the sack" was how Bailey put it). Bedouin women were called "ghastly" and "ugly" by early English explorers, who shrank from their tattooed faces and high body odors, and yet their natural beauty, especially their smoldering dark eyes, could enthrall some Westerners. (Those Victorian gentlemen were often of two minds about Bedouins in general. On the one hand, they tended to romanticize the desert dwellers as primitives with a native sophistication superior to Europeans'; on the other hand, they sometimes viewed them as congenital thieves, still afflicted with the curse of Ishmael—"And he will be a wild man.") While the women are a social cut below the men—who, according to Islam, are the protectors and guardians of their honor—Muslim law grants them rights to property, inheritance, and divorce. (An Arab may have four wives, but he must treat all with scrupulously equal attention. He can rid himself of any one of them by repeating "I divorce my wife" three times. This divorce ceremony is also a Bedouin's method of swearing to a promise; by pronouncing the "three divorces," he pledges to keep his word or lose the wife in question.) A good, attractive wife is prized beyond all other possessions, but she is nevertheless chattel, in the great scheme of things. An old Bedouin proverb is "*El benat battaleh*," or "Girls are good for nothing." In pre-Islamic days, Bedouins were known to bury alive some unneeded newborn females, as not worth the expense of feeding. Marriage is on a strictly commercial basis, arranged by the families. The prettier girls go for a higher price than the homelier ones, with the result that the beauties are often married to richer,



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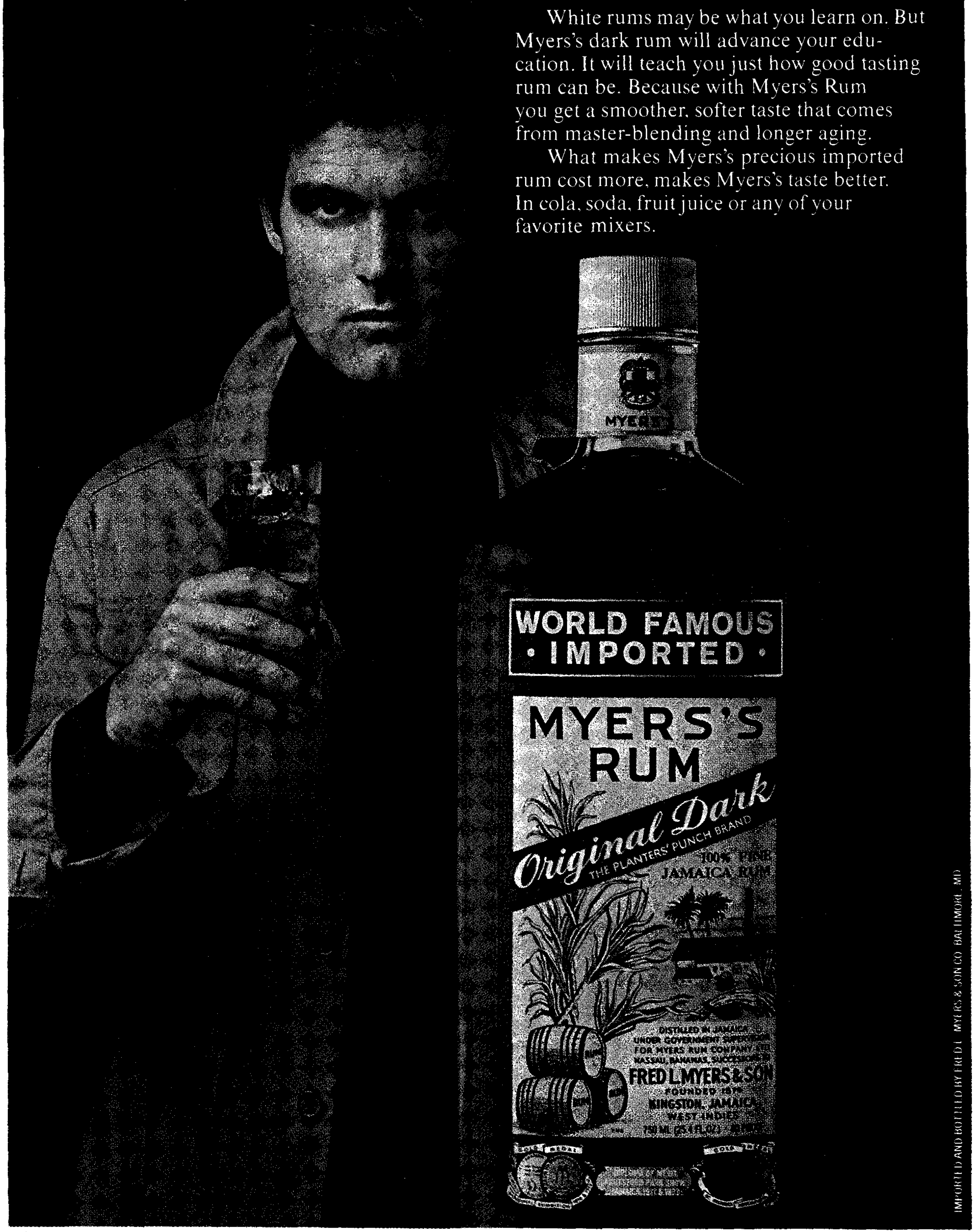
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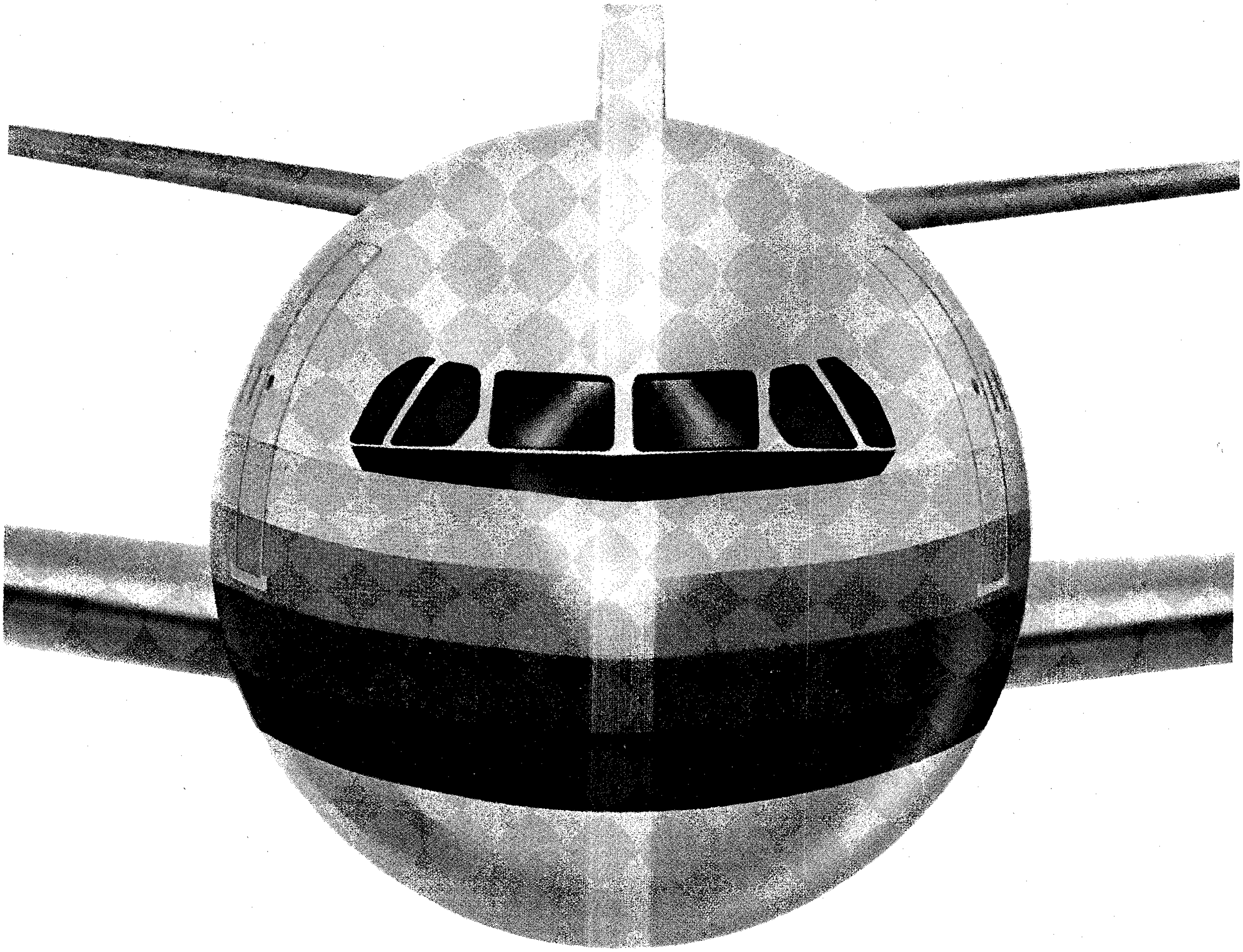

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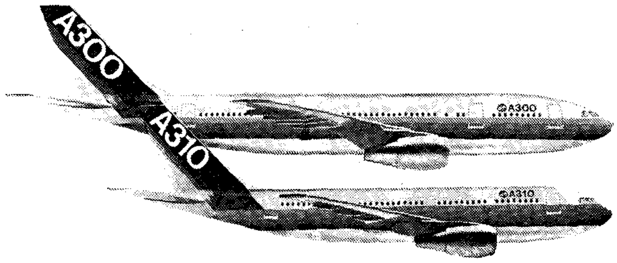

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older men. A divorcée or a widow, but not a virgin, can object to a chosen mate. If a virgin runs off with a lover, both can be executed by the families involved, although that practice is rare these days, even in fundamentalist Saudi Arabia. The matter of rape illustrates how the Bedouin male generally regards the female. As the shepherds and menial laborers, the women must not be mistreated, so if a woman is raped she can accuse the culprit without corroborative proof. However, rape at night is a comparatively minor offense, because the woman should have been home safe in the family tent; rape during the day is a far more serious crime, because the woman, alone with the flocks, was kept from attending to her labors—a rather Marxist economic principle. It is not easy to be a Bedouin female, but some, like Barakat's wife, make the most of it.

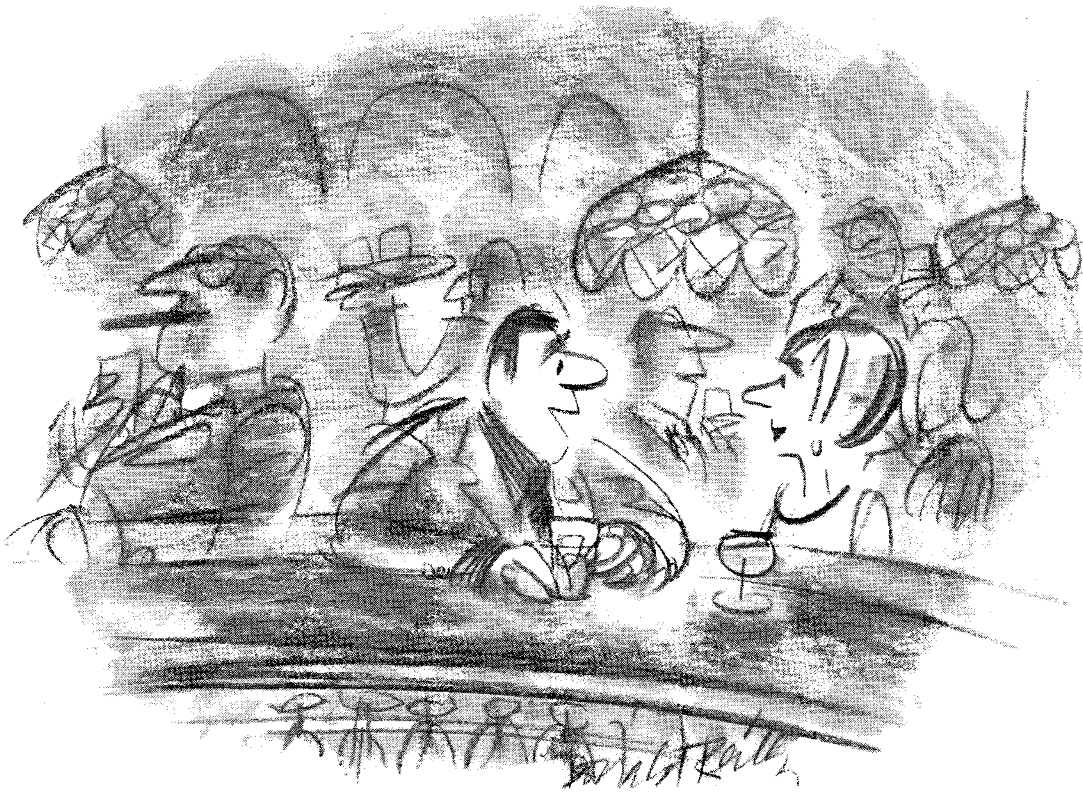
After the tea, Nura led us—stumbling through the darkness over barbed wire and rocks, leaning into the wind-whipped sand—to a sturdy stone house, where we would spend the night. Barakat's wife had told us that we would be notified when dinner was ready, and we sent back with Nura some canned goods to add to the stew. The walls of the guesthouse, tight against the storm, were covered with religious graffiti in Arabic, such as "Allah is great" and "There is no God but Allah." I was feeling relieved and revived, thankful that we were safe at Serabit, and happy that Bailey and I were on good terms once again. I unrolled my sleeping bag on the musty carpet and took a few swigs from my Scotch bottle—fantastic medicine after this day. Every so often, the head of a Bedouin woman would peer in through the open doorway at us; we were obviously *the* event of the settlement, and today's gossip. I started to tell Bailey something but gave up when I heard him snoring softly. Within a minute, I was also asleep.

What seemed like ten seconds later, Barakat's wife appeared, wearing a new bright-red dress, and formally invited us to her house for dinner. We accepted with equal formality. She then vanished, and we staggered back to her house, still half asleep. With plangent shouts, Barakat's wife discouraged the neighbor women from staring at us, and kept the children in an orderly group near one wall—made of old boards and thatching, from which hung rags, clothes, a mirror, and some plastic bottles. A kerosene lamp dimly lit up the opposite corner of the room. The stew, concocted of canned lima beans, goulash soup, and Rumanian bully beef, was served to us in unwashed soup bowls, with, of course, sweet tea and freshly baked pita. While our hostess, on her knees, poured some water from a pitcher over our hands, her veil slipped off her face. She made no attempt to raise it again for the duration of the meal, perhaps to facilitate her eating. As she and her children ate together from the stewpot, Bailey and I wolfed down our food shamelessly. I was feeling a bit giddy, and decided to tell Bailey a complicated joke, at which I alone laughed. "Don't laugh so hard," Bailey said. "They'll think you're making fun of them." I silenced myself with a sip of tea and a last swallow of pita with stew frosting.

Immediately after dinner, the younger children wrapped themselves in rags and blankets and went straight to sleep on the floor. Scraps of food were thrown to the goats, a few of which had wandered into the house. The dirty dishes and pot were put away for the next meal. Barakat's wife suggested that Nura be our guide for the climb to the mines in the morning. "She is only thirteen, but she climbs well and knows the way," the mother said. Nura, whose name means "light," glowed with a combination of pride and shyness. Then Nura's mother offered to sell us some small unpolished turquoise stones for a hundred Israeli pounds, which would also include the fee for Nura's help. We agreed to the arrangement, and I handed her a hundred-pound note, which she stuffed into her dress. She produced a handful of irregular light-blue turquoises, and I selected three. There was one other matter, Barakat's wife said. Another daughter had had stomach cramps earlier that day and had gone to the Israeli campsite to ask for some medicine. Could Bailey drive her over to fetch the girl? Bailey left with Barakat's wife in the Land-Rover, and I went to the guesthouse. About an hour later, he returned with the news that the girl had been treated by an Israeli nurse, who happened to be along on the tour, and that Barakat himself had come home and was not at all displeased by his wife's unusual hospitality. In fact, he was proud of her and he was honored to have entertained "Doctor*r* Bayl*ee*" and the American in his house. Thus assured that we wouldn't be beheaded in the middle of the night by a furious husband, we collapsed into the healing sleep of the spared.

IN spite of my deep sleep, that curious built-in mental alarm clock we all seem to possess went off as dawn broke, at five-fifteen. It was a clear, cool morning, the khamsin having blown itself out, erasing the ugliness and murk of the previous day. The rich-orange sunrise illuminating the inspiring peaks to the west of Serabit refreshed our bodies and spirits, and we felt ready for a hard climb. I found myself humming "What a Diff'rence a Day Made" as we walked to Barakat's house for breakfast of pita and tea. Barakat, a pleasant, gentle man, was beside himself with ebullient hospitality. We profusely thanked him and his wife (more retiring in her husband's presence), and, with Nura, we headed for the base of the mountain, a short drive away. Nura was revealed in the daylight as little more than a child—thirteen years old, as her mother had said, but with the frame of a scrawny girl four years younger. In her black dress and cowl, her floppy sandals, she appeared eminently unsuited to be a mountain-climbing guide. Still, I thought, she knew the way.

As we approached the bottom of a stony trail winding up the jagged, bone-dry mountain, we came upon a squad of nine well-armed Israeli soldiers, munching oranges beside an open Dodge military truck and a Jeep. They told us that they were mostly reservists on duty at a central-Sinai Israel Defense Forces base and were currently taking part in a combination training-and-cultural exercise—to patrol the area between their base and the Gulf of Suez coast, and to explore the historic sites along the way, one of them being Serabit El Khadim. Lieutenant Micha, who led them, said in broken English that he was not sure of the best route to the Serabit mines and the temple on top of the mountain, so we invited them to join us in our guided climb. They happily agreed—although there were some familiar draftee groans at the prospect of any physical exertion—and the Lieutenant said that we could leave the Land-Rover here with the truck and the Jeep. He would assign two soldiers to stay behind and guard the vehicles, and they would rendezvous with us at the opposite side of the mountain, then drive Bailey back to pick up his Land-Rover. This plan would give the climbing soldiers some training in finding their way up and



"Why don't we finish our drinks and go to a little place I know where the atmosphere isn't quite so electric with power."

down a mountain on different trails; the nonclimbing pair would gain experience in rendezvousing. The two chosen to stay behind couldn't stop grinning. "Have fun!" they shouted after us. So, led by a skinny Bedouin girl, Bailey and I and our armed escort of seven wisecracking, griping infantrymen started up the angular, three-thousand-foot-high mountain.

It was as if I had somehow wandered into the third reel of one of those stereotypical Second World War movies, but with a change of setting and characters. The squad was a cross-section of the Israeli Army: Lieutenant Micha (an educated Sabra of European parentage, ambitious, cool, responsible); a Bombay-born private in his thirties (raunchy, loud, infatuated with anything American); a dark-skinned Moroccan Jew (moody, ill at ease, complaining); a sunburned recent arrival from Rumania (sensitive, confused); a Bedouin tracker (distant, calm, with a long, thin, acned face under a thick poll); a short, blond teenager (nervous, fragile, suffering from vertigo); and, unbelievably, a corporal nicknamed Texas (the husband of a Dallas girl, née Mimi Bernstein; affable, pleased that his assigned weapon was a pistol and not one of the heavy M-16 automatic rifles the others were lugging). After the first fifteen minutes of the strenuous climb over loose rock in the warm morning sun, their banter slackened and was replaced by panting. Any misgivings I had entertained about Nura's mountaineering abilities were immediately forgotten. She climbed with the same sure, effortless, fluid movements as Mahmoud, our guide on Mt. Sinai. Before long, her unflagging pace carried her well ahead of us. Two soldiers lagged far behind, and Bailey asked her to take a rest break, so everybody could catch up. "Boy, if the Arabs could see this!" Bailey said. "The great Israeli Army panting along behind a little Bedouin girl." Nura, dignified throughout, broke into a soft smile when the stragglers trudged to the ledge where the rest of us were waiting. The view was stupendous—a sheer thousand-foot drop to the valley floor, from which sculptured monadnocks and furrowed cliffs rose dramatically. In the distance were smooth purple peaks before the Gulf of Suez. To the east sat the grim El Tih and the notorious Wadi Beirak, now looking so innocent—the scene of our horror of the previous day. How ridiculously easy it seemed from up there to find Serabit! Whether it was the inspiriting panorama or the nearness of the peak, we continued the climb with vigor, all of us keeping together. An hour later, we reached the Egyptian Temple of Hathor, at the top.

The temple complex was introduced by a sign, in English and Hebrew, erected by the Israeli government's Department of Antiquities, showing the plan of the ruins. The sign was the only hint that modern visitors had been there before us. The hewn-sandstone ruins—sanctuaries, pylon, steles, porticoes, purification baths, courtyard, altar, and walls, covering about an acre—appeared to have been untouched by any force but time and weather since the Egyptians abandoned the mines, before the Ptolemies, although I knew full well that Sir William Flinders Petrie and other archeologists had removed several choice souvenirs (including the black statue of the slave which gave the place its name) to European museums. Indeed, the wealth of clearly marked hieroglyphs on the steles and cartouches gave me the sensation of strolling about an outdoor museum. The preservation was due to Serabit's lofty remoteness from war, vandals, less hardy archeologists, and voracious tourists. We walked slowly through the ruins, and I noticed that the Israeli soldiers were wide-eyed as they explored the sacred caves and tried to decipher the hieroglyphs.

THE inscriptions found in the Sinai fall into three categories: the hieroglyphs at Serabit; the alphabetic engravings in the revolutionary Proto-Sinaitic script (the link between hieroglyphic writing and the Phoenician alphabet); and the graffiti in various languages found along caravan tracks throughout the southern Sinai. The first category, all around us in the temple complex, included funerary inscriptions (Hathor was a Theban necropolis goddess and also the Mistress of Turquoise), entreaties to Osiris (the God of the Dead) and other national gods, and reports on the difficult mining operations.

But of far more scholarly importance are the Proto-Sinaitic engravings on the sandstone rock faces beyond the temple complex. These inscriptions were made by the miners, the Semitic slaves, who used a form of their native Proto-Canaanitic symbols as hieroglyph-inspired consonants to construct actual words, not just pictographs. Professor Joseph Naveh, a distinguished epigraphist at Jerusalem's Hebrew University, had told me in an interview that scholars were not exactly sure how to read these Serabit engravings. “We do not know how many letters are in the alphabet and what they absolutely mean,” he said. “Thousands of years ago, many Semites, the descendants of Abraham, worked for the Egyptians as slaves—or, shall we say, people who must work for a stronger power even though they were as advanced culturally. They brought with them to the Serabit mines the clearest version we have of the Proto-Canaanitic script, but they did not invent it there, as some claim. The great value of their script was that it took the first consonantal sound of a particular pictograph and indicated the sound by a special mark. For example, the Canaanite word for ‘house’ began with a ‘b’ sound, which was signified in the Proto-Sinaitic alphabet as a rectangular symbol called *beit*, which ultimately became the equivalent and name of the letter ‘b’ in Semitic alphabets. ‘*Beit*,’ coincidentally, means ‘house’ in Hebrew. So from the pictograph for ‘house’ came a consonant mark that could be used in many different ways, to make many different new words. Instead of a person's having to learn thousands of pictures meaning thousands of words, as in hieroglyphics and cuneiform symbols, he could learn a limited number of symbols and read and write an infinite number of words. Reading and writing were no longer for special people, so the invention of this alphabet was the democratization of literacy. Out of it came the Phoenician, Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and English alphabets. One reason we are not precisely sure of what the Proto-Sinaitic engravings say is that there are no vowels, so we can only guess at the meaning of the words. It would be like coming across the English letters ‘mn;’ they could mean ‘man,’ ‘men,’ ‘min,’ ‘mon,’ ‘mun.’ ”

The polyglot graffiti carved into rock faces along trading routes are the poor relation among the three categories of Sinai inscriptions, academically speaking. They vary from drawings of hunting scenes, native animals, crosses, and the menorah to such injunctions—reminiscent of Magic Marker scrawls on New York City subway cars—as “Remember Zailu, son of Wailu” and “Be mindful of Chalios, son of Zaidu” and “An evil race [the Bedouins?]. I, Lupus, a soldier, wrote this with my hand.” Scratched in Aramaic, Kufic, Greek, and various European languages, they have given rise to all sorts of interpretations through the centuries. Cosmas, a sixth-century Alexandrian merchant, made a trip through the Sinai to India, and some Jews accompanying him on the journey told him that the inscriptions were the work of Moses and the Israelites. Cosmas was followed by a long parade of puzzled scholars, pilgrims, merchants, and explorers, who called the inscriptions everything from a sacred “song of Moses” to worthless scribblings and wrote disputatious tracts about their opinions. (In the eighteenth century, an English bishop offered a five-hundred-pound prize to anyone who brought back copies of the holy graffiti, and the King of Denmark sent a scholar to decipher them.) Today, most experts consider them important only for what they might unintentionally reveal. However, Professor Avraham Negev, an authority on the Nabateans, at the Hebrew University's Institute of Archeology, had told me in Jerusalem that just what some epigraphists found unimportant he found fascinating—especially the Aramaic inscriptions, which he believed to be the work of Nabatean travellers. “The inscriptions are mostly names,” he said, “and the repetition of names tends to bore scholars. When I went into the Sinai in 1971, I made a full list of these names and investigated their meanings. They told me who passed by, what they were doing there, where they were from, where they were going, who their enemies were, what their trades, their hopes, their dreams were. In my research into the Nabateans, this information unlocked for me highly valuable data about their lives and culture. The inscriptions are anything but useless. They are history.”

“I'm sorry, but I wasn't really paying attention.”

WHEN we had had our fill of the temple ruins, Nura, who had been sitting patiently on a block of sandstone, led us toward the mine adits, a few hundred yards down a trail from the peak. On the way, we passed an extraordinary example of all three Sinai-inscription categories. At the top of a rock face was a rude cartouche, with hieroglyphs bordering figures of profiled Egyptians approaching an ankh-holding deity. Below the cartouche were two lines of Proto-Sinaitic engravings, and to the side were the graffiti “I. Crompton 1825” and some indistinct Semitic script. Lieutenant Micha thought he could make out the Hebrew word for “Miriam,” which could have been a reference either to Moses' sister or to someone named Miriam who wandered by at one point and wanted the event to be memorialized, as human beings have done since the beginning of time.

I asked Micha if he felt any special emotion, any connection with the past, as he examined the inscriptions.

“No,” he said. “It is all too old for me. But another matter is the

Dead Sea Scrolls. When I see them in the Israel Museum, I can read the words, like modern Hebrew. Then I feel something strong."

Would he be sorry if the Sinai were given back to Egypt?

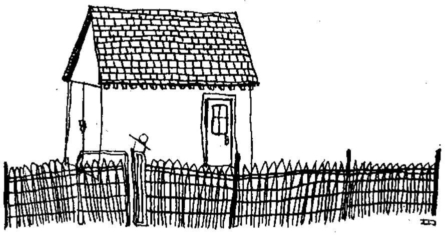
He thought the question over for a moment. "Yes and no," he finally said. "We fought for it many times, but it is not for us like the Galilee or Jerusalem. I agree to give back Sinai for a good peace, but maybe not Yamit and Sharm. Those we need."

We warily approached the first mine adit, a long, forbidding horizontal opening in the rock. There was a flurry of kidding about who would crawl inside and whether or not those who did would share any turquoise they found. Texas and I decided to enter the adit first. On our stomachs, we wormed our way through the shallow opening into a larger space, just big enough to move about in at a crouch. A thin slash of sunlight came through a crack in an interior wall, which could have been either natural or manmade. The floor was packed sand, littered with dry animal droppings. Traces of copper ore were visible in the walls, but no sign of turquoise. The mine had long since been exhausted, despite a hieroglyph author who once wrote so optimistically, "There is turquoise to all eternity in the mountain." (A retired British officer named Macdonald tried mining turquoise near Serabit in the nineteenth century and went broke in the process.) It was difficult to imagine the slaves hunched together in this dusty cavern, picking away at the rock, searching for the elusive blue stones used to adorn Nilotic temples and Egyptian nobility. And yet, through all the misery, their minds were still keen enough to advance one of man's finest achievements—the alphabet.

Texas and I squeezed ourselves out of the mine and found the others in a much grander grotto nearby, which could easily have held fifty workers, leaving them plenty of room to use their tools. Six pillars, hewn from the rock, held up the ceiling, and a primitive shaft brought both light and air to the mine. A disturbed bat flew erratically about, finally alighting in a niche too small for our explorations. Again, we found only animal droppings—no inscriptions, no turquoise.

Outside in the blessed fresh air, we sat around in a circle and ate oranges that the soldiers had brought with them. "Where is the turquoise?" somebody asked. Bailey said that some Bedouins claimed they knew of turquoise deposits at Maghara and Umm Bugma, ten kilometres southwest of Serabit, but they weren't telling how much was there. "So we won't be rich," a soldier muttered with mock resignation. I offered Nura a drink of halazone-laced water from my canteen. She took a sip, and made a sour face when she tasted the chlorine. Everybody laughed, including Nura. Despite the soldiers' lack of emotional connection with Serabit, they treated the area respectfully, burying their orange peels in the ground. They seemed embarrassed by a bullet hole we discovered in a hieroglyphic tablet; they hoped it was not made by an Israeli. It was just eleven days until Passover, and we all admitted that it was a little spooky to be so close to where Moses and the Hebrews might have passed about this time of year, three thousand years before. The northern-route-of-the-Exodus theorists argue that Moses wouldn't have brought his people near Serabit, because of the Egyptian troops garrisoned there, but that speculation collapsed as I looked out over the terrain between the mines and the Gulf of Suez. The ridges and valleys were so thick and deep that Moses could have easily marched his host right under the noses of the Egyptians. Also, not more than a hundred soldiers were probably on duty at Serabit at any given time—hardly enough to stop the Hebrews.

Micha, Bailey, and Nura consulted a detailed military map and decided that a rocky trail on the north side of the mountain would be the best route to the scheduled rendezvous. We started down the plunging, rather dangerous path—which seemed in some stretches to be carved into the mountainside, similar to our descent from Mt. Sinai—enjoying the view when we dared look up from our next steps. After edging along a particularly narrow outcropping, Micha noticed that one of his squad was no longer with us. He took a quick roll call and discovered that the absent soldier was the short, blond teen-ager who suffered from vertigo. Fearing the worst, the Lieutenant and the Bedouin tracker worked their way back up the ledge to a bend in the trail. At last, they shouted to us that they had found the soldier, who was facing the rock wall, his back to the chasm behind him. He was paralyzed with vertigo, nauseated and embarrassed, and he refused to go on. They calmed him with gentle words, then blindfolded him and led him slowly down to where we were waiting. Green-faced and shivering, he said that he might be able to finish the descent if someone held on to his arm. Nobody ridiculed him, for which he was grateful. (I was sure that his humiliation in front of his friends and Nura was worse than his vertigo.) Inching along, supported by the Bedouin tracker, he made it to the bottom of the mountain with the rest of us. "He will learn how to conquer this," Micha said when we arrived at the rendezvous.

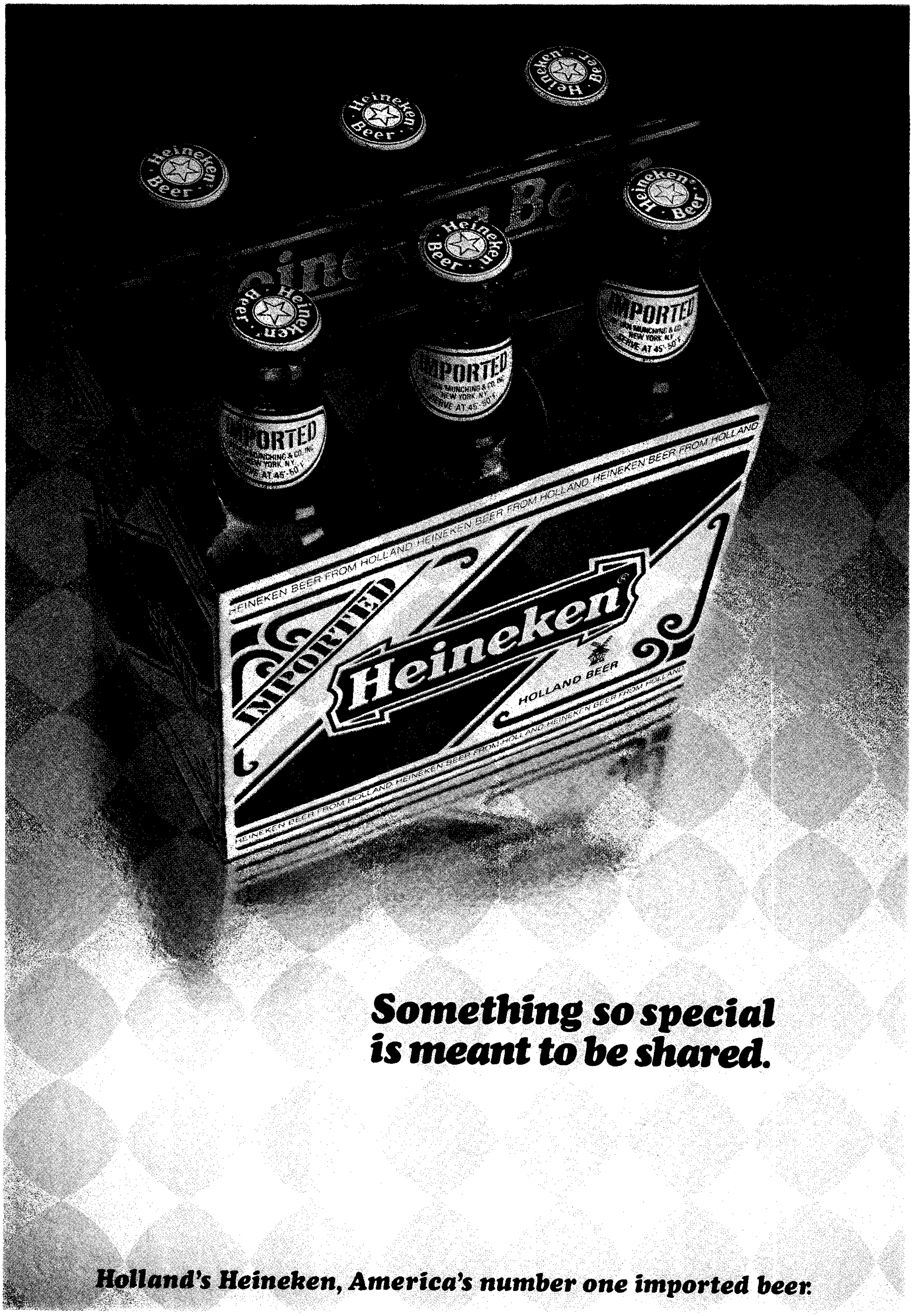


Under the shade of a few acacias, the two soldiers who had driven up the Dodge truck and the Jeep laid out lunch for everyone—sardines smeared on white bread; fresh tomatoes; carrots; oranges; and good water. It was only ten o'clock, but we were all very hungry. The attitudes of the seven climbing soldiers and the two rendezvous soldiers were now reversed; the former kidded the latter for missing out on an exciting expedition, while the latter sulked. Nura and the Bedouin tracker took their lunches to separate spots and ate in solitude. The others fell into universal post-workout army banter, inevitably centered on sex. They had heard on the radio that the American aircraft carrier Nimitz was paying a good-will visit to Haifa. "Every whore in Israel will be in Haifa now," said the soldier from Bombay, who went on to announce that his dream in life was to cohabit with Elizabeth Taylor in America. Bailey was driven back to our starting point of that morning and returned shortly with the Land-Rover. We shook hands all around and wished each other luck. By eleven, we had delivered Nura to her house, taken tea with her parents, and were on our way again.

As we headed toward Wadi Beirak, Bailey said, "Serabit was worth it, I guess."

"*Inshallah,*" I replied.

WE had been planning to retrace our route over Wadi Beirak, visit Firan, and then attempt to reach Sharm El Sheikh, via the paved road along the Gulf of Suez, by nightfall. But in the desert, as I had learned, such careful schemes do not always work out. The little hill we had descended from Wadi Beirak at dusk on the previous day swelled into an Everest, as the tires whirred uselessly in its loose sand. Six times we tried, utilizing every combination of drives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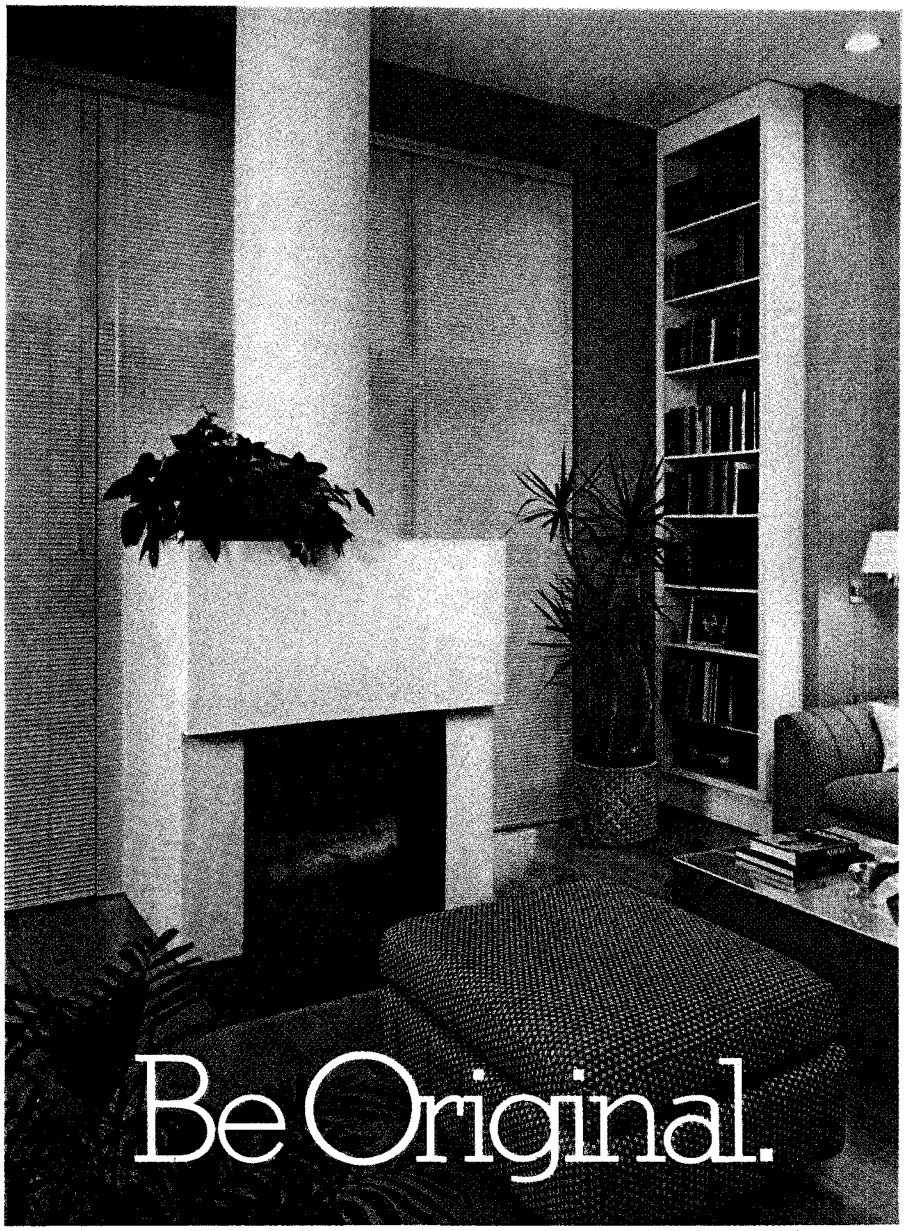
the Land-Rover offered, and each time we failed. There simply was no uphill traction in that gritty powder, and there was no reasonable way around it. We were defeated by a paltry rise after having scaled lofty mountains. *Inshallah* again. We junked our plan to visit Firan, turned around, and headed west on a solid road to Abu Zeneima, a port on the Gulf of Suez. The catch was that Abu Zeneima sits in the narrow southern part of the United Nations buffer zone, and the coastal road, which runs by it, can be used by Israeli vehicles only from three to six o'clock in the afternoon; twelve to three o'clock is reserved for Egyptian traffic. If we were delayed for some reason, we would never reach Sharm by nightfall.

Before long, the road degenerated into a narrow track between limestone cliffs, but we could still keep up our speed as long as we didn't meet a car coming the other way. Fortunately, we didn't. After a tricky descent over a stretch of stone blocks that reminded me of the steps in front of the New York Public Library, we entered a broad plain and sniffed the briny air of the sea. Some white barrels and an unattended barrier, marked "UN CHECKPOINT 4," showed that we had passed into U.N. Buffer Zone 2-A—also called Finnbatt, because it was policed by a battalion of Finnish soldiers, under the command of the United Nations. Straight ahead, like a shimmering mirage at the end of the road, was the Gulf of Suez, cobalt and calm in the hot early-afternoon sun. Beneath a blue-and-white U.N. flag stood a sandbagged sentry post (U.N. Checkpoint 5), manned by a young and sullen Finnish soldier, his face scarred from sunburn. He levelled his bayonet-tipped rifle menacingly at us and, in heavily accented English, ordered us to park a few hundred yards back up the road in a sandy open space until three o'clock. (It was just past one o'clock; we had made excellent time from Serabit.) Wasn't there a shadier place where we could wait? No. We had not bathed in several days, and we smelled like camels. Could we possibly swim at the beach along the gulf? No. We must wait in the car until three o'clock. No walking. No photography. Resigned to a dismal two hours, we drove to the designated area, a broiling plain covered with bits of flintstone and Tuborg beer bottles.

At last, it was three o'clock. We rolled up to the barrier at the sentry post and asked the Finnish soldier, more sunburned than before, if we



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could go through. "No," he said once again, waving his rifle. "You cannot go until three-thirty. U.N. must use road until three-thirty." But this time he allowed us to park near the checkpoint. Two buses pulled up and unloaded about fifty Israeli children, who were on a tour of the Sinai from their Orthodox kibbutz in the north Negev. Like rabbits released from a hutch, the children scampered in all directions, and the flustered Finnish soldier telephoned for help to keep them in line. Soon other sunburned Finns, dressed in shorts and sneakers, trotted from a quonset hut nearby. With notable lack of success, they attempted to round up the exuberant children. I was afraid the roundup might end in an unpleasant incident, so I produced a scuffed green tennis ball, which I had discovered in the Land-Rover, and organized an impromptu game of good old American catch with the boys. For lads more used to soccer and basketball, they were pretty fair at throwing and catching high flies, although they insisted on catching the ball one-handed, as if it would have been a sin against God to use two hands. There they were, killing a half hour under the hot Sinai sun, a noisy bunch of skullcapped kids with braided sidelocks, playing a frenetic game of catch on the very sands their forefathers had roamed thousands of years ago, while incongruous Finns nervously watched. This latest Sinai culture clash concluded with oranges' being distributed to one and all by the children's guides, and it was three-thirty.

The sentry, his mouth full of orange, raised the barrier, and we drove through onto the coastal road, a good highway running between the gulf and some abandoned narrow-gauge railroad tracks. The shoreline was peaceful—gentle waves stroking the dunes, ships plowing north to the entrance of the Suez Canal, a handsome villa flying the U.N. flag on a bluff. The only sign of war was a wrecked locomotive, looking like a wounded beast dying in the sand.

The main business along the Suez coast is oil—the reason that the official Egyptian flag of the province of Sinai is a black derrick against a yellow background. We could see several oil rigs, returned to Egypt after Sinai II, sprouting offshore, while others, farther south, from Abu Durba to El Tor, were still worked by the Israelis. Developed for Egypt by an Italian oil-exploration organization, Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi, the coastal wells had been the richest prize, economically, in the 1967 Sinai conquest for Israel, having filled half that nation's petroleum needs. (Israel continued to pay fifty-per-cent royalties to E.N.I., just as Egypt had done.) A profitable industry had begun, with Israeli roughnecks, reminiscent of the hard-drinking, brawling workers in the Texas and Oklahoma oil fields, settling in the boom town of Abu Rudeis. Today, the Israeli roughnecks were working, with something less than certainty about their futures, in the newer boom town of El Tor, where the Alma field—expanded since the treaty negotiations and the Iran crisis—was already providing about twenty per cent of Israel's normal oil consumption. Some geologists claim that the Gulf of Suez oil reserves probably continue north through the Sinai as far as the Mediterranean Sea, which, if true, might someday create a junior Saudi Arabia out of the peninsula. The stakes are enormous—especially since Egypt, even without all her Gulf of Suez wells, is already an oil exporter and hopes to produce a million barrels a day by 1980. Citing international law, the Israeli government had stated that it reserved the right to share in any Sinai oil up to one-half the distance across the gulf, even if it returned the peninsula to Egyptian sovereignty—an international-law claim disputed by both Egypt and the United States. Still, the creation of a joint Israel-Egypt petroleum complex in the Sinai, along with, perhaps, nuclear-power and desalinization plants, could go a long way toward securing the peaceful future of the peninsula. What such an industrial plan would do to the ecology and to Bedouin life in the wilderness is another matter. As usual, nobody asks the Bedouin what he thinks about it all. (The way things stand at present, Israel is to give up its precious wells near El Tor within seven months after the exchange of the ratified treaty documents. This, perhaps the most painful concession for the Israelis in the hard treaty bargaining, was negotiated right up to the last minute. In return for the wells, Egypt pledged "normal commercial sales of oil" to Israel, and, in a separate Memorandum of Agreement, the United States promised to supply Israel's petroleum needs for fifteen years, at world-market prices, if other sources of supply were suddenly "unavailable." While these arrangements seem reassuring, Israel is nevertheless understandably nervous about the deal.)

The intricate gerrymandering sketched out by Henry Kissinger in his diplomatic shuttles of 1974 and 1975 was crazily evident from the start of our drive down the coastal road. From U.N. Checkpoint 6, the route for Israeli vehicles turned ninety degrees to the east onto a new road. We had left Buffer Zone 2-A and were skirting the perimeter of the Egyptian area around Abu Rudeis. Technically, we were back in Israeli-occupied Sinai. (A guard at an I.D.F. checkpoint put down the book he was reading in the shade of a half-track, examined our papers, and said, "Welcome to Israel!") Just to our right was Egyptian territory—a flat, mined, scrubby dune leading to the gulf. We could see more wells, storage tanks, offshore loading buoys, piers, an airstrip, and some housing for the oil workers. After another I.D.F. checkpoint, we were back again in U.N. territory—Buffer Zone 2-B, just slightly wider than the road. Ten kilometres more, and we came to a fork in the road—Israeli traffic to the left (inland and east), Egyptian traffic to the south (but only as far as the end of Buffer Zone 2-B, just north of Abu Durba). We were back in Israel again, near the Wadi Firan track (which we had originally wanted to take), and curving south toward El Tor. The geopolitical design was beyond the grandest dreams of a Massachusetts politician.

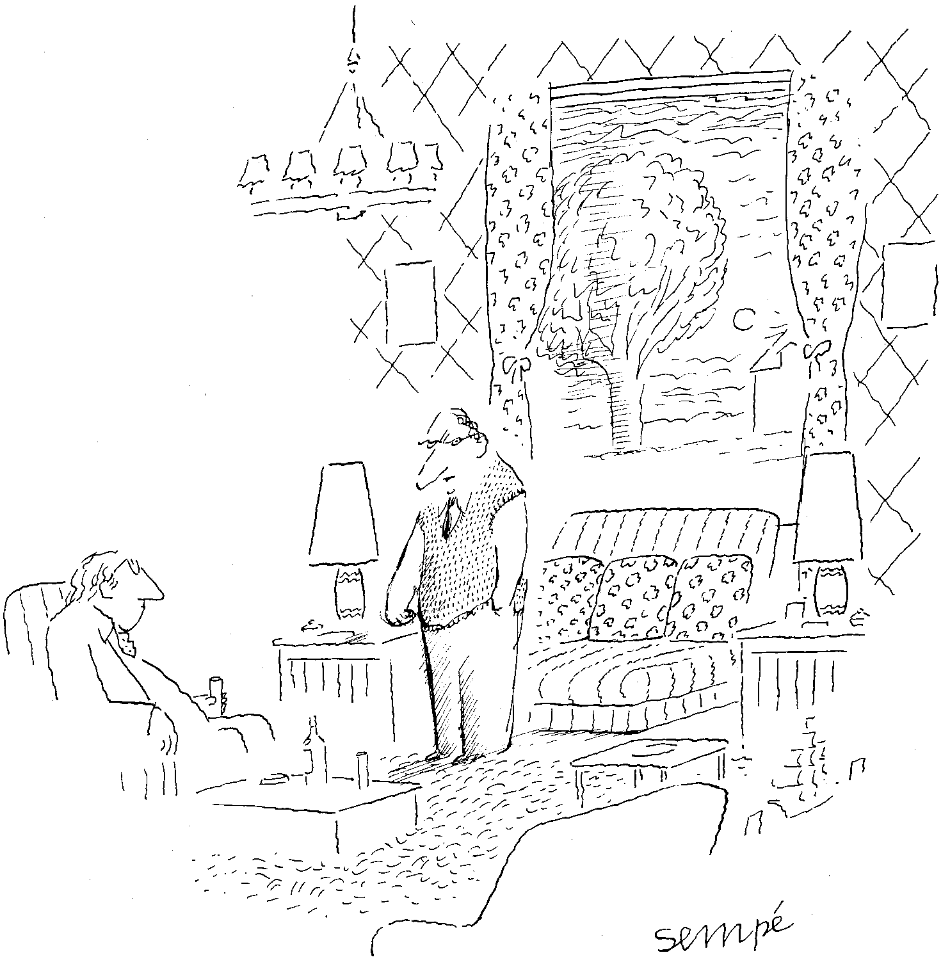
According to the Victorian explorers, the area we were travelling through was the harshest desert of the Sinai—El Kaah, or the Plain. The beauty and breezes of the gulf vanished, and all around us were disagreeable sickly-yellow scrub and coarse sand, disorienting mirages, and war detritus. Only the distant purple peaks to the east and some grotesquely twisted combat debris (one strafed Egyptian truck exposed its slowly turning radiator fan, looking like a Calder sculpture) broke the monotony. Professor Palmer, particularly, had loathed El Kaah, and it was perverse destiny that he should have met his violent death near that wretched, parched plain. Like so many British explorers, he had an ulterior motive in coming to the Sinai—political intelligence and espionage. He was assigned by his government to persuade the Towara to side with the British in putting down an 1882 Egyptian revolt, and to that end he was carrying gold with which he meant to bribe the Bedouins. However, he and his party were turned upon and slaughtered by their renegade guides. Because of their service to the Crown, their recovered bodies were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Adding to the sinister quality of El Kaah was the unsettling fact that we were down to our last jerrican of gasoline. To get our minds off the fuel problem, Bailey told me about the Aleigat of the El Tor region, a happy-go-lucky tribe that will use any excuse to have an all-night party, with attendant singing, dancing, hand-clapping, and hash-smoking. These jolly Bedouins, however, once held a party that they have since come to regret. To celebrate the Israelis' withdrawal from their area after the 1956 Sinai Campaign, they fêted the U.N. troops who replaced the Israelis, and in the course of the merry-making they recited a short poem. "*Tili al gush wa pasha khush*" went the rhyme, which means, roughly, "Now the paper tigers have left and the pashas have come in." But in 1967 the Israelis came thundering back to El Tor, and the Aleigat, fearing revenge by the Israelis for the taunting poem, fled to the hills in panic. Of course, the Israelis had no idea of what was going on; they had never heard about the rhymed ridicule, and even if they had they would have been more amused than upset. Still, many of the Aleigat, afraid of phantom vengeance, stay clear of the Israelis.

Just when my computation of kilometres per gallon figured us to be working on our last gallon of our last jerrican, we reached a gravel plain pocked with small gardens, owned by St. Catherine's Monastery. We passed Hammam Sidna Musa, the Hot Baths of Lord Moses—natural hot sulphur springs that were used as a cure for rheumatism both by Bedouins and by the Christian pilgrims who settled at El Tor when it was a gateway to Mt. Sinai. Beyond the springs was the town of El Tor, whose fortunes have risen and fallen with history: a crowded quarantine station for hajjis, an active port for Red Sea fishermen and seafarers of the Orient trade, then a seldom used caravansary after the Portuguese discovered the Cape of Good Hope route between Europe and the East, and currently an oil boom town with modern apartment houses, date-palm groves, shops, and (I observed with delight) a large, modern gas station.

We rolled up to a fuel pump, and while a Bedouin boy filled our tank and jerricans I strolled about, looking over the town. Against the sun setting behind the Egyptian mountains on the other side of the gulf, El Tor seemed to be a hodgepodge of structures and people, like a small El Arish—concrete houses, dilapidated shacks, oil-drilling equipment, government buildings, military barracks; Bedouins, Palestinian Arabs, Egyptians, Israelis. In front of the headquarters of the South Sinai Military Governor, some Bedouin elders had gathered, like schoolchildren outside the principal's office. The scene attracted me, and I photographed it. The next thing I knew, I was being arrested by an armed Israeli soldier, who marched me into the headquarters building. Bailey saw what had happened, and followed. A sneering sergeant told me that I was in a restricted military zone and was not allowed to take photographs. He wanted my camera and all my film, but I refused to give him either. I told him that I was a journalist accredited by the Government Press Office in Jerusalem, and I showed him my letters of introduction and my press card. He stared at them blankly. I gave him telephone numbers of government officials to call. He insisted that I give him my camera and film. I again refused. Bailey spoke privately to the sergeant, who stood firm. The impasse was costing us precious driving hours, and might even have cost me a night in a detention cell, but, luckily, the duty officer suddenly appeared—a Lieutenant Lazar, whom Bailey knew from earlier Sinai trips. The Lieutenant settled the matter in ten seconds, and we were on our way again, my camera, film, and pride intact. "Don't let it get you," Bailey said as we drove into the pink dusk. "It's the old Army game. The sergeant is ambitious. He was bucking for something—probably the lieutenant's job." Anyway, we had plenty of fuel; El Kaah looked almost beautiful in the dim, rosy light; an antelope playfully raced us along the side of the road; and, all things being equal, Sharm El Sheikh was only two hours away.

The region of Sharm El Sheikh (the Bay of the Sheikh, named for an unknown Bedouin chief) is actually a series of reef-bound bays at the southernmost tip of the peninsula. Apart from its critical position—maritime traffic coming up the Gulf of Akaba or the Gulf of Suez is at the mercy of coast artillery mounted on the headlands—the area was never much more than a place for fishermen to sort out their catches, which often included



"I wish just once I had known a great love that ravages everything—even my garage!"

SMOKING
NONSMOKING
TRYING TO QUIT

• •

Red Sea sharks and barracuda. After the Israelis had captured and held Sharm in 1967, they renamed it Ophira, in honor of King Solomon's trade, through the adjacent Strait of Tiran, with Ophir, a vague term for Africa. They also set about developing Sharm/Ophira into a beach resort and military base. For many urban Israelis, it is what the Hamptons are to New Yorkers—on a vastly reduced scale, of course. When its bright lights riddled the desert night ahead, Bailey snickered, "Ah, the gold coast." While he understood the need for an uncrowded seaside refuge far from the noise and congestion of Tel Aviv, he disliked what the development was doing to his Sinai—scarring the dramatic shoreline with hotels, and enlisting the local Bedouins into menial service. I was sympathetic to his point of view, but, on the other hand, at that moment I would have sold my soul for a clean hotel room, a real bed, and a long hot shower. Even though he wanted to stay with a Bedouin poet he knew there, he conceded that a little civilization wouldn't hurt either of us.

We drove past the bay at Ras Muhammad, with its scraggly coral reefs and mangroves; skirted Sharm El Sheikh proper; and pulled in to the newest settlement, Naama (Hebrew for "pleasant"), where the Sharem Hotel was situated. The lobby was buzzing with honeymooning couples, Israelis arriving on bus excursions, and European tourists, many of them hippies. Most of the signs were in English ("Day Charters on Sailing Yacht Shalom—Inquire Within"), and the décor was Late Motel Tasteless. We checked into a double room, whereupon Bailey stretched out on a bed and fell asleep while I took a thirty-minute shower. Later, at the hotel bar, the Danish bartender told me (over my third bottle of Gold Star beer) that Breik Odeh Abu Abdullah, Sheikh of Sheikhs of the Muzeina tribe, was a regular customer there. "He comes in and drinks Scotch and beer," the bartender said. "His Bedouins who work here don't seem to mind. I think he is a hero to them—and to the Scandinavian girls. Everybody around here digs the girls. Like the tourists, most of what you see comes from the outside. In Sharm, we have only our own water."

THE next morning, I explored Naama while Bailey drove off to visit his Bedouin poet friend. The crescent bay contained a fine-sand beach scooped out of the dunes, dotted with sunburned children, baked baskers, and the go-getters found in every developing international resort ("I figure we can get the thing started with just five hundred quid," I overheard an enterprising Englishman telling a bored Frenchman). Here and there were dihedral sunshades, bubble cabañas, souvenir stands, boutiques, snack bars, and a disco called the White Elephant. Glass-bottomed excursion boats and craft for skin divers were waiting for passengers at a dock. Everything seemed to be air-conditioned; the hotel dining room alone had twenty cooling units. I wondered if the Egyptians truly understood what they would be inheriting when this region of the Sinai was given back to them (which, according to the peace treaty, is scheduled to occur by April of 1982).

As soon as Bailey had returned (with a new and prized tape cassette of Bedouin poetry), we checked out of the hotel and prepared to head north on a daylong dash to Jerusalem. But one more spectacle stopped us cold. Some El Arish merchants had driven their truck onto the hotel grounds and were hawking fresh vegetables to passersby. Two of the passersby were young Swedish girls, bursting out of the flimsiest of bikinis. "Oh, tomatoes!" one of the girls shouted, climbing into the truck to examine the wares. "We *live* by tomatoes." The Arishiya were beside themselves, so flustered by the nearness of these practically nude blondes that they just about gave away their entire tomato inventory. There was no question of Levantine haggling, and the girls scurried off with their red treasures. Bailey said in Arabic to one of the perspiring merchants, "Give me your truck and I'll get you the girls." The merchant collected himself and announced that he would not give his truck for fifty such girls, that his wife at home was a far better woman. "Talk about your Sinai culture clashes!" Bailey said to me as we drove off. "The only better one I ever heard of than that was about a Jewish girl from America who met a Bedouin working at a hotel here. She married him, took him home, and now he's in the family business."

We drove up the coast on a dirt road toward Nabk, where the northernmost mangrove shrubs in the world are. These dense evergreen plants grow just offshore, projecting their roots above water and drawing in air. The strange clusters, like a New England forest rising from the sea, attract gulls and small fish to the natural lagoon they create—water more turquoise than the rest of the Gulf of Akaba. The gulf was unusually rough that day. Crosscurrents and wind-stirred whitecaps made the always tricky navigation channel appear even more threatening. A couple of derelict ships on the reefs, their hulls stripped of everything worth taking, attested to how dangerous the waters are.

Up ahead on the dirt track were uncleared minefields, so we cut inland through a wadi to the main paved road, the tallest Sinai peaks like a solid wall of red granite in front of us. We roared down the wadi, and more wild game than I had spotted so far came out to see what the excitement was—rabbits, antelope, hedgehogs, and a fox. The animal that I most wanted to see in the Sinai—the ibex—still eluded me. It is now a rare and endangered species, what with indiscriminate hunting by Bedouins and sportsmen (the Sinai mountains were popular with big-game hunters during the British raj) and with the recent wars. Just before the main road, we stopped at a small Civil Administration outpost—nothing more than huts containing a clinic and a school, and adjacent water tanks for the Bedouin flocks. Some boys ran to the car and, with surprising forwardness, pleaded for handouts. Bailey gave them pieces of candy and asked them if they had watered their goats. "Girls water the goats," one said. "Boys go to school." As we started toward the main road, Bailey shouted to them, "*Tisrig wala tishad!*"—another old Bedouin proverb, which he quickly translated for my benefit: "Steal but don't beg."

The rest of the trip north to Elath and into the Arava was uneventful. A two-day-old *International Herald Tribune* I bought in Elath showed that the world could be uneventful, too; nothing much had happened. It wasn't until we were stopped at an I.D.F. roadblock well into the dreary, darkening Arava that the world truly caught up with us. A helmeted soldier carefully checked our papers and recorded our names and license-plate number on his clipboard. He ordered us to pull over to the side of the road and wait for enough vehicles to form a convoy. "Are you armed?" he asked Bailey. Bailey said he had a pistol. The soldier smiled thinly. Was anything wrong, Bailey asked. "I wouldn't be here if there wasn't," the soldier said, and he walked to the car behind us. While we waited for our convoy to form, Bailey speculated on what the trouble was. "There are two P.L.O. suicide squads still unaccounted for," he said. "We knew there were four; one was in the Cyprus incident, and another shot up the bus north of Tel Aviv. Maybe our intelligence thinks one of the remaining two is around here someplace. It's possible they could have slipped over from Jordan." He placed the revolver on the front seat between us. A hell of a lot of good that will do us against Kalashnikovs and grenades, I thought. All the peace and beauty of the Sinai dissolved into the tension and fear of outlying Israel, caught up in its thirtieth year of terror and reprisal. The sun set quickly over the Negev hills—a dazzling sight, but I was sorry to see daylight disappear.

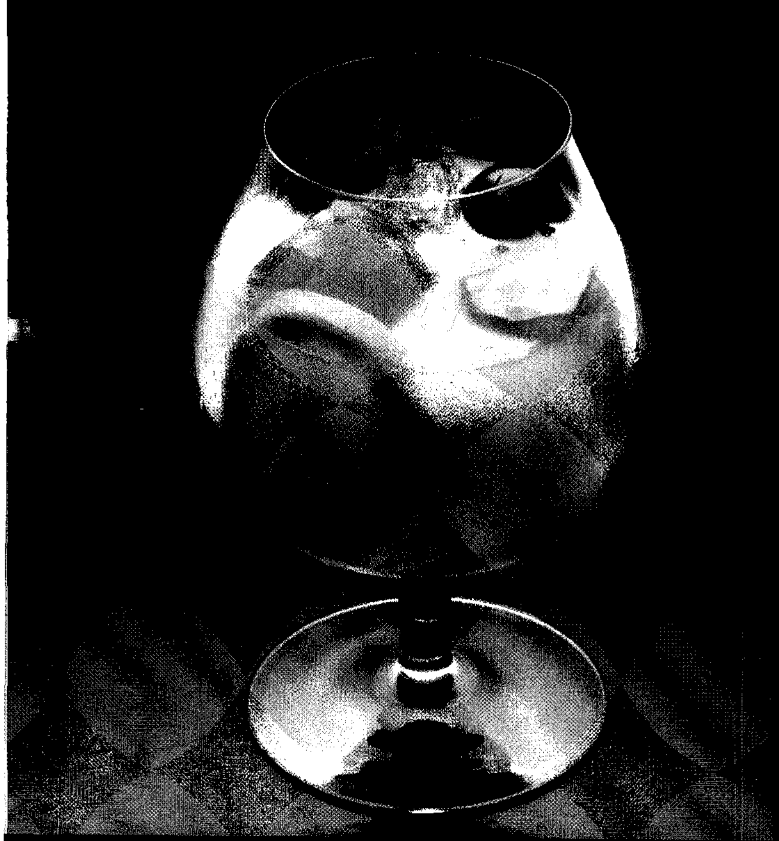
Finally, the assembled convoy, mostly big trucks and a few private cars, was waved through the roadblock. Its order soon deteriorated as each driver tried to break his personal speed record to wherever he was headed. Israelis are far too individualistic to drive in convoys. Each headlight coming at us, each shadow by the road grew into a threat, a potential burst of gunfire. When I took my turn behind the wheel, I could feel my neck muscles lock. It was hot and still, but I perspired more than was necessary. Bailey, during one particularly lonely stretch of road just before the Dead Sea, suddenly recited the Bedouin rain-ceremony chant: "Oh, mother of rain, send us rain! Moisten the gown of the shepherd!" This, he explained, was chanted after a goat was sacrificed and its blood smeared about—not exactly the most cheering image. *Inshallah*, I thought, for maybe the twentieth time that week. What will be will be.

There were more roadblocks and more futile attempts to form convoys. The final roadblock was at the junction of the Jerusalem and Jericho roads, and, once beyond it, we could feel the mountain breezes and see in the sky the glow of Jerusalem's lights. At last, climbing the Judean plateau, we could make out the silhouette of that glorious city, defying history, perched there forever, no matter what. "How doth the city sit solitary!" Jeremiah lamented, but I felt only giddy joy at the sight of it. We had come through, emotionally and physically spent but comparatively unscathed. At the main entrance to the Jerusalem Plaza, guests from some celebration were filing out and stopping to stare at the dusty, battered Land-Rover and its two dusty, battered occupants. It was almost eleven o'clock, Tuesday night, April 11th. We had been gone since Friday morning, and we had travelled eighteen hundred and thirty tough, timeless kilometres. "Nice trip," Bailey said. I nodded. We shook hands and said good night.

I SPENT the next four days in Jerusalem, recuperating, and preparing for my remaining Sinai journeys—one to the U.N. buffer zone and the American early-warning stations, the other to the Egyptian-held part of the peninsula. My recuperation was somewhat complicated. After having lived and eaten with the Bedouins under conditions that would drive an American health inspector into premature retirement, I was astounded that I hadn't suffered even the slightest stomach disorder. But, once back in Jerusalem, I accepted an invitation to a friend's house for a "real Jewish home-cooked dinner," and it was a full day before I recovered from that leaden repast. And after having climbed and descended precipitous mountains and hiked through broiling deserts without any physical complaint more serious than a charley horse, I was coaxed into joining a pickup basketball game in a Jerusalem schoolyard and pulled a muscle in my left shoulder. There was another discouraging development. The American consul general in Jerusalem, Michael Newlin, had been in touch with Cairo about my request to enter Egyptian Sinai directly from the U.N. zone; he informed me that permission had been denied "at the highest level," whatever that meant. So I would have to return to Israel from the U.N. zone, fly to Athens, and then change planes for a flight to Cairo—the equivalent of going from the East Side of Manhattan to the West Side via Hartford, Chicago, and Philadelphia, with a side trip from Philadelphia to Riverside Drive. Still, accommodations and Sinai travelling arrangements were promised once I had circuitously arrived in Cairo.

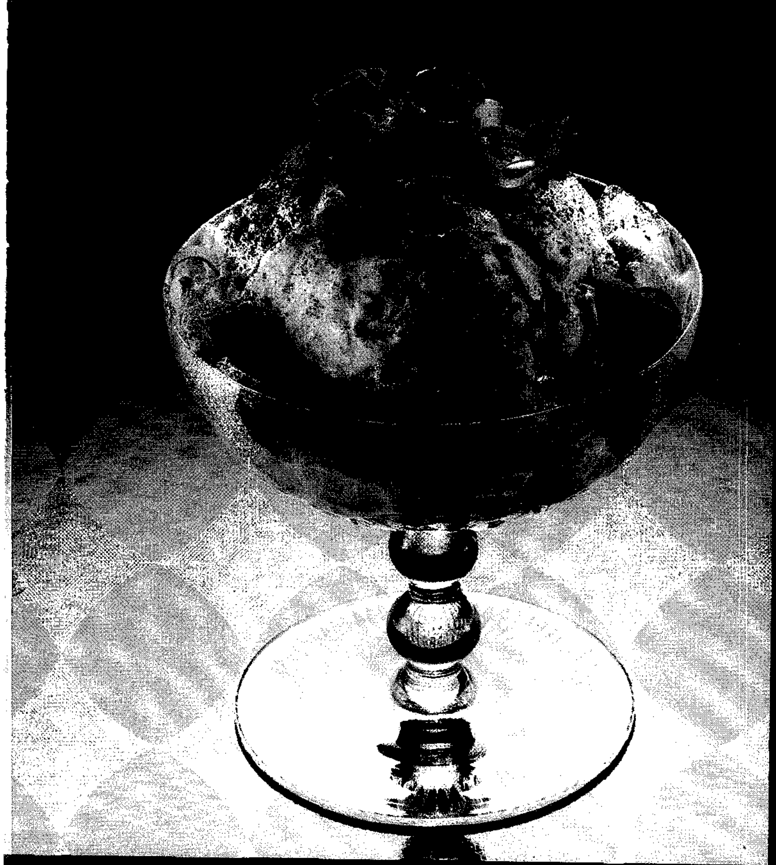
Although the U.N. had its hands full establishing its newborn peacekeeping force in Lebanon after the recent Israeli incursion into the south of that country, I had succeeded in gaining an interview with Lieutenant General Ensio Siilasvuo, Chief Coördinator of the United Nations Peacekeeping Missions in the Middle East. The Finnish Army officer had first come to the Middle East in 1957, when he commanded the Finnish contingent of the U.N. Emergency Force in the Gaza area. Serving almost continuously under the U.N. flag since then, he has been chosen as the umpire for just about every important peace meeting between Arabs and Israelis, including the military negotiations at Kilometre 101 on the Cairo-Suez road which brought about a separation of forces after the 1973 Yom Kippur War. As the representative of the U.N. Secretary-General and the overseer of the jumble of acronymic U.N. agencies in the Middle East—UNEF (U.N. Emergency Force), UNTSO (U.N. Truce

ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SUNNY SAM.
1½ oz. Sambuca Romana 1½ oz. vodka 5 oz. orange juice.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR SCAMBUCA.
2 oz. Sambuca Romana to ¼ lb. butter, 2 tbs. oil,
garlic clove and parsley. Pour sauce over cooked shrimp.

ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SAMOCHA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana over coffee ice cream and chocolate curls.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA
FOR CON MOSCA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana,
float 3 roasted coffee beans,
light prior to serving.

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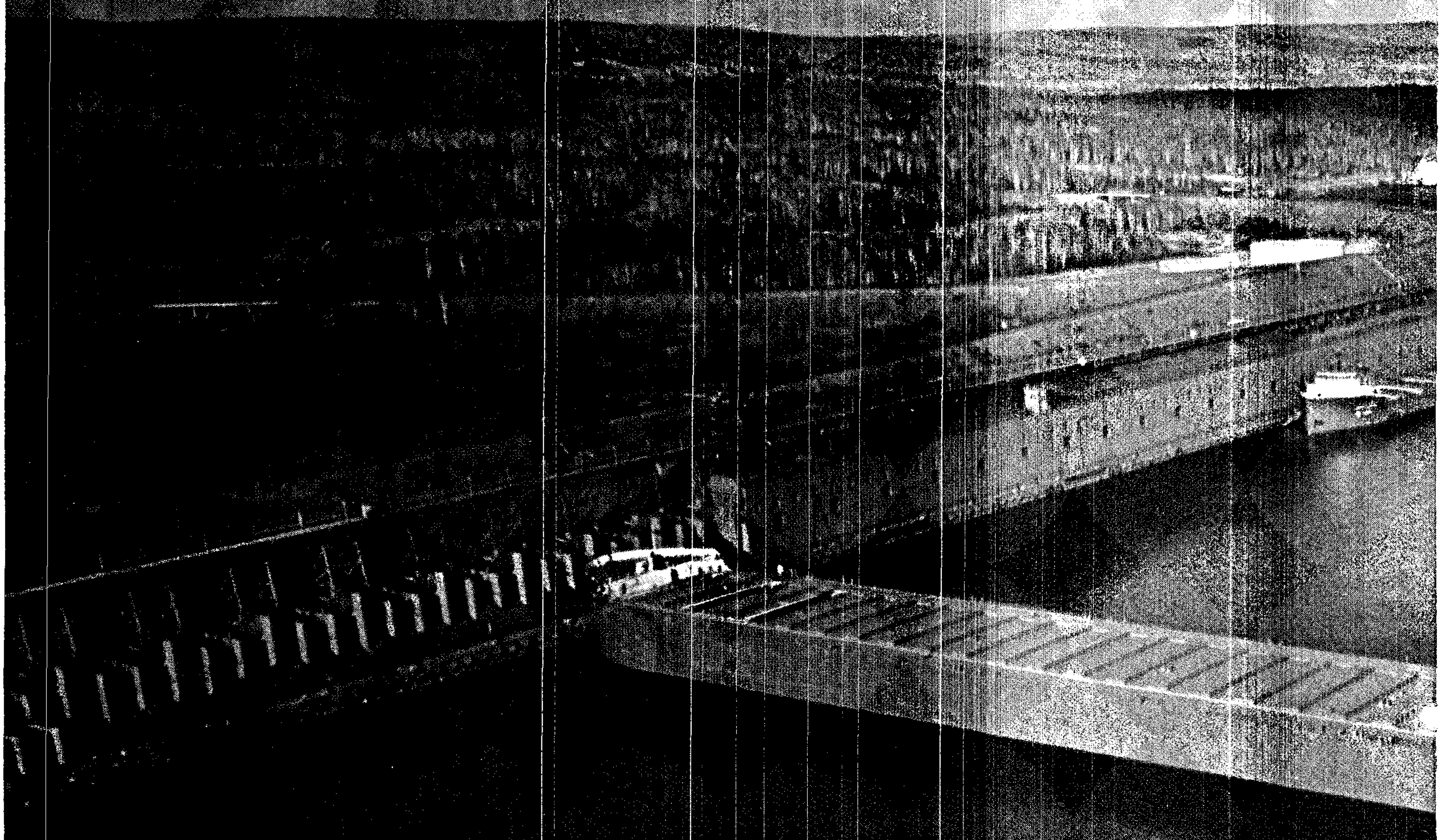

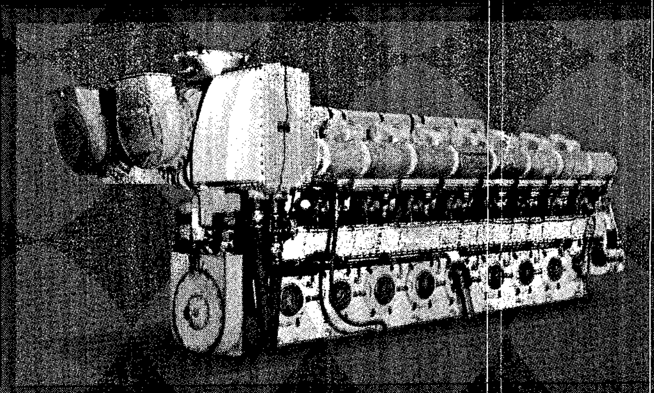

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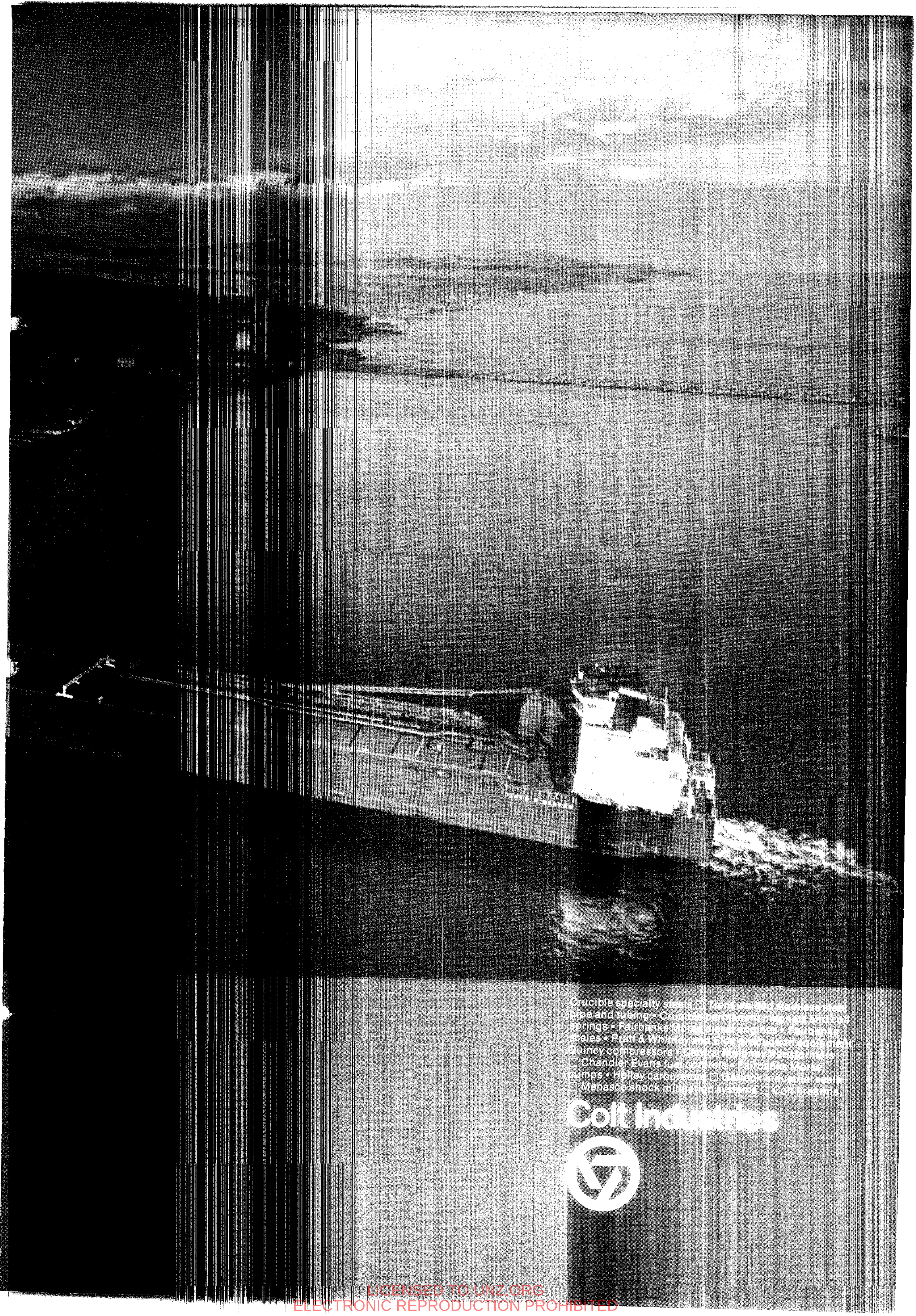

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Supervision Organization), UNDOF (U.N. Disengagement Observer Force), and now UNIFIL (U.N. Interim Force in Lebanon)—he coördinated his multinational charges from the old British Mandate Government House, spectacularly overlooking Jerusalem from the Hill of Evil Counsel.

For a professional military man with such mighty responsibilities, General Siilasvuo is an affable, informal person, preferring to dress in a plain khaki sweater and trousers, with the bare minimum of insignia. He has the square-jawed, slightly Asiatic cast to his face that the world has come to associate with Finns through photographs of Jean Sibelius. “The peacekeeping business in the Middle East has its ups and downs,” he said over strong coffee in his spacious office. “When opposing governments coöperate, and support the U.N. forces—when they *want* a ceasefire to work—then peacekeeping is an easy matter. Otherwise, we are in trouble, because the U.N. is always right in the middle. We think we are a psychological deterrent by our very presence, but sometimes they fire on us, whether accidentally or not, and we go to the shelters. We are permitted to fire first only in self-defense, as in somebody obstructing a U.N. soldier, but we fire only as a last resort. My rule is that if we must shoot then we have failed. When the 1973 war began in the Sinai, the Bar-Lev Line did not hold as the Israelis thought it would, and the Egyptians came pouring through the gaps. The U.N. observers there were bombed, and the Egyptians told us to go to Cairo. ‘We don’t want you looking at our backs,’ they said. Some observers went to Cairo, some to Israel. We had to improvise quickly, and we had casualties. There have been forty-two U.N. deaths in the Sinai alone since 1973, most of them from land-mine accidents, although a few, I believe, were intentional shootings. Now we are having casualties in Lebanon, and I am more worried, because big powers are involved, like the French. Also, there are Soviet military observers in the Sinai as well as Americans.”

I asked the General what I could expect to find when I visited the U.N. troops on duty in the Sinai.

“They are enthusiastic,” he said. “They feel they are taking part in a historic event and are ambassadors of their countries. The conditions are harsh, but they acclimate to them. Also, there is just a six-month limit to their duty, and most of them are volunteers, with higher pay, and the Scandinavians are draftees, so the educational level is greater. English is the common language for the officers, but the ordinary soldiers usually speak just their own native language. This can make problems sometimes, but there is healthy competition in sports and to be the best soldiers. Political differences are no problem. The Poles are the first Communist troops under the U.N.—they provide logistic support in the Sinai with the Canadians—but they get along well. And everybody helps out the Bedouins with water and medical assistance. Some troops are fascinated by the local life. Of course, we are far from the beginning of a true world police force here, but we serve a very important function in providing a human barrier between enemies. Look, I have seen people as deep enemies, but when there is human contact they are not enemies any longer. The Kilometre 101 meetings were the first contacts between Egyptians and Israelis after the terrible war of 1973. The Egyptian and Israeli generals got to like each other, and progress was made. The personal touch is important to peace. I saw this happen many times. When Sadat came to Jerusalem, he went out of his way to greet with warmth Ezer Weizman, who was in a wheelchair because of an automobile accident. They talked for an hour right off and became friends. That is what helps make peace.”

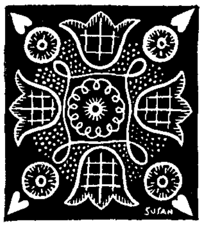
My departure from the Jerusalem Plaza, at eight o’clock Sunday morning, April 16th, was a bit tonier than my previous leave-takings, with Bailey, had been. I was better dressed, for one thing, I had all my luggage with me (I would not be returning to Jerusalem this time), and I was going off in style—in a white Volkswagen Dasher station wagon with the large, black letters “UN” painted on the sides and roof. My itinerary called for me to be picked up at the hotel by First Lieutenant Lars Alfon, a Swedish intelligence officer, and his driver, Private Krister Cederberg, who would escort me through the northern Sinai to Swedbatt, in U.N. Buffer Zone 1, manned by a battalion of Swedish troops. After visits to outposts and a briefing at Swedbatt headquarters, in Baluza, I would be driven to Ghanbatt, the central portion of Buffer Zone 1, garrisoned by Ghanaian soldiers, who would then deposit me that night at the Sinai Field Mission area of the American early-warning stations, where I would stay for two days. (Between Ghanbatt and Finnbatt, the narrow buffer zone starting at Abu Zeneima which I had travelled through with Bailey, were Indbatt, an Indonesian battalion, and patches of Israeli and Egyptian territories.) The itinerary was carefully spelled out in several languages by efficient military technicians, presumably leaving nothing to *inshallah*.

Lieutenant Alfon, a young English teacher in civilian life, explained the present tight situation of Swedbatt as we sped toward Gaza and the Via Maris coastal road. A reinforced company of two hundred and forty Swedish volunteers had just been transferred to Lebanon as the initial unit of UNIFIL. So far, one sergeant had been killed and another wounded, when their command car hit a land mine. Still, there were more volunteers for Lebanon duty than were needed, but the Swedish personnel in the buffer zone were making do at two-thirds of their regular strength. We stopped at a roadside café just north of Gaza for buns and coffee, and the Lieutenant greeted another Swedish officer, dressed, like him, in starched khakis with “SVERIGE” patches on their left sleeves. He was on his way to Lebanon to deliver new cameras purchased earlier by the Swedish troops at their post exchange. “You see how crazy this all is,” Alfon said. “We are in a deadly situation, but the soldiers must have their new cameras.”

Middle Eastern automotive tactics had infected Private Cederberg, a truck driver from Göteborg who had only eight more weeks left to fulfill his Army obligation. With horn blaring, he raced through the tangle of Gaza, scattering donkeys, camels, goats, sheep, dogs, pedestrians, and all other vehicles in his blazing path. Only the children marching to school well off the road were safe. Just past El Arish, where the desert began in earnest and sand had drifted over the road, Cederberg truly went on the attack, blasting the Dasher through each drift at speeds upward of seventy miles an hour. “It is the only way,” Cederberg, a bad stutterer, apologized with some difficulty. Only way or not, we made remarkable time, reaching the marshy flats along the Bardawil Lagoon by late morning.

The Sabkhet El Bardawil—a vast, briny, shallow lake enclosed by a sand spit which the theorists of the northern route of the Exodus believe to be Moses’ escape route from Egypt—was named for Baldwin II, a French King of Jerusalem from 1118 to 1131. ("Bardawil" is an Arabic approximation of "Baldwin.") After an expedition to free the northern Sinai from the Muslims, the King ate some tainted fish caught in the lagoon and died. (The Bedouin version of his demise was that Baldwin came to the area specifically to visit his Muslim girlfriend, who was forced by the Saracens to steal Baldwin's magic cap, which made him invisible to his enemies. The girl stole the cap, and Baldwin was killed the next day.) Many of his soldiers posted in the northern Sinai married Bedouin women and converted to Islam after Jerusalem fell to the Saracens. Some adopted the name Bardawil, and to this day a few of the Bayathiyin and Suwarka fishermen on the shores of the lagoon have a European look to them. It tickled Major Claude Jarvis, the British governor of the Sinai, that two Bedouin smugglers named Bardawil had been arrested while Stanley Baldwin was Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The sky over the Mediterranean coast was overcast, giving the Bardawil Lagoon the gray, forbidding look of the Dead Sea. Some self-propelled guns were set up around a paramilitary outpost called Nahal Yam—the Israeli Army on maneuvers as close as it could legally get to its enemy. We were approaching extremely complicated gerrymandering of frontiers, the legacy of the meticulous territorial negotiations of Henry Kissinger's Sinai II. First, there was Line K, beyond which only limited Israeli forces and armaments could be stationed up to Line J, the border of U.N. Buffer Zone 1. West of the twenty-four-mile-wide buffer zone were Line E and Line F, between which was the Egyptian limited-forces area, and beyond that lay the Suez Canal and Egypt proper. Getting past the I.D.F. checkpoint at Line K was the first hurdle, even though we were on an official U.N. mission. We were supposed to rendezvous with an Israeli escort officer, who would accompany us over the seven-mile stretch to Line J, but since we were a few minutes late the officer had left without us.



A sergeant listlessly attempted to arrange a new rendezvous over his field telephone. Finally, he made contact with somebody at the other end, and after a meandering conversation in Hebrew he hung up and told us that we could drive to Line J without escort but must promise not to take pictures. We promised and left, tires screeching, and dust boiling behind us. I gathered from Private Cederberg's Swedish muttering that Israelis were not among his favorite nationalities. Just beyond the checkpoint was the bullet-pocked Bedouin hamlet of Bir El Abd, which has had the misfortune of being directly in the path of every Sinai campaign throughout history. Yet its mosque, school, and houses have survived, much like its inhabitants, seemingly immune to time and bad luck. A nearby oil-drilling tower, sporting the optimistic sign "Western Desert Inc. No. 1," lent a Texas quality to the place. The Israelis were obviously testing the geological theory that Gulf of Suez oil ran underground as far as the north-Sinai coast—without apparent success, however. At the I.D.F. checkpoint at Line J, we were expected, offered apologies for the delay, and quickly waved through. A sign painted in the U.N. colors of light blue and white read "Welcome to Swedbatt."

After stopping to visit and have lunch with ten forlorn Swedish soldiers at U.N. Checkpoint 567, we drove by a series of Bedouin settlements and villages, most of which were familiar to me from my 1969 trip through the northern Sinai. The big difference now was that the Bayathiyin Bedouins living there, without fear of sporadic Egyptian artillery fire every time a tank or truck raised a cloud of dust, were no longer under Israeli jurisdiction. Since Sinai II was implemented, they have been within the expanded U.N. buffer zone, with the Egyptian government handling their administrative needs. At El Khirba, for instance, the Egyptian and Sinai flags flew over the new school, decorated with murals depicting idealized combat scenes from the 1973 Yom Kippur War. Civilian teachers came from Cairo for three weeks out of every month, and the health, water, and housing services were administered by other Egyptian civilians, headed by a retired general. It was not unlike the Israeli civil-administration procedure in the rest of the Sinai. The quality of construction and care was considered high by Egyptian standards, and the Bedouins were generally content. The four thousand or so Bayathiyin have been permitted since 1975 to cross freely both the Egyptian and the Israeli lines, selling their Bardawil fish and trapped quail wherever the price was best, and visiting relatives wherever they happened to be. From their point of view, it was the most convenient arrangement in a world they didn't especially want to understand, a world that never seemed to leave them alone in their rightful land. If there is a curse on the Sinai Bedouin, it is the curse of occupation.

THE windshield of the Dasher showed a few drops of rain, little more than congealed mist, as we approached Baluza. It was the first precipitation I had ever seen in the Sinai, and it wasn't much. Perversely, the air was still hot and dry. What was left of the Bardawil Lagoon, now just a brackish pond, lay beyond the roadbed of the old Allenby Railroad, its ties and tracks long since torn up to support the bunkers of the Bar-Lev Line. At the gate of Swedbatt headquarters, a sentry snapped to attention and presented a smart rifle salute as we drove through, a startling display of military discipline as opposed to the casualness of the I.D.F. The headquarters complex looked the same as it had in 1969, when it was an Israeli Army base: dun quonset huts, tents, radio-aerial tower, outlying dunes dotted with Bedouin habitations. Only the flags were different, and the airstrip ("Baluza International Airport," according to a sign) was enlarged so that it could handle aircraft as big as the C-130 cargo plane.

Nine years before, I had been briefed at Baluza by a thirty-five-year-old colonel named Yossi, who spent an emotional hour debunking fantastic war communiqués coming out of Cairo. This time, the briefing was conducted by the Swedbatt commander, Colonel Lindgren, and his aide, Major Ekman, each natty and formal in his pressed khakis. I was ushered into the Colonel's office by Lieutenant Alfon, who then departed, his escort responsibility completed. Under crossed U.N. and Swedish flags and photographs of the King and Queen of Sweden, the Colonel and the Major launched their no-nonsense discourse with maps, charts, and a slide machine. The Swedbatt mission, they told me, was (1) to be present in the buffer zone, (2) to prevent movements of Egyptian and Israeli forces, (3) to observe and report any breaches of the truce agreement, and (4) to observe and report any changes in troops and equipment in the limited-forces zones. (Under the terms of the 1979 peace treaty, the U.N. mission will stay relatively the same. As each phase of the Israeli withdrawal is completed, U.N. troops and observers will be invited into narrow, impromptu buffer zones separating the limited Egyptian and Israeli forces, until the final Sinai-Israel frontier is established, in 1982. If, because of one veto or another, the U.N. Security Council fails to approve these complicated arrangements, then the United States is committed "to take those steps necessary to insure the establishment and maintenance of an acceptable alternative multinational force," according to a Carter-to-Begin-and-Sadat side letter.) Besides the Swedes, the Ghanaians, the Finns, and the Indonesians, there were the Poles, who handled road- and mine-clearing; the Canadians, who provided food, water, and maintenance; and the Australians, who flew patrol helicopters out of Ismailia. "Our mission has been good so far," Colonel Lindgren said. "We have had coöperation from the Israelis and the Egyptians, and most of the incidents we have reported have been the result of mistakes—sometimes even ours. Of course, it is not so easy to perform our mission with a third of our soldiers in Lebanon now, but by cancelling leaves we can make do. We hope the others will be back soon."

Colonel Lindgren and Major Ekman were both officers in the Swedish regular Army, but almost all the other personnel of the three rifle companies that made up Swedbatt were draftee reservists. Officers and men alike served for just six months in UNEF, and since it was established in 1956 forty thousand had volunteered. "It is good training for our soldiers here—very different from Sweden, of course," the Major told me. "The khamsin depresses the men, and sunburn can be a problem, but we warn them to take it easy and be careful. Having draftees—professional plumbers, electricians, and so forth—it makes life better for all, including the Bedouins."

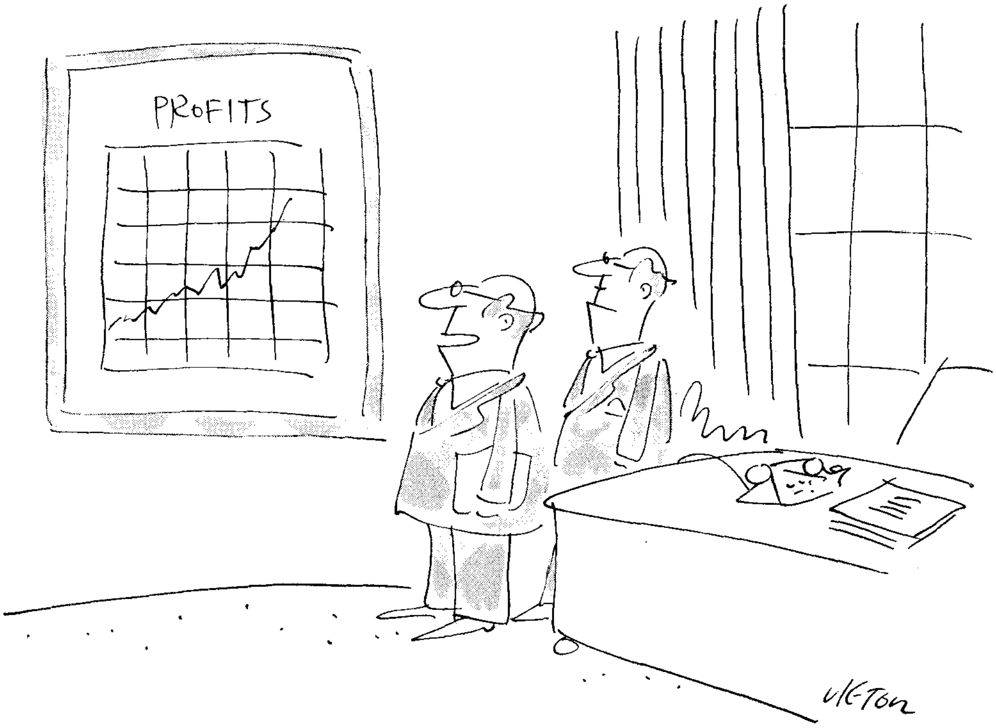
I asked them about the Bedouin caprice of cutting U.N. telephone lines, which I had heard about during lunch at C.P. 567.

"Yes, it can be a problem," the Colonel said, "like the unexploded mines and shells. I think they cut the cables to use for clotheslines, maybe. Who knows? It's their desert. Their fishermen are now allowed into the restricted sea zone, and there is some smuggling over the water. Most of it is on land, though. When we catch them, we just send them back in the direction they came from. They are prohibited from going south of what we call the Green Line, about halfway down our area, but they go anyway. That, too, can be a problem. You will probably see them when you go to C.P. 571, in the south, with Captain Ravheden."

Captain Ravheden, the bearded commander of Swedbatt's Second Rifle Company, drove me in his white four-wheel-drive Volvo command car due south on an arrow-straight supply road. He was a customs officer in civilian life, and he was scheduled to return home soon to help train the replacement troops for Swedbatt, before completing his Army service. As we plowed through the intermittent sand drifts, the Captain cursed the Poles in a combination of Swedish and English. The Poles were in charge of clearing the roads as well as the mine fields, and Ravheden wasn't impressed by their efficiency in either task, although he said that he sympathized with their difficulties. "The antitank and antipersonnel mines are very thick around here, where the big battles of 1967 and 1973 were fought," he shouted over the whine of the Volvo's engine. "And, as you can see, it is mostly dunes here. The sand blows around, burying the mines under maybe three feet one day and leaving them exposed the next. Also, along the coast the waves sometimes wash the mines inland. Yesterday, on this road, we saw some smoke from an explosion. We investigated, and figured out that a loose camel had stepped on a mine and run off. The carcass will turn up one day. The antitank mines do not explode if a camel or person steps on them, but the antipersonnel mines will. The Bedouins have a sixth sense about the mines, but still accidents happen."

Fewer Bedouins were to be seen as we travelled farther south, but, as Colonel Lindgren had said, some went below the Green Line to forage their animals. They even have some illegal settlements in the restricted region, which they abandon when the U.N. comes by on patrol. "You will see, from now on whenever we pass Bedouins they will always be heading north," Ravheden told me. "When they hear a car coming, they turn around and walk north until the car goes by; then they reverse direction and go south again to where there is grass. Even the camels know to turn north when a car comes. When we catch them, we must call in interpreters. It is all very confusing." Sure enough, a few kilometres later two Bedouins and a herd of camels passed us, looking innocent as orphans as they trudged north. When they thought we no longer noticed them, they turned around. Ravheden smiled and sighed.

THE classic Sahara landscape, with dunes so steep and virginal that one longed for a pair of skis, became increasingly littered with war debris—tank treads, shell casings, burned-out trucks, jerricans, barbed wire, bits of mangled steel. We turned east onto a crossroad that led to C.P. 571, a smaller, less civilized outpost than C.P. 567. This was the Ismailia road made famous in 1973 when hellbent Israeli reinforcements poured down it toward the Suez Canal, ultimately crossing the canal and entrapping the Egyptian Third Army in the Sinai. Tiny red flags on sticks, like a poppy field in the



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dunes, marked an orderly pattern of antipersonnel mines recently discovered by the Poles. We stopped to examine one of them up close, the deadly black knob of the mine protruding from the sand next to the red flag. The ugly potential of instant death scattered about this wilderness was chilling. Could there ever be a long enough peace, or at least an absence of war, to erase it all? "Just a few days ago," Ravheden said, breaking our gloomy silence, "the Poles found some skeletons not far off this road. The wind had blown away the sand covering them. An Israeli group came to check them and said they were not theirs, so now we will send the bones to Egypt for identification. They might have been there since 1967. Who knows? It is a dangerous world."

I didn't stay long at C.P. 571, manned by a handful of dour Swedish soldiers. The sergeant injured in the road-mine accident in Lebanon had previously been on duty there, and his cot and locker were still in place. It was past five o'clock, and I was overdue at Ghanbatt headquarters—for another briefing, before being driven to the American-operated Sinai Field Mission base camp. The itinerary called for Private Cederberg to take me to Ghanbatt in his Volkswagen Dasher from C.P. 571. Cederberg, grumpier than ever, was waiting at the appointed place, and after a short tour of the bleak tents and corrugated-iron huts of the outpost, we roared off to the south. The men seemed sad to see a new face disappear so quickly.

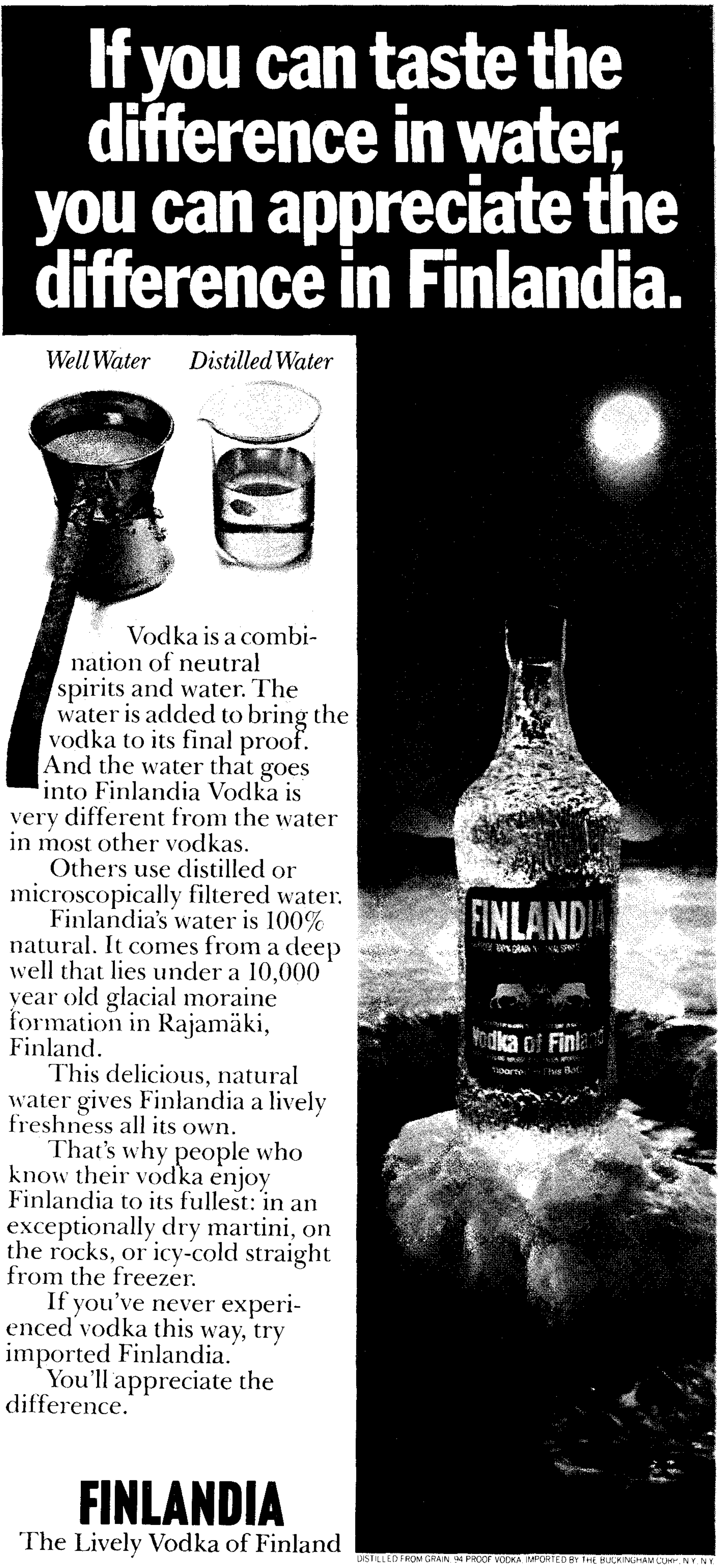
Ghanbatt and the S.F.M. were in a bulge of the buffer zone enclosing the two key passes, Gidi and Mitla, that coursed through the otherwise unnavigable central Sinai. Ghanbatt headquarters was along the Mitla Pass, the more southerly of the two, and the S.F.M. base camp was near the Gidi. American early-warning stations and Egyptian and Israeli surveillance posts were situated on heights forming a rough rectangle around the passes. The roads connecting all these points were subject to sand drifts and ruts, which did not brighten Private Cederberg's mood. From our idle conversation, I learned that Cederberg disliked not only Israelis but Egyptians, Bedouins, Ghanaians, and every grain of sand and rock in the Sinai with equal passion. Only the prospect of his imminent return to civilian life in Göteborg, and the girl he would soon marry there, kept him alive, he said. Not even the dispersing overcast, just in time for a wondrous sunset, cheered him. When we reached the Ghanbatt territory, an appropriately warm, African light surrounded us, the sun a bright-yellow Necco wafer hovering over the western hills.

As far as Cederberg was concerned, our experience at the first Ghanbatt checkpoint proved beyond a doubt that the Ghanaians deserved his contempt. The guards, two gigantic blacks with tribal scars on their cheeks, had apparently not been alerted to our arrival, and the fact that we were in a U.N. car did not convince them of our legitimate purpose. They pointed their automatic weapons at us and shouted ferociously in Pidgin English, ignoring every credential we presented. One of them kept us at gunpoint while the other went to get the corporal in charge. "Damn people!" Cederberg sputtered. "They are new here, and they are afraid of making mistakes. Punishment for them is very bad. They are not volunteers like us. Wild animals!" At last, the corporal, still wet from a shower, appeared in his undershorts. He questioned us closely, forcing us to repeat at least five times our purpose in going to Ghanbatt. I asked him to telephone his headquarters, where they were expecting us, but he refused. "No good," he said—which could have meant either that the field telephone was out of order or that he was afraid to bother his superiors. However, after a short but animated conference the three soldiers suddenly stepped back three paces, saluted smartly, and waved us through. I felt as if I were living out a scene in Evelyn Waugh's "Black Mischief"—but then, I had learned to expect anything in the Sinai.

Even though it had been almost five years since the last Sinai war, the Mitla Pass was still the world's greatest junkyard—an unsolved jigsaw puzzle of military scrap lining the road as far as the eye could see. The gathering darkness made the scene all the more grotesque and depressing. In the middle of the detritus was Ghanbatt headquarters, a hodgepodge of barracks and tents and soldiers rushing to their evening meal with clanging mess kits. We were met by Lieutenant Colonel Mark Achel, the Ghanbatt commanding officer, who listened with sympathy to my explanation of why we were late. Tapping his swagger stick against his left palm, he questioned a young aide, who accepted the blame for the mixup at the checkpoint, looked pleadingly at me, and apologized. His discomfort was doubled, because he was to be the briefing officer. But first soothing cold beer was offered all around, and Cederberg, after downing his in ten seconds flat, saluted and left for Swedbatt, a happy man at last.

The briefing itself—anything but brief—was a painful and stilted exercise by the young aide, whose nervous English was almost incomprehensible to my ears. As Colonel Achel beat a soft tattoo on his knee with his swagger stick, the aide, using maps, charts, and overlays, lovingly described every checkpoint, position, and, it seemed, rock in Ghanbatt. I was due at the S.F.M. base camp for dinner, and I could tell by one of the maps that it was a good hour's drive away. Yet I felt sorry for the poor fellow (my visit had surely not made his day any brighter), and I sat as patiently as I could until he finished his lecture, forty minutes later. What I managed to glean from the briefing, and from additional information provided by the Colonel, was that Ghanbatt was responsible for the security of the S.F.M. but not for that of the Egyptian and Israeli surveillance posts, called E-1 and J-1, respectively. Each surveillance station looked after its own security and was allowed a maximum of two hundred and fifty lightly armed personnel, who were regularly checked by S.F.M. liaison officers. "Although my unit has been here only a short time," the Colonel said, "everything has been smooth for Ghanbatt. All abide by the rules. No frictions. Cordial relations with everyone. Ghanbatt is the crucial U.N. area. Here at the strategic passes and the S.F.M., if anything happens, well . . ." He laughed. "Our biggest troubles have been with the camels and the Bedouins," he went on. "We see the camels all the time but seldom the Bedouins. We are supposed to drive them north, above the Green Line, but, to be honest, we find it a little difficult. We are not sure where the mines are, and to drive them across open country could be disastrous. We have been told there is no such thing as a wild camel, that always there is a Bedouin nearby who owns it. Sometimes we spot a Bedouin on the open sand and we set out to drive him away. Then you don't see him anymore—only his camel. It is amazing to us. Last Saturday, a camel blew up. If the Bedouin owner was with it, he would have blown up, too. But he wasn't there."

FINALLY, at seven-thirty, I was given a lift in another white U.N. Dasher station wagon to the S.F.M. base camp. A Lieutenant Korso was the escort officer, and a Private Akweke the driver. They told me that even though the Sinai was much drier than Ghana and the dust bothered them,



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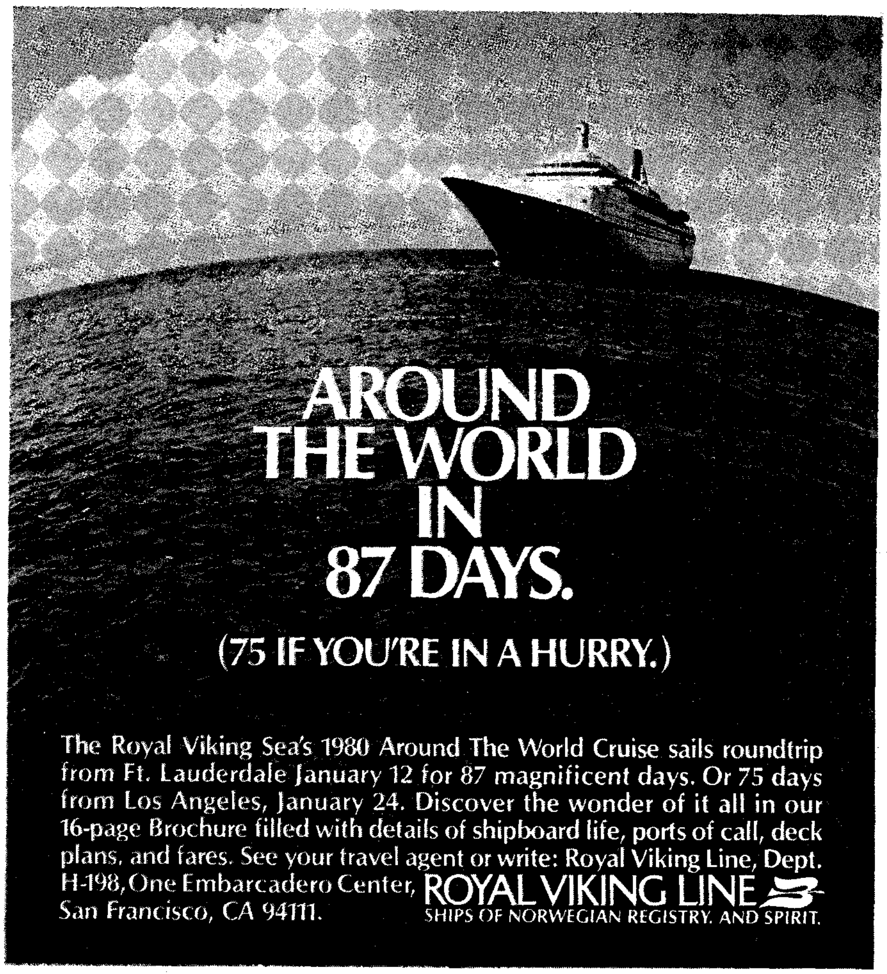

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they were proud to help keep the peace. The night was windy and clear, and the drive north to the Gidi Pass was mysteriously beautiful, lunar and wild. The distant lights of the S.F.M. base camp, high on a hill called Umm Khisheib, north of the Gidi, were tantalizing, especially since the car was stalling out from condensation in its fuel line. With erratic stopping and starting, we slowly gained the top of the hill, more than two thousand feet high, and approached a floodlit security fence surrounding what looked like the set for the climax of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." At a final Ghanbatt checkpoint, a guard carefully examined our papers, taking nobody—not even his own comrades—for granted. The guard telephoned the base-camp security office that all was in order, and a huge electrically operated gate swung open. We drove through, and there before me was the grandfather of all Sinai culture shocks. Back in Jerusalem, I had met Owen Roberts, the deputy director of the S.F.M., who searched for a description of what I would see when I arrived at the base camp. "It's like—it's like," he said, his eyes squinting in visualization, "if you took an enormous cookie cutter, picked up a piece of a Dallas suburb, and plunked it down in the middle of the Sinai Desert." His image was apt. The base camp was an instant Texas town, somehow transplanted by the vagaries of world events to a wilderness on the other side of the earth, where the interests of Israelis and Egyptians were guarded by Americans, who in turn were guarded by Ghanaians. As I gaped with glazed eyes at my bustling countrymen, dressed in bright-orange pants and shirts, walking on concrete pathways across a central gravel-and-sand quadrangle bounded by modern beige buildings, red fire hydrants, lampposts, and even a tennis court, a hefty man with glasses held out his hand toward me. "Hi, there," he said. "I'm Jim Shepard. I'm your escort for the next couple of days. I guess you'll want some food. The dining room's officially closed right now, but we'll scare up something for you to eat. First, though, let me take you over to the module where you'll be staying, and you can dump your baggage and wash up."

The module Shepard referred to was one of a complex of single-story living units, which looked like nothing so much as a Texas roadside motel, without the neon signs. Indeed, as Shepard explained, the modules *were* a prefabricated Holiday Inn, once destined for Florida. When Sinai II was signed and the need for an S.F.M. base camp was pressing, the government bought up the Holiday Inn, complete with furniture, and transported the entire thing by ship and flatbed truck to this hill over the Gidi Pass. Inside, my module was decorated in standard Holiday Inn Traditional: adjustable air-conditioning, firm double beds, color-coördinated drapes and bedspreads, green Touch-Tone telephone, and tiled bathroom—with the exceptional additions of small stove and sink, multi-channel Muzak, signs warning the occupants to conserve water, a view through the large windows of the Sinai Desert, and ashtrays in the shape of Texas and marked with the legend "E-Systems Inc. Greenville Division," the contractor for the electronics equipment and the skilled personnel. Of all the strange places I had camped in while roaming the Sinai, this was by far the strangest. Ah, America, America! What other nation on earth could have pulled this off?

Shepard led me from my module across the quadrangle to the main building, which included the dining room. A public-address-system announcer paged various personnel in the flat, oddly accented locutions of airline pilots. As soon as we entered the building, I was besieged by twangy salutations from the orange-suited men and women lolling about the recreation area, listening to a jukebox, reading, chatting, and playing pool, darts, Ping-Pong, and TV games. A large bulletin board displayed notices about the hobby shop, a photography contest, bingo games, organized tours, and movies ("The Goodbye Girl" and "Lisztomania"), along with posted newspaper clippings of common interest and cute signs ("We only have one Texas . . . Thank God"). The dining room—an immense cafeteria featuring groaning boards heaped with potato chips, soft drinks, fruit, candies, cookies, cakes, and the like—was theoretically closed, but Shepard spoke to Ginger, a pleasant woman in charge of the kitchen, who cheerfully whipped up an impromptu and delicious snack of two thick ham-and-cheese sandwiches, a fat wedge of cherry pie, and coffee. While I munched, Shepard talked about life at the S.F.M. "One of our big problems here is gaining weight," he said. "Eating is our local pastime, just like in the States, only more so. I had to lose forty pounds, by restricting myself to only one real meal a day. We government people—I'm a liaison officer assigned to E-1 and J-1—we're supposed to pay a dollar for every meal here, since it's illegal for us to have free food, but the E-Systems folks eat free. And the food is damn good, though heavy on the Texas side. About seventy-five per cent of us are from Texas, mostly the Dallas area, but there's a true cross-section of America here—blacks, whites, older folks, girls, just about everyone."

I asked Shepard about himself, and he told me he was a native Californian, an old AID hand who had served in Ghana, Bangladesh, Ethiopia, and Washington. ("D.C. was my worst assignment.") Tired of travel and of separation from his wife, in California, he was looking forward to retirement and to earning an advanced degree in social anthropology. (Families are not allowed at the S.F.M., although the director and deputy director house their wives in Cairo and Jerusalem, respectively.) An E-Systems Texan, his neck draped with a Star of David and Hebrew charm pendants, joined us at our Formica table. While he polished off a container of milk, he complained about the fine sand that blew into the electric generators every day. "It's hell to keep them clean," he said. "There's sand all over the place, and you never get used to it." He also complained about a generally disliked colleague who was about to complete his S.F.M. duty. "I hate that guy, and I won't be sorry to see him go." Shepard seemed slightly embarrassed by this airing of personal tensions so early in my visit. He suggested that we drop in at the bar for a nightcap.

The bar was straight out of middle-class suburban Dallas. Beer and whiskey stimulated boisterous kidding and back-slapping friendliness, as well as some serious staring into glasses or at the mirror behind the shelves of bottles. A pert, buxom young barmaid (who ran the beauty parlor during the day) kept things orderly and companionable, remembering every drinker's name and preference. The watch-station technicians, I soon learned, were the aristocracy of the place; they were what the S.F.M. was built for, and they worked the hardest. One of them—Alex Spann, a black E-Systems electronics expert—told me he was there for the money to further his education, for the tax advantages, for the travel,

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and "to be part of history." He had signed up for eighteen months. "We electronics observers work two long, fourteen-hour days, then we get one day off, and that goes on for three weeks," he said. "After the three weeks, we get seven days off, and we can go anywhere in the world, just so long as we're back right on time—not a minute late, or we catch hell."

Two liaison officers joined us, both of whom introduced themselves as "foreigners" from the Boston area. One was a wiry former Green Beret sergeant who had trained Montagnard tribesmen in Vietnam, and the other was a young man fresh out of Holy Cross, at the S.F.M. for only five weeks. They seemed reasonably content with their duty in the Sinai and felt that they were contributing to peace, although the former Green Beret missed his Montagnards. Another new arrival, a woman who had travelled to the S.F.M. via Egypt, said how disappointed she was by the surprising narrowness of the Suez Canal, which she had imagined to be a broad waterway. We chatted some more, until it was time to go to sleep. Shepard told me the schedule for the next day: breakfast with the S.F.M. director, Leamon (Ray) Hunt, at seven; then a briefing in Hunt's office and a demonstration of the electronic-sensor gadgetry by Douglas Dodson, the technical supervisor; and, later, a grand tour of the watch stations around the passes. "It'll be a long day, I promise you," Shepard said. "When you get back to your module, leave a wake-up call with the telephone operator."

IN the daylight, my first impression of the S.F.M. base camp as a transplanted chunk of Texas still pertained, but instead of a Dallas suburb it seemed more like a west Texas cattle town. Over breakfast (steamy sausages and eggs, coffee, and toast; chili, peppers, and tacos were also offered), Leamon Hunt, who had been the S.F.M. director for ten months, told me that in all his years of being a "trouble-shooter" for the State Department, working in the Sinai was his most rewarding experience. "It's a first-time thing for all of us," he said. "Nothing like the S.F.M. has ever been done before—one nation supervising a ceasefire." By virtue of his office, he wasn't required to wear the orange uniform, preferring a khaki short-sleeved shirt and corduroy trousers—a fitting costume for the active Foreign Service man he had been since he was twenty years old. "Being an Oklahoman, I guess I feel at home here. Actually, I'm pretty much at home anywhere in the Middle East, I've been around it so much."

After breakfast, we walked over to Hunt's well-secured office in the administration building, where he talked about the S.F.M.'s past, present, and future. The S.F.M. is the overseas arm of the Sinai Support Mission, which reports directly to the President. When Congress voted it into existence, after the Sinai II agreement was signed, in September of 1975, a crash program was started to set up the early-warning watch stations and a primitive base camp. By February of 1976, when the Israelis evacuated the area, the S.F.M. was ready and operational, a monument to American efficiency and planning. "It cost twenty million dollars to get it going," Hunt said, "and it takes about eleven or so million a year to maintain, but it's taxpayers' money well spent. There's been no criticism in the press or Congress, because it's worth it to help keep the peace. Look at it this way—the yearly upkeep is about half the price of one F-14 jet fighter."

When a violation of the truce accords is observed, reports are instantly filed with the Egyptians, the Israelis, Washington, and the U.N. On its own authority, the S.F.M. can order the correction of the violation. "So far, nothing has happened that's made us really nervous," Hunt told me. "Both sides want the agreement to work, so it works. Most of the violations are accidental or silly ones, like straying reconnaissance flights or hiding prohibited weapons in the convoys to E-1 or J-1. Our liaison officers monitor the surveillance stations, searching and counting personnel and vehicles in the convoys, and they are permitted to go to whatever lengths are required to uphold the agreement. Of course, they must be diplomatic, sensitive, and professional, which is why many of them are State Department people. We don't ever ask for something unless we're ready to insist on it. We've had some Mexican standoffs. One was five hours long—over a box containing electronic gear in a convoy to J-1. The Israelis were testing us, setting a precedent. But it's usually nothing serious. We're still writing the book in this business. It's a choice, important assignment, despite the pressures."

Given its exalted position in the region, the S.F.M.'s relations with its neighbors were remarkably good. Purchases from the Egyptians and the Israelis were scrupulously evenhanded;

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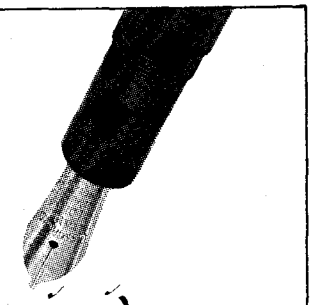
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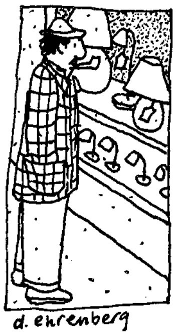
food not flown in from America came from Israel and petroleum products were from Egypt. An S.F.M. refrigeration technician had recently repaired the freezer at E-1 and saved all the frozen food stored there. One of the liaison officers was engaged to an Israeli girl, and S.F.M. personnel usually travel to Israel on their days off. (They seemed to feel naturally at home with the Israelis, who are more American—indeed, even more Texan—in their ways than the Egyptians.) A pickup S.F.M. rock band performed at the nearby Bir Gifgafa Air Force Base, and the Israelis there helped out by supplying helicopters in medical emergencies. (Later that morning, I learned that an S.F.M. office worker who had fallen and hurt her head was rushed to the Bir Gifgafa military hospital for X-rays.) As for the U.N. troops, the Ghanaians, the Swedes, the Finns, and the Indonesians were regular visitors to the enviable facilities of the S.F.M. ("We're never invited often enough," Lieutenant Alfon had told me), and the Americans have also entertained other U.N. nationalities, including Russian observers, who pretended to be unimpressed by the place. There was very little contact with Bedouins, however. "I haven't seen a Bedouin here in ten months," Hunt said. "Once a sensor picked up the sound of a Bedouin riding on his camel in Mitla East. We called the U.N., but the Bedouin had disappeared. Their camels are a hell of a problem, though."



As of that morning—Monday, April 17, 1978—there were a hundred and fifty-two people on the S.F.M. roster, twenty-two of them government people ("U.S.G.," as they refer to themselves) and the rest E-Systems contract personnel. Of the hundred and fifty-two, thirteen were women (between the ages of twenty-one and sixty-two), eleven were blacks, three were Spanish-Americans, and three were Jewish. None were of Arab, Muslim, or Oriental backgrounds. Their education ranged from the third-grade to the master's-degree level. Seventy-five per cent were native Texans, and seventy-five per cent were Protestant. Catholic and Protestant services were held at the base once a month—a priest coming from Cairo and a minister coming from Tel Aviv—and, of course, Jewish services were handily available in Israel.

"Even though we're mostly Texans," Hunt said, "we're a fairly normal society in a highly abnormal situation. There is friction, naturally, but we've never had a fight per se. Some arguments in the bar, maybe, but nothing really physical. Tensions are usually released during the seven-day leaves and on the tennis courts and in the gym. There has been no trouble whatsoever with minorities. The blacks don't necessarily stick together, and everyone mixes well. As for the women—well, they're a civilizing influence. There's sexual pressure on them, but no real problems. Although some of them are quite young and pretty, they tend to be like girls of an earlier generation—say, the nineteen-thirties. Sure, there are affairs, but mostly platonic relationships. Some people have known each other ever since high school in Texas. Two couples who met here at the S.F.M. later married—after they left, of course. We're such a tight, patriotic community, with a sense of mission, that our people behave themselves. Even our most menial worker here is a kind of diplomat. Gripes are aired at town meetings. At the last one, the big complaint was about somebody's pet saluki which was always underfoot. Also, anyone can be easily fired if he misbehaves. Drugs are grounds for immediate dismissal. Our work is too important for that stuff. There's a long waiting list of people in the States who want to work here. The average pay is fifteen hundred dollars a month—tax-free up to fifteen thousand dollars for five hundred and ten days, with thirty-seven days' home leave allowed in that time. A cook, for instance, gets seventeen hundred a month. No unions. No overtime. But money isn't the whole story. We like being an important part of history. In a way, we're a Hollywood model of small-town America—sort of nature imitating art."

And how about what the Israelis call Bedouinism—a syndrome of lethargy affecting those in the Sinai too long.

Hunt answered, "During the summer months, especially, you can see a zombie effect on our people, although the Texans are used to hot, dry weather. Still, everybody gets slowed down by the heat and isolation. Khamsins make us all edgy, so we're careful not to ruffle feathers. Privacy is respected, even holy, here."

And what of the future?

Hunt thought the question over for a moment and then said, "If a real, permanent peace is arranged, our role and

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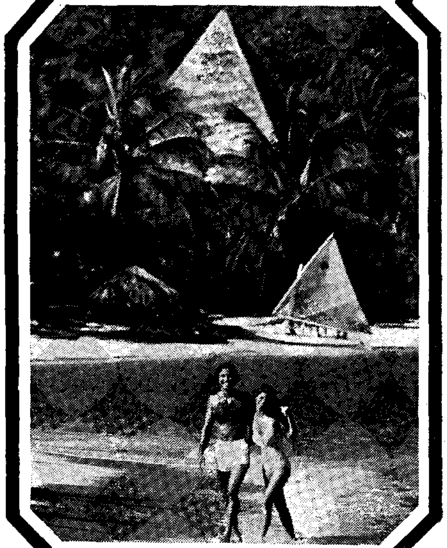

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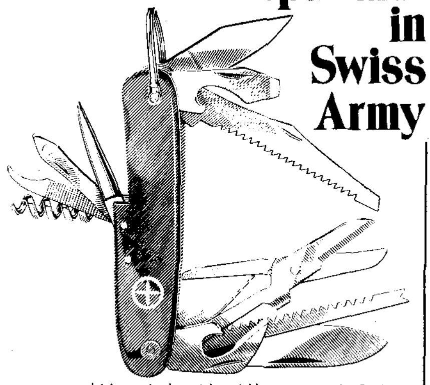

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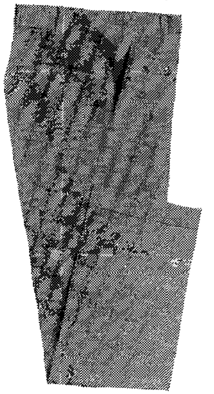

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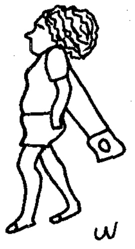
the U.N. role should be phased out. But if there is gradual peace I think the Egyptians and the Israelis would want us around for mutual confidence. Our technology and our very presence is the great stabilizing factor.” (Hunt was right on both counts. The peace treaty calls for a gradual withdrawal *and* a permanent peace, with the S.F.M. continuing its operations until the completion of the Israeli evacuation from the area east of the Gidi and Mitla Passes—nine months after the exchange of the ratified treaty documents—at which point the S.F.M. mission will be ended, the instant Texas town vanishing into the Egyptian Sinai. Egypt and Israel also requested that the United States Air Force continue its previously top-secret surveillance flights in Lockheed SR-71s over the Sinai until the final Israeli pullback. America will be involved in the execution of the peace treaty for years to come.)

JUST down the hall from Hunt's office was the electronic domain of Douglas Dodson, whose official title was Operations Manager E-Systems, Inc., Greenville, Texas. Dodson is, not surprisingly, a Texan, his short stature notwithstanding. His right arm was amputated during his childhood. He was the grand old man of the S.F.M., having been assigned to the intricate technical operations there since 1976.

Using models of the sensor devices, he explained how they worked. “Most of these gadgets were perfected in Vietnam,” he told me. “This here one is the MINISID—Miniature Seismic Intrusion Detector. These two tubes are buried in the ground—one tube for the battery, and the other for a VHF radio transmitter and geophone. Only the thin antenna is above the ground. O.K. Now, when the geophone senses something, it encodes the vibration in a digital format and says over the radio like ‘Hi, I'm Sensor No. 52 and I got me an activation.’ The signal comes to a receiver in the nearest watch station, and the receiver says to the operator, ‘Ol' Fifty-two is *sitting out there in the pass and he says* he's gettin' run over.’ That signal lights a light, toots a horn, and makes a mark on a chart recorder. It only activates every ten seconds, to conserve power, but the timing tells us a lot. If there are three straight activations in a row, we turn on the Acoustic Add-On Unit mike and listen in. Our boys can recognize from the sound they hear what the intrusion is. It's like having a guy sitting down there in the desert all the time working for you—only, the guy's always awake and he doesn't need food or nothing, except a battery change once in a while. Some of the big batteries can last more than two years. In Vietnam, we had to move these things around, so we used small batteries, just good for thirty days or so.

“Now, here we have the DIRID—the Directional Infrared Intrusion Detector—which is sort of two shotgun-barrel tubes on a tripod aboveground that sense temperature changes between the background and any intruder. It's a passive optical device that can report both the presence and the direction of movement of the intruding object. Anything that passes in front of it is recorded, and because there are two tubes it does its job twice, so we can tell which tube was affected first, and figure out the direction. We use just three of these babies. Also, we got the S.S.C.S., the Strain Sensitive Cable Sensor. That's placed on each end of every sensor field. It's an almost invisible cable laid in the dirt and across roads. Any pressure activates the cable and a transmitter. So that's how we keep tabs on every little footstep around here.”



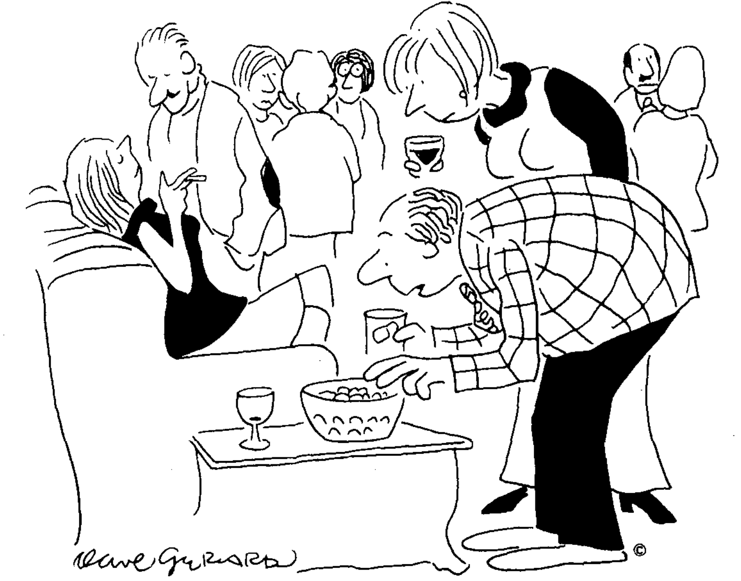
Dodson directed me into the adjacent Operations Center, a large room straight out of Cape Canaveral—crammed with humming radios, racks of electronic equipment, strung cables, teletype machines, flashing lights, and some very cool technicians. The center of the Center was a huge board with tiny lights marking every sensor device on a superimposed translucent map of the S.F.M. area. “When we get a hit,” Dodson said, “the activated sensor not only reports to the nearest watch station but to this board, also. The light will start flashing very slowly, then faster and faster. After ten seconds, it's on solid. If it gets activated again, it starts flashing again, which means something else is coming by, and we can follow its direction by what lights go on the board. When other sensors *farther off the road light up, we know* the intruder is more than a Volkswagen. It could be a tank or a truck. Tanks are so noisy and heavy they'll hit every sensor we got. Also, tanks will stay on the sand, not the paved road, so the sensor lights will be lopsided. When you have experience in this game, you can tell just like a fingerprint what every hit is—camel, human, car, Jeep, tank, truck, whatever. The human being is really the basis for all this; the sensors are just a tremendous aid. For instance, the sensor can't tell you the difference between a U.N. or Israeli or Egyptian Jeep. The watch-station operator must be able to tell the difference. At night, he has a special night-sight scope that helps him."

I asked Dodson if he had seen me coming the previous night.

"We tracked you all the way from the time you entered Ghanbatt," he said, rather smugly. "All the sensors tripped in order, and we even knew your car was having trouble coming up the hill to the base camp. We knew who you were, so we didn't worry, but if you were in an Egyptian or Israeli vehicle, we would have checked with Ghanbatt C.P. Bravo, near the main gate. We would've said, 'We got an unidentified heading for Bravo.' But we knew it was a U.N. vehicle. We track all the U.N. vehicles, if only for constant testing of the system as proof that it's working. By the way, you were also eyeballed by the boys in Alamo—Watch Station 3, which overlooks the base camp. We had you in our sights all the time."

While Dodson spoke, a light began to pulsate, then another and another. He glanced at the board and said matter-of-factly, "U.N. vehicle. No sweat."

IT was a warm, clear day, perfect for a tour of the S.F.M. Dodson, Shepard, and I set off in the standard company car, a white four-wheel-drive Chevrolet Blazer, equipped with a crackling radio (our position had to be periodically communicated to the watch stations and the base camp, just as if we were an aircraft flying cross-country) and emblazoned with the large black letters "SFM." I was impressed at how nimbly Dodson could drive the Blazer, point out the sights, and handle the radio, all with one arm. One of the sights, on a high hill just to the west of the base camp, was J-1, where Shepard had put in a lot of time as liaison officer. "That strategic point was captured by the Israelis in 1967 and has been in constant use ever since," Shepard said. "They have the very latest in electronic equipment and a terrific view of the Gulf of Suez and Egypt proper. E-1, to the east of the base camp, looking toward Line K, has only been around for three years, and the Egyptians there don't have such sophisticated equipment. We go to great lengths to make sure the supply convoys to E-1 and J-1 never meet on the same road. Special side roads were



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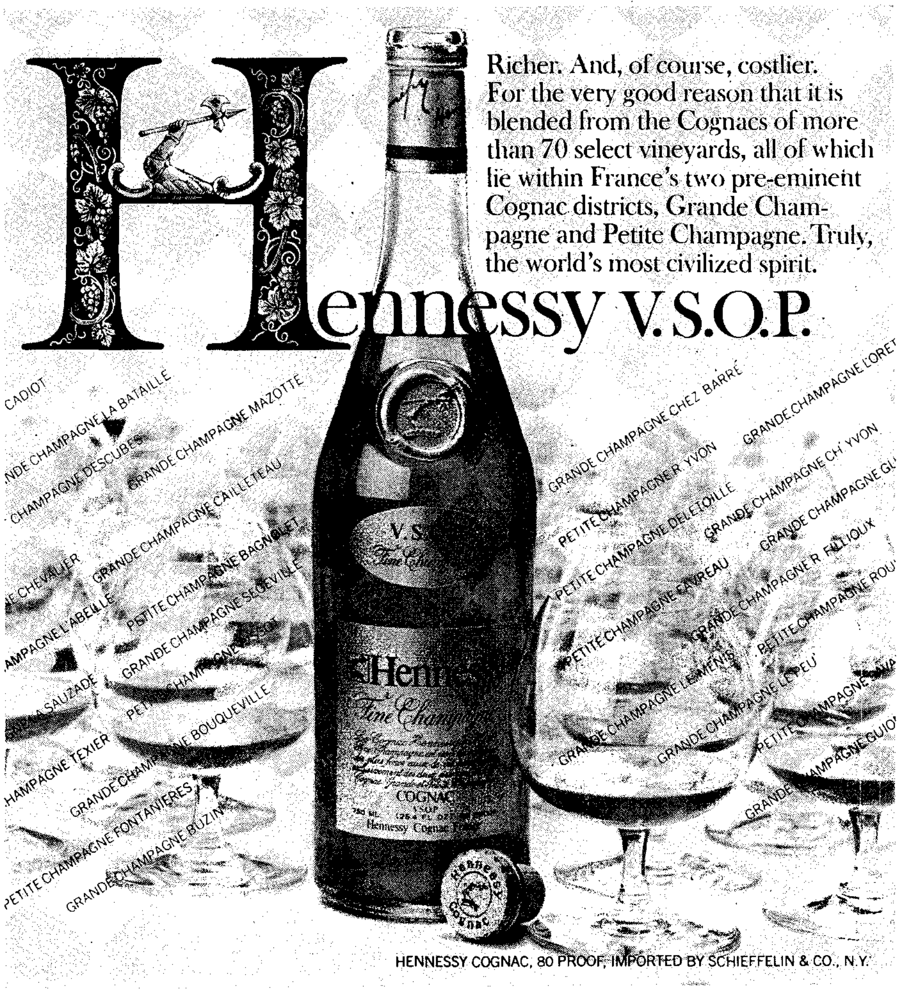
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built to each surveillance station—anything to prevent incidents."

The Blazer headed toward the Gidi Pass, skirting the original, temporary base camp, now just a pile of trash and a tall antenna. The pass stretched out before us—a wide, rugged canyon rimmed by small purplish mountains. The legend "LOVE" was painted on an old, disused bunker along the road, and in the distance we could count nine loose camels nosing about. Dodson radioed the position of the camels to the Operations Center. "There's got to be a Bedouin camel herder around here somewhere," Dodson said, "but we'll never find him." Wild game abounded, despite the mines, and those Texans at the watch stations, all of them good-ole-boy hunters, sometimes cry for a deer rifle when they spot some fat gazelle. Dodson stopped dead on a groove across the road that held one of the strain-sensitive cables. The Operations Center immediately called us and asked what was happening. Dodson radioed back that he was just seeing if they were on their toes. He pointed to a hair-thin antenna sticking up out of the sand nearby. "That MINISID there is telling them a hell of a lot about us," he said. "Spooky, isn't it?"

At the end of Gidi West, we turned south toward Mitla West and the first watch station we would visit—Caddo Mountain, about twenty-five kilometres away. (Many of the watch stations, surveillance stations, and checkpoints had Texas-style names: Watch Stations 1, 2, and 3 were Caddo Mountain, Rockwall, and Alamo, respectively; E-1 was Rodeo, and J-1 was Quarterhorse; the observer posts and checkpoints were Smokey, Sabine Mountain, Red River, and Lone Oak. I asked if there was any symbolism attached to the names. Not intentionally, I was told.) We were in junkyard country once again, the scrap heaps of war all around us. "There was a lot of cowboys-and-Indians going on around here," Dodson remarked. "Look over there, for instance. That's an old Israeli artillery emplacement, and those black things sticking up are 175-mm. shells, all duds. It pains me, too, because they are American-made." We stopped for a moment to look at the war souvenirs—the dud shells, fuses, gunpowder pellets, mines, all of them potentially capable of going off. I tiptoed from rock to rock over the emplacement, strangely fascinated by the concentration of ugly peril. Dodson was right; the unexploded shells had American markings on them and were dated 1970, so they must have been used in the 1973 Yom Kippur War. I picked up a rifle-cartridge casing as a memento and stuffed it in my pocket.

Caddo Mountain—or Watch Station 1—lived up to its name, topographically. Perched high on a steep hill, it was a two-room prefabricated steel-and-concrete structure. A chain link fence surrounded the station, one side of which abutted a precipice. When the watch-station personnel first arrived there, they amused themselves by collecting old tires and rolling them down the cliff, betting on which one would travel the farthest. We were greeted warmly by the two orange-suited Texans on duty, one of whom had a shock of hair almost the same color as his uniform. While we sipped coffee, I jotted down a list of the furnishings and equipment: a kitchenette with a microwave oven, dining table, coffee table, and pantry shelf holding canned snacks, fruit juices, coffee, tea, and a family-size bottle of Maalox; a vacuum cleaner; a dart board; an electric heater; a modern bathroom; a clock set to Greenwich mean time, a powerful telescope, radios, portable nightscope, teletype, graph recorder, binoculars, and maps; a padlocked glass gun case containing two AR-15 automatic rifles, two shotguns, ammunition, and white-smoke grenades. A notice on the face of the case read:

> Mitla West. In case of a life-threatening situation, break glass and remove the weapons. The selector switch for the AR-15 is located on the left middle portion of the rifle. The magazine-release button is located on the right middle portion of the rifle. The safety position for the 12-gauge shotgun is located on the top rear portion of the rear stock. All guns are loaded. While firing the AR-15, if it jams and you are unable to seed or chamber another round by cocking the bolt, extract the magazine, reinsert the magazine, and recock. All guns are loaded.

What is considered a "life-threatening situation" at the S.F.M., I asked the redhead.

"Well," he drawled, "in case somebody is crawling over the fence out there and he's got a gun, I guess."

"You don't want to make a mistake, however," Shepard interposed quickly. "You don't break the glass without damn good reason."

What if intruders come in strength, I asked.

The redhead smiled broadly and said, "We'll just sit back and say, 'Hi, there, fellas. Want some coffee?' But if they're terrorists we're supposed to use our own good judgment. If there's no help nearby—none of our vehicles in the vicinity—then I'd have my gun in my hand and I'd shoot the first fellow over the fence. In a real invasion or war, I'd bug out and try to get behind either the Israeli or Egyptian lines, out of the crossfire."

Had there been any serious incidents recently?

"The closest thing to a serious violation," the other Texan said, "was an Israeli jet buzzing the radio tower near the base camp five days ago. They never explained why they did it. Either it was for fun or they were testing us, or maybe the pilot overshot the runway at the air base. Anyway, we duly recorded it. Usually, it's quiet as a cemetery around here. It can be boring as hell. To tell you the truth, I just survive from one seven-day leave to another."

I was invited up onto the roof of the watch station, where the big nightscope (Night Observation Device, Long Range) was mounted. It intensifies available light fifty thousand times, and when there is an unidentified hit after dark one of the operators rushes up to the roof to check it out. The scary piece of equipment even picks out ships in the Gulf of Suez ("You can read what it says on their stacks," Dodson said), presenting every image in green tint. "The nightscope gives us a twenty-four-hour visual-verification capacity," Dodson remarked, patting the machine affectionately.

We left Caddo Mountain and drove to Mitla East, past the Ghanbatt headquarters, and then to Watch Station 2, or Rockwall (named after a county in northeastern Texas)—a twenty-kilometre ride. The farther east we went, the narrower the pass became. "Now you can see why this place is so damn important, why it's always called the *strategic* Mitla Pass," Dodson said. "A few soldiers can hold off a whole army from those hills just beside the road. Why, you can play cowboys-and-Indians all day long around here." Rockwall was pretty much the same as Caddo Mountain, except that it was situated at a touchy conjunction of forces: it was separated from the heavily fortified Israeli position on the high ground, a short distance away on Line K, by a flimsy Ghanaian outpost, manned by a few soldiers. I was told that recently the Israelis, who monitor all the S.F.M. radio channels, had overheard some American suspicions about a newly positioned I.D.F. heavy machine

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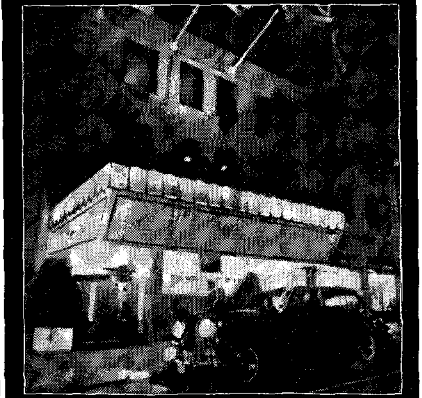

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King Carl XVI Gustav of Sweden—on the right in these photos—presents the 1978 Nobel Prize in Physics to Bell Laboratories scientists Robert Wilson (top photo) and Arno Penzias.

What does the Nobel Prize have to do with your telephone?

The two scientists on the opposite page are receiving the highest honor a scientist can earn—the Nobel Prize. They are the sixth and seventh laureates who did their prize-winning research at Bell Telephone Laboratories. These scientists shared a common goal—the search for new knowledge to further advance the art of telecommunications.

Clinton Davisson shared the Nobel Prize in 1937 for demonstrating the wave nature of matter. In 1956, John Bardeen, Walter Brattain and William Shockley were honored for their invention of the transistor. Philip Anderson's theoretical work on amorphous materials (such as glass) and on magnetism led to a Nobel Prize in 1977. And in 1978, Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson received the Prize for detecting the faint radiation from the "big bang" explosion that gave birth to the universe some 18 billion years ago.

The search for knowledge

These scientists and their colleagues at Bell Labs, given the freedom to explore, have proved time and again the value of investment in research—not only for telecommunications but for society in general. The transistor, for example, revolutionized communications and brought into being entire new industries—indeed, a new industrial society—based on solid-state electronics.

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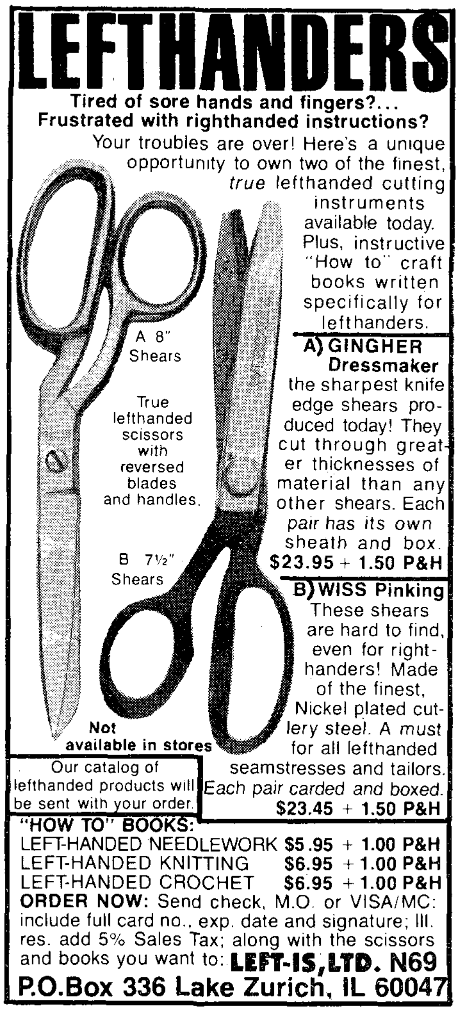
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gun. Knowing that the watch-station operators were studying the weapon through their telescope, they obligingly unveiled its camouflage for a better view, the gun crew bowing with mock graciousness. The feeling among the operators at Rockwall—and also at Alamo, the third watch station I visited, to the north of Rockwall—was grudging respect and edginess toward the Israelis, who seemed to them to be friendly antagonists, always probing, always testing, always slightly dangerous. ("We are watchdogs, referees, and, in a way, hostages," Owen Roberts, the S.F.M. deputy director, had told me in Jerusalem.) Because the Egyptian Army positions were far enough away from the watch stations to preclude such direct contact, this feeling of wariness did not apply to the Egyptians. The fact, too, that the Israelis were so much like these Americans only compounded the ambivalence.

This conflict of emotions affecting the doggedly neutral S.F.M. people was evident again during our ride over a rough but beautiful back road north to Alamo and the base camp. Like a professional tour guide, Dodson pointed out the sights: eight more loose camels dumbly grazing on broom, an abandoned oil rig, a stalagmite cavern bursting with pigeons, and, finally, the scattered remains of an Israeli Mirage jet that had crashed into a ridge next to the road during the 1973 war. He stared at the metal shreds of what was once a sleek fighter plane and said softly, "Jesus, I hope the poor son of a bitch got a chance to bail out."

OWEN ROBERTS arrived from Jerusalem at the base camp in his Blazer (license plate SFM 2) about the time our Blazer pulled up to the security fence. He was in a rush to report to Hunt, but he told me that we were all going to meet for drinks in Hunt's module and then have dinner together in the dining room. Since there was an hour to spare, Shepard suggested that I take a quick tour of the base camp—or Hometown, U.S.A., as one of the more waggish technicians had referred to it. As further testimony to the remarkable talent of Americans for creating "civilization" anywhere on earth, here are my notes of the quick tour:

Security-fence gatehouse. Sensitized fence. Anything touches it sets off signal and armed guards investigate. Another perimeter fence four hundred metres out has even more sensors. High-resolution TV cameras pick up anything in between fences.

Warehouse. Communication-maintenance shop. Carpenter's shop. Vehicle-maintenance shop. Logistics office.

Water-purification plant. Sewage-treatment plant. Treated effluence held in reservoir and reused for watering flowers, stunted pines, cedars in quadrangle.

Main generators. Supply all power. Must be kept at constant level or delicate equipment damaged.

Hobby shop. Lapidary shop. Very popular hobby with personnel, since stalagmites, odd minerals so common. Ham-radio shop. Model-crafts shop. Leather shop. Electronics lab. Photography darkroom. Well-equipped gym. Laundry and dry-cleaning shop. Two women work there full time.

SFM ambulance. Infirmary with medic.

Tennis and basketball courts. Volleyball. No swimming pool planned.

Desert, after all.

Living modules. Up to four people to a module. Crowded, but few complaints.

Library. Mostly technical magazines and books (*E-Systems, Ink*, a house organ, and *State Department News*, another house organ). Some racy paperbacks.

Beauty parlor and barber shop. Sign: "If You Feel the Urge, Think of Your Wife."

Movie theatre. Two 35-mm. projectors. Doubles as auditorium, dance hall. One movie every other night. Color TV on non-movie nights. TV cassettes from USA provided by service. Nobody watches Egyptian or Israeli TV. Some have own TV sets in modules; jacks in rooms for closed-circuit connection.

PX. Everything from film to SFM T-shirts. Black Label Scotch $2.75 the quart. Bought two quarts. Prettiest woman at SFM runs PX. Three off-duty men just hanging around. Lots of Texas kidding. First real sign of normal sexual byplay. That's what missing in this Orwellian place—male-female relations. And children! What good is efficient, self-contained city without children? More a plush concentration camp than Hometown, USA. Still, a concentration camp with a good reason for being.

DRINKS and dinner with Hunt, Roberts, Shepard, and the rest of the S.F.M. upper echelon were informal and pleasant. Roberts told me that he was slated to drive directly to Cairo, via Ismailia, in the morning. (Because he was an S.F.M. employee, no travel restrictions applied to him.) I, too, was leaving for Cairo in the morning, but via Tel Aviv and Athens. There we were, two Americans at an American base, both of us about to travel to the same place, and, absurdly, we couldn't travel together. "That's the Middle East for you," Roberts said, shaking his head. (How many times had I heard that expression, accompanied by the same shaking of the head?) Shepard said he had been alerted to large-scale Egyptian military maneuvers just across the canal—probably a pre-Passover signal to Israel that the Egyptians still had an Army; indeed, perhaps the eleventh-largest standing army in the world. "I hope the maneuvers won't interfere with your plans to come back into the Sinai from Egypt," he said. From that disconcerting bit of information, the conversation turned to the chances for war or peace in the area—specifically, in the Sinai. I pointed out that, with all the current talk about Israeli settlements, Egyptian revanchism, strategic passes, U.N. buffer zones, and American early-warning stations, nobody—but nobody—had mentioned the Bedouins, the people who truly belonged in the peninsula and should, theoretically, have the most to say about its destiny. They all looked at me strangely, as if trying to decide whether I was a troublemaker or simply crazy. "I'm sure," Hunt said, with diplomatic evenhandedness, "the Bedouins will adjust to whoever ultimately takes over the Sinai, as they always have." I let the matter drop.

During dinner, an aide appoached Hunt and informed him that a grand total of seventy-nine camels had been reported wandering about the S.F.M. area that day—a new record. (Dodson alone, on our tour of the watch stations, had reported seventeen.) Hunt was shocked, but there wasn't much he could do about the camel situation until Ghanbatt found a method of rounding camels up and sending them north of the Green Line. The aide also said that the S.F.M. office worker who had injured her head in a fall that morning and been taken to the Bir Gifgafa military hospital was all right, her X-rays negative. However, an Israeli soldier at J-1 had also been injured that day and was being evacuated by helicopter to Bir Gifgafa. Hunt told the aide to advise the Egyptians at E-1 that a helicopter was due at J-1 on a medical mission and that there was nothing to worry about. "All in a day's work," said Hunt brightly. "This is where the action is."

I said my goodbyes and thanks after dinner—I would be departing for Tel Aviv early in the morning by the daily S.F.M. courier van—and strolled across the quadrangle to my module. (A little more than a year later, on April 25, 1979, that very quadrangle would be the site of a formal and uneasy exchange of the ratified treaty documents between Egypt and Israel, with American officials in patronizing attendance.) This would be my last night in the Sinai, and it was exquisite—a cool breeze, a brilliant splash of stars, and a three-quarter moon bright enough to make floodlights unnecessary. It occurred to me that the piece of "America" I was walking upon in the

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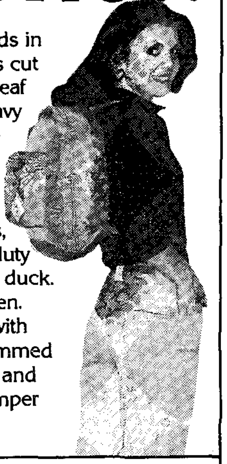

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Sinai was merely the latest example of alien culture forced on this timeless land. They will come and they will go, but somehow the great and terrible wilderness will outwit them all.

FROM where I was standing at seven o'clock the following morning while I waited to board the courier van, it was a hundred and ten miles to Cairo as the crow flies, and it was only eighteen miles to my ultimate destination, the Egyptian limited-forces zone, on the western edge of the Sinai. Yet I was about to embark on a seventeen-hundred-mile trip, most of it in the wrong direction, in order to get there. I glumly watched Roberts depart in his "SFM 2" Blazer for Cairo. He would arrive in about three hours, while I would be still on my way to Ben-Gurion Airport, near Tel Aviv. The white, twelve-passenger Chevrolet van was on its regular morning run from the base camp to the Tel Aviv S.F.M. office, fittingly situated in the Ramada Inn. Besides the driver and me, there were five others going off to Israel on leave, all of them full of high spirits, with the exception of a young black man whose head was buried in a book. The raunchy jokes and banter in the long cadences of Texas made me feel as if I were back in the Army, riding with my platoon out to some firing range for a day's shooting.

At an I.D.F. checkpoint on Line J, just north of the base camp, we rendezvoused with an Israeli escort officer (looking as if he would be more at home holding forth on Henry James at an upper-West-Side party), and he led the way in his Jeep as far as Bir Gifgafa. I had a sense once again of Israel's military might when we passed through the Bir Gifgafa area, a huge depot for armor as well as a modern air base. The Israeli strategy since the nearly disastrous 1973 war had been to leave the heavy equipment in the desert and bring the soldiers to it from Israel proper, so the Israelis, more than ever, viewed these Sinai bases as critical. Clearly, it would take a lot of diplomatic maneuvering and firm promises to persuade them to give the bases up. (Just such maneuvering and promises were made by Carter during the extended peace-treaty negotiations. The United States agreed to replace Israel's four Sinai air bases with two in the Negev—at enormous and wasteful expense, most of it borne by the American taxpayers. A suggestion was advanced that Sadat lease the Sinai bases to Israel—much as the United States leases its Guantánamo naval station from Cuba—which would not only save millions of dollars but be a gesture of faith in the validity and permanency of the peace treaty; another suggestion was that the United States take over a Sinai airfield for its own military purposes in the Middle East. Both ideas failed to sway Sadat. The fact that, under the treaty terms, the evacuated Sinai bases would be used only by Egyptian civil aviation hasn't cheered Begin very much. Consequently, starting in July as much as a billion dollars may be poured into the Negev replacement bases, causing hard feelings among Americans and further rampant inflation for Israelis. But the cost is still lower and far less odious than the price of another Sinai war.)

While we drove northeast over an uninteresting gravel plain (uninteresting for anything but tank battles), I talked with my fellow-passengers. An older man with a European accent, a kind of father figure to the others, told me that he was a Yugoslav who had emigrated to Tucson, Arizona, in 1961 and had worked for the Border Patrol until he signed up to come to the S.F.M. as a watch-station operator. He had an Israeli girlfriend in the Galilee, and, in fact, he was on his way there to spend Passover with the girl and her family. "If all goes well," he said, "we will be married in June, but I will still work for the S.F.M."

As the others respectfully kidded him about his imminent marriage, I asked the studious young black what he was reading. He held up the book, and smiled when he saw my double take at the title—"Zohar, Basic Readings from the Kabbala." How, I asked, had he come to be so engrossed in that subject?

"I was in the Special Forces in Vietnam, and while I was there I became interested in Eastern thought," he said. "I was born a Methodist in Cleveland, but I was attracted more and more to mysticism. So when I came over here—I'm a security guard at the S.F.M.—I went to Israel on leave and talked to rabbis about kabbala. I admit they didn't know what to make of me, but now I'm learning Hebrew and they're beginning to take me seriously." Warming to his subject, he went on, "You see, I realized that I was supposed to be something special when I learned what the names my father gave me really mean. Raphael, my first name, means the angel protecting my day of birth. Setchiel, my middle name, means the angel protecting my hour of birth. My last name is Rodgers. The views I follow are a mystical approach to bring all the religions together for a better understanding of life, so there will be no more wars. I have faith, and my faith will guide me as the conduit between my studies and the world. My fiancée, Marschelle Lee—she's also from Cleveland, we grew up together—she just came to Israel, and we're going to be married this week by a Lutheran minister. She shares my mystical views. We plan to live and study in Israel till 1983. But I'm not sure how long I'll stay with the S.F.M. The money's good, but there's not enough time for my studies."

I thanked him for allowing me to disturb his reading with my questions. He nodded, and returned to his book.

Before long, we had reached the dunes south of El Arish. Bedouins were grazing livestock amid tamarisk, eucalyptus, pine, and palm trees. I recognized a crossroads that Bailey and I had passed more than two weeks ago, during my first trip into the Sinai. I had come full circle, and, to add to the feeling of completeness, a towering thunderhead—a veritable Biblical "pillar of a cloud"—sat beckoningly over the Mediterranean coast.

The driver announced that he would skirt Khan Yunis and Gaza, because of a recent stoning incident. Another driver had quit after his first day on the job, when a Palestinian Arab had smashed his van's windshield with a rock. Sometimes the courier followed the Beersheba route to Tel Aviv, to vary the routine and confuse lurking terrorists, who considered any S.F.M. vehicle a fair target. Fortunately, there were no incidents during our trip, and soon we were on a modern divided highway, speeding up the coast to Tel Aviv. At eleven o'clock, I was let off at Ben-Gurion Airport. "Peace," Raphael Setchiel Rodgers said to me in parting, and then he added, "*Shalom*."

I WAS booked on an Olympic Airways flight scheduled to leave Tel Aviv at 2:25 P.M. and arrive in Athens two hours later, and that would allow me less than one hour to change planes for another Olympic flight, to Cairo. Arrangements had been made for a car and driver from the Egyptian State Information Service to meet me at the Cairo Airport and take me to the suburb of Giza and the Mena House hotel, lately famous not only for its view of the three great pyramids but also as the site of the Israeli-Egyptian peace talks a few months earlier. Even given the mileage of this route, I would still be in Cairo in time for a late dinner, if things went smoothly. But things rarely go smoothly in the Middle East. The flight to Athens was delayed, which meant that I would almost certainly miss the connecting flight to Cairo. There was no efficient way to notify the Egyptian State Information Service from, of all places, Tel Aviv. I was resigned to spending a miserable night in the Athens airport waiting for the first available plane to Cairo.

Finally, the Olympic jet took off. It landed in Athens at eight o'clock, and I rushed to the transients' check-in counter and told the girl on duty of my plight. She said that an Alitalia flight was leaving for Cairo in forty minutes. She booked me on that flight and promised to telex the Information Service, explaining the change of plans. Rushing through customs and airport security (the latter still notoriously lax, even after the Entebbe hijacking, which began in Athens), I boarded the Alitalia plane just as the door was about to be closed. The plane took off into the clear night, gaining altitude over the Cyclades and heading southeast, in the very direction I had belatedly come from. The passengers were a disparate group: tipsy Egyptian students dressed in loud leisure suits and Cuban heels, returning home from European universities; sombre *fellahin*, fresh from their menial labors in Italy, bringing back desperately needed cash to their families; natty businessmen and diplomats; a Bible-tour party consisting of Tennessee Williams matrons; and, in first class, Persian Gulf sheikhs wearing immaculate white *galabiyas* and *kaffiyehs*, off to taste the Cairo night life, I assumed. Each passenger unashamedly studied the faces around him, perhaps looking for signs of a possible hijacker. My seat companion, a well-barbered businessman, was particularly nervous. He tugged at his shirt collar and tapped his fingers against the attaché case balanced on his knees. He ordered a drink from the stewardess and, with a sigh, confided to me that he had been on a long trip. "I miss my home," he said. "All I think about is putting on my *galabiya* and sitting with my family."

I, too, was nervous—concerned about whether the telex message would reach the Information Service in time, and worried about being detained at customs, because of where I had spent the past three weeks. (What would they make of that expended cartridge casing I had picked up at the Israeli artillery emplacement?) I needn't have worried all that much. Cairo Airport customs was a desultory formality, especially compared to Israeli security's meticulous baggage searches. There was no government driver to meet me—I had arrived almost four hours

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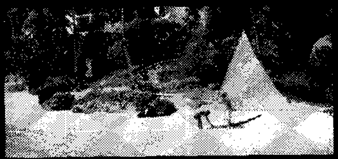

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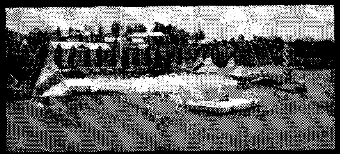

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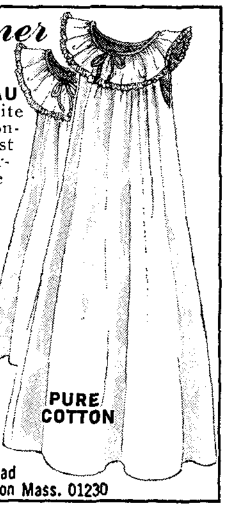

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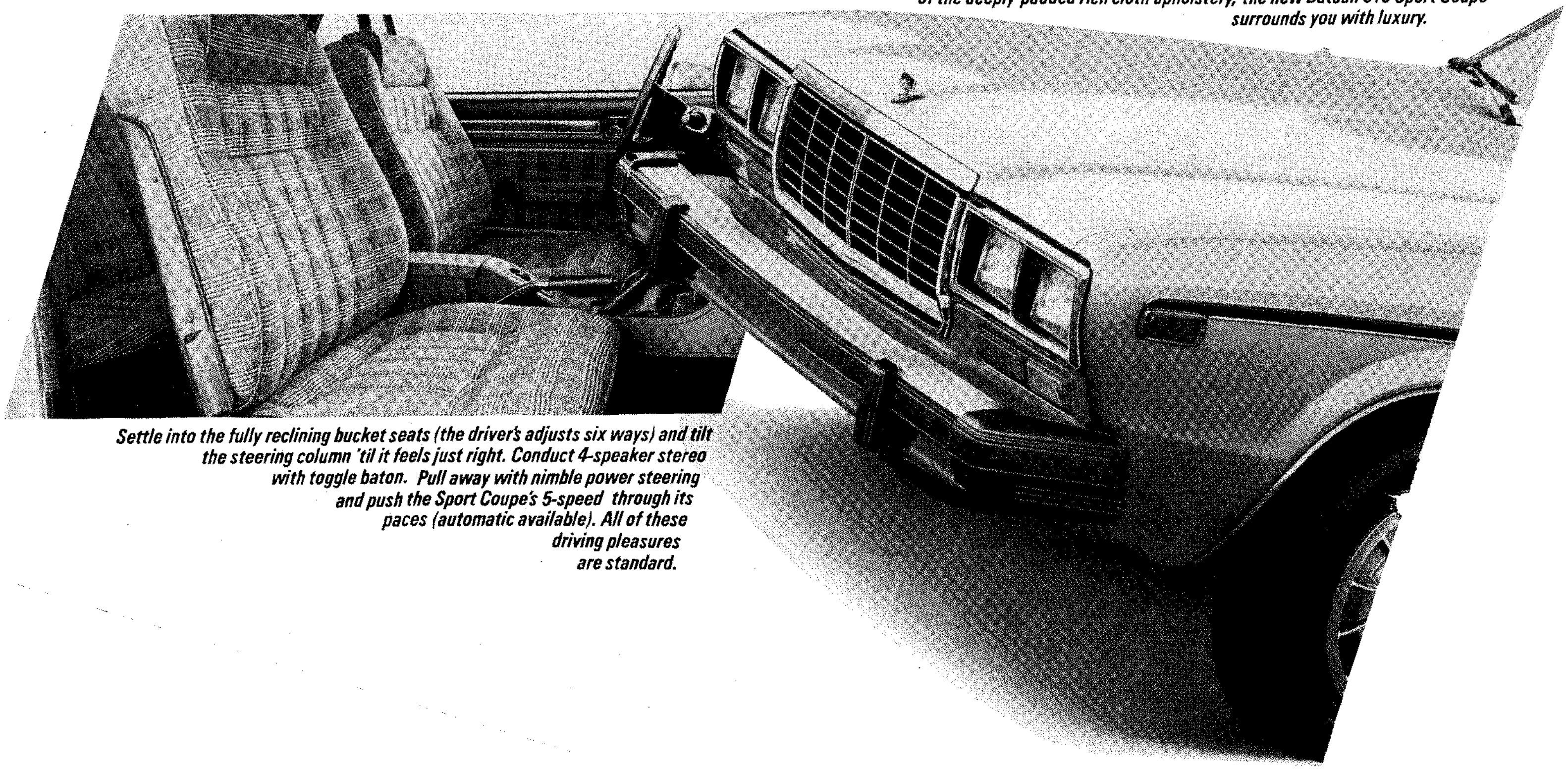
WHEELBASE (INCHES)	**104.3**	110.0	105.7	100.9	104.0
BRAKES	**DISC/DRUM**	DISC/DISC	DISC/DRUM	DISC/DRUM	DISC/DISC
SUSPENSION	**IND/IND**	IND/IND	IND/BEAM	IND/IND	IND/LIVE
ENGINE	**SOHC 6**	DOHC 6	SOHC 5	SOHC 4	SOHC 4
HORSEPOWER (BHP)	**127**	137	103	112	114
FUEL INJECTION	**BOSCH**	BOSCH	BOSCH	BOSCH	BOSCH
PERFORMANCE STANDING ¼ MILE (SEC.)	**18.7**	18.6	19.5	18.7	19.8
BRAKING 60-0 MPH (FEET)	**160**	155	148	167	180
SPEED THRU 700 FT. SLALOM (MPH)	**56.1**	56.5	56.8	55.1	53.0
NOISE LEVEL @ 50 MPH (dBA)	**67**	68	67	68	65

(SOURCE: 1978 ROAD & TRACK BUYERS GUIDE)

From the glow of its new dual rectangular headlights to the comfort of the deeply padded rich cloth upholstery, the new Datsun 810 Sport Coupe surrounds you with luxury.

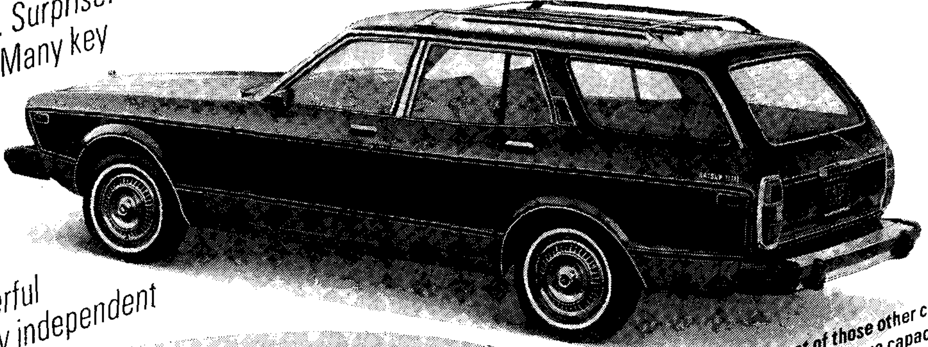


Settle into the fully reclining bucket seats (the driver's adjusts six ways) and tilt the steering column 'til it feels just right. Conduct 4-speaker stereo with toggle baton. Pull away with nimble power steering and push the Sport Coupe's 5-speed through its paces (automatic available). All of these driving pleasures are standard.

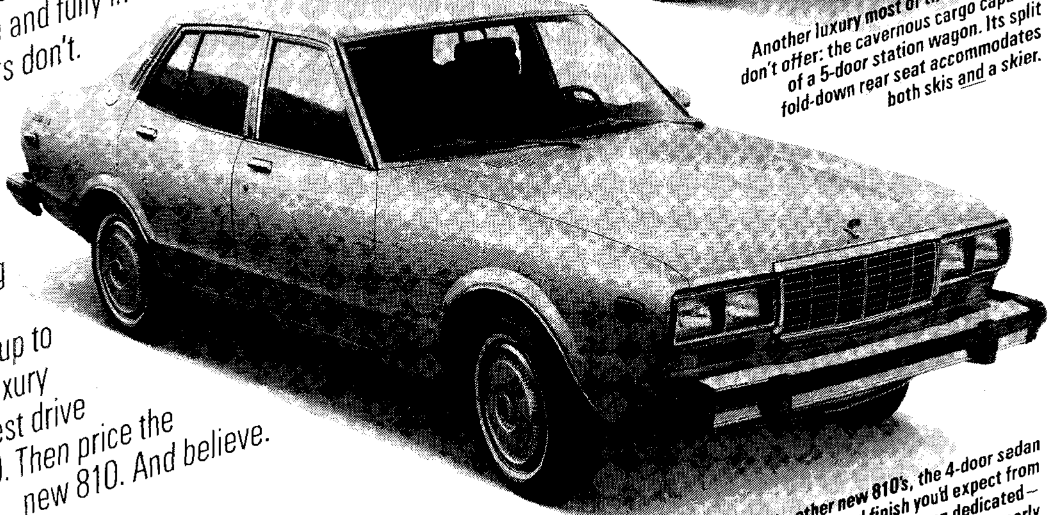
Compare the luxurious new Datsun 810 to the other luxury sedans on the chart. Surprise! You can hardly tell one from the other. Many key engineering and performance features are virtually identical.

In fact, in some respects, the Datsun 810 is actually a lot more car than some of these famous European sedans. The Datsun 810 sports a powerful fuel-injected 6-cylinder engine and fully independent suspension. Some of the others don't. Look again at the braking and acceleration figures. The 810 outperforms some of the others there, *too.*

Now for the most startling comparison of all: the price. You can buy a Datsun 810 for up to $10,000 less than the other luxury sedans. Hard to believe? Test drive the new 810. Then price the new 810. And believe.



Another luxury most of those other cars don't offer: the cavernous cargo capacity of a 5-door station wagon. Its split fold-down rear seat accommodates both skis and a skier.



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late and so, obviously, had the telex message—but an army of importunate cabbies was more than willing to speed me across the Nile through moonlit Cairo on the forty-five-minute ride to Giza. By midnight, I had collapsed into the oversize bed in my room at the Mena House, a luxurious but slightly seedy remnant of the British raj which was now managed by Indians. It was seventeen hours since I had left the S.F.M. base camp, just a hundred and ten miles away. I was too tired to take much more than a glance at the Great Pyramid of Cheops alongside the hotel. At least I was in Egypt, and tomorrow things were bound to be better.

THAT optimistic sentiment, I realized the next morning, was a contradiction in terms. Things almost never get better in Egypt. My first order of business was to telephone Dr. Morsi Saad El Din, the chairman of the State Information Service, and announce my tardy presence, apologize for standing up his driver, and find out what arrangements had been made for me to travel across the Suez Canal to Egyptian-held Sinai. However, the telephone in my room was stone-dead. I had heard that Cairo suffered from a chronic telephone problem, but I assumed that a dead room phone in one of the city's more opulent hotels was not a part of the nuisance. In the Byzantine lobby, the desk clerk told me that most of the guests' phones were out of order that morning but that one of the lobby phones seemed to be working. There was a queue of ten people waiting to use that one operable phone—elegant English ladies of a certain age, wealthy Arabs in Bond Street suits, and Japanese and American businessmen. I joined the queue and watched in despair as, one by one, each person ahead of me shouted at the operator, waited several minutes, slammed down the receiver, and walked away muttering to himself.

An American standing in line behind me said that this lobby scene was "business—or, rather, non-business—as usual," and went on to tell me, "I'm in heavy machinery and I come here often. The phones almost never work right in this city. Nothing works right. After you're here for a while, you wonder why it took the Israelis six days to win that war."

"Well, how does anything ever get done?" I asked him.

"It doesn't," he said.

At last, my turn came. I gave the hotel operator the number of the State Information Service, and she said wearily that she'd try to get through. A few minutes later, she came back on the line to say that she was sorry but all the circuits in downtown Cairo seemed to be out of order. Like the others, I hung up muttering. The American in heavy machinery advised me to try "the Cairo shuffle." He explained that when you want to get in touch with someone and the phones aren't working, you take a taxi to his office or home. Meanwhile, he may be trying to get in touch with you, so he takes a taxi or drives to your hotel or office. "You usually cross paths in some traffic jam, and the whole day is shot," the American said. "Office hours are only from eight till two, with Fridays off. Nothing gets accomplished, except messages are left, and you make another stab at meeting the next day. The Cairo shuffle accounts for most of the horrible traffic and air pollution in the city, I think."

I took his advice (actually, it was the only thing to do) and ventured forth by taxi into the grand pandemonium of daytime Cairo. The State Information Service was in the heart of the downtown area, on Sharia Talaat Harb, and, inching along the boulevard leading from Giza to the city, I was immediately struck by the terrifying, seemingly hopeless troubles of the place. If every urban affliction on earth—with the possible exception of crime—were raised to the second power, there would be Cairo: poverty (beggars outnumber pedestrians on some sidewalks), congestion (Cairo may be the third most populous city in the world, with more than eight million inhabitants in an area designed for three million; nobody knows for sure, since hordes of uncounted people live in such unlikely shelters as the tombs in the main cemetery), pollution (the varied skyline is bathed in a suffocating combination of dark-gray fumes and umber desert dust, suffused with the sweet putrefaction of the Nile, dung, flowers, and coffee), decay (slum buildings suddenly collapse under the weight of old age and neglect), and so on, through each category—bureaucracy, insolvency, traffic, disease, filth, noise. Every obtuse cliché comes to mind with new meaning and intensity—"grinding poverty," "teeming masses," "wretched living conditions." Under ubiquitous billboards, murals, and posters of Sadat (Sadat smiling, stern, thoughtful, fatherly, brotherly, exemplary), crowds of women in black gowns formed outside shops, waiting to buy rumored new supplies of sugar, flour, and tea, the staples of Egyptian life. My cabdriver pointed at the women and said, "That is why we need peace. There is never enough for all of us. With peace, Allah will make enough." The driver's point was well taken. Twenty-five per cent of Egypt's income goes toward defense, for maintaining its swollen military. With the average Egyptian worker earning less than the equivalent of two dollars a day, and with one million unemployed nationwide, the government is compelled to subsidize from its depleted treasury the staples that the black-gowned women were waiting in line for, and it, in turn, must be subsidized by other countries. It is a humiliating and chancy predicament for a proud nation.

EVEN the government buildings were in an advanced condition of decay. The crumbling façade of the State Information Service was indistinguishable from the other crumbling façades jammed together on Sharia Talaat Harb, except for an Egyptian flag and a large bust of Nasser (the first representation of Sadat's once-worshipped predecessor I saw). At the entrance, six plainclothes security men checked my credentials, including a letter of introduction to Dr. Morsi Saad El Din, and one of them escorted me up to the top floor of the building in a tiny freight elevator. The passenger elevator was not working. I was led into a large office, where four girls, surrounded by useless telephones, were happily chatting. I introduced myself and explained the airport mixup and my appearance at their office without calling first. They all giggled and smiled. "Is O.K.," one girl said. "The driver went home when you were not on the Olympic plane. We received no telex from Athens. Please have some coffee. Dr. Morsi will see you very soon, I'm sure."

I accepted a cup of thick, sweet Turkish coffee and watched the secretaries working and talking. They were positively bubbling with good humor. Nothing seemed to bother them—not the dead telephones, or the noise and fumes rising from the street outside the open window, or the bustling, shabby office. Through it all they smiled and giggled, giggled and smiled. A friend of mine who knew Egypt well once told me that its greatest national resource—more precious even than its Nilotic treasures—was the good humor and kindliness of the people. They are in love with life, which is perhaps why they are not successful warriors.

A few minutes later, when I met Dr. Morsi (as everyone seemed to

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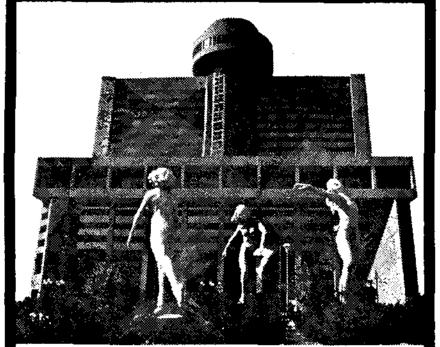

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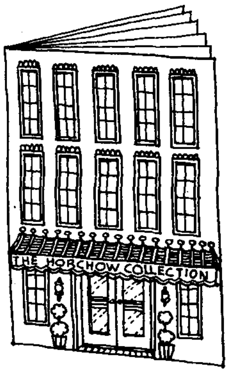

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call him), my friend's observation was reinforced. A sunny, open man, he ushered visitors into and out of his office with unfailing warmth and grace. A poet and writer as well as a diplomat, Dr. Morsi had accompanied Sadat on the famous pilgrimage to Jerusalem the previous November, charming just about everyone at the Israel Government Press Office. Before I left Jerusalem, all the press-office people there had instructed me to give their personal regards to Dr. Morsi, which I immediately did.

"How are my friends in Jerusalem?" Dr. Morsi asked, while waving goodbye to one caller and then gesturing to another to come in and sit down. "Tell me about them. Tell me about Israel. What are the people thinking?"

I told him that I had spent most of my time in the Sinai, but that from what I had observed in Israel proper there were mixed emotions about the Sadat initiative. He listened intently, as though I were telling him something he did not already know, and then he asked me about the Sinai. I said that the Sinai was in an even more confused state but I was convinced that a fair peace settlement there, not excluding the Bedouins' rights, would go a long way toward easing much of the tension in the Middle East. With Egypt and Israel at peace, war between other Arabs and Israelis would be out of the question for years to come, and all the other regional and national problems would perforce be diminished. He nodded, and said, "If only the opportunity is not missed. Such an opportunity will not come again for a long time."

Coffee was served, and one of the visitors, the Ambassador to Turkey, who was home for consultations, walked out on the balcony to confer in private with Dr. Morsi. That, apparently, was how important business was conducted at the higher levels of the State Information Service. When Dr. Morsi returned to his desk, he told me that my request to visit the Egyptian-held Sinai was still being processed but there was nothing to worry about. First, though, I must be accredited at the Press Center. One of his assistants, Fatima Fouad, would drive me there and help with the arrangements. "Give my best to America," he said as I prepared to leave with Miss Fouad. "I loved New York when I was assigned there."

AT the Press Center, in the Radio and Television Building, on the east bank of the Nile, the telephones were working, but, as it turned out, that was the only encouraging note. Six frenetic male bureaucrats and Fatima Fouad tried to sort out the technicalities involved in getting me across the Suez Canal. While I was plied with three more cups of coffee—I was reeling with caffeine—they placed several calls and scurried back and forth to different offices in the building. Finally one of the men, who resembled Rudolph Valentino in his prime, returned breathlessly with the news that it would be impossible for me to travel to the U.N. buffer zone from Egypt. I explained that I had no intention of going to the buffer zone, that I had just been in the buffer zone; I simply wanted to cross the canal into Egyptian-held Sinai. "Ah," he said. "Then you will need the permission of the American Embassy." I said that the American Embassy already had given me its blessings. Still, he insisted, the Embassy must give its permission directly to him.

A call was put through to an officer at the Embassy, who chuckled when I explained the dilemma. "You don't need our approval to cross the canal," he said. "You need the Egyptian military's approval. It's the military that really runs things around here, despite what the civilians tell you." To satisfy the bureaucrats, he formally gave them the official American permission anyway.

The next step, I was informed, was to clear my request through the appropriate military office. "This will take time," Rudolph Valentino said. Meanwhile, he went on, Fatima Fouad would drive me back to my hotel, and later that afternoon a Press Center escort officer named Mahmoud Gafar would be in touch with me, either by telephone or in person.

"Don't worry," Miss Fouad told me. But I was very worried.

To test the desk clerk's theory that the guests' telephones were now working (but for in-hotel calls only), I rang up room service and ordered lunch. I decided to stay in my room that afternoon, so I wouldn't fall victim to the Cairo shuffle and miss Mahmoud Gafar's telephone call or visit. I lunched on a thick club sandwich and a large bottle of tangy, but labelless, Egyptian beer. By four o'clock, two hours after most offices were closed for the day, there was still no word from Gafar. I tried the room telephone and it was dead. On a hunch, I went down to the lobby to check at the desk, and, sure enough, there was a handwritten message for me from Gafar. He was sorry, the note said, but the permission to visit the Sinai hadn't come through yet. He would be by the hotel early the next morning with further news. That was all.

There was only one thing to do—see the pyramids. Like any other tourist in Egypt, I walked up the hill next to the hotel, trying vainly to dodge the aggressive guides, with their camels and Arabian horses, which one could mount, for a price, to be photographed or to gallop around the Great Pyramid of Cheops. The stench, the sleeve-tugging, and the chaos were overpowering. Since I was accosted in English, I mumbled to one *fellah* "Polski," whereupon he addressed me in fluent Polish. Even illiterate Egyptians possess natural linguistic skills—a result of being the laborers for so many nationalities. Polish—indeed, any language of a Communist state—does not light up their eyes, however. The Giza pyramids are probably the most famous tourist attraction in the world, and they live up to their awesome reputation. Yet for me, after having walked through the ruins of Serabit El Khadim in the stillness of the Sinai, these mysterious monuments seemed too awesome, too pat, almost as if they were put there solely for the tourists. A truck spraying DDT over the area shattered whatever illusion was left, and I returned to the hotel.

Later that night, I watched an Egyptian soap opera on Cairo television. It was a standard family saga, but in Arabic with a Cairo middle-class setting: a disconsolate wife, a straying husband, a rebellious son. As in any soap opera, the surroundings were idealized, but most fanciful to me was the family telephone. It worked flawlessly. Following that was the news—mostly unedited film of Sadat touring the Red Sea region, inaugurating rural developments, and receiving the praises of the provincials. In one shot of Sadat waving to cheering masses of local officials and citizens, I noticed that the only ones scarcely smiling were Bedouins.

AT eight o'clock the next morning, I opened my door to a short, chunky, intense fellow dressed in bluejeans and a sports shirt. It was Mahmoud Gafar. Perspiring and hanging his head like a little boy resigned to accepting punishment, he said that the military had refused permission for me to cross the canal for at least three days. Since the next day was Friday, the Muslim Sabbath, the earliest I could travel to the Sinai would be Monday, provided that the permission

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was finally granted. "A general overruled Dr. Morsi," he explained sheepishly. "I am sorry."

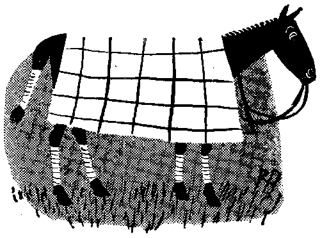
Had this anything to do with military maneuvers?

"Perhaps," he said.

I told Gafar that I was very disappointed, that I hadn't the time to sit around Cairo waiting to cross the canal on such a shaky promise. Was there nothing he or Dr. Morsi could do to help me?

Suddenly, he brightened. "For sure," he said. (Gafar was one of many Egyptians who had adopted Sadat's favorite American locution.) "Downstairs is a Press Center car, with my driver, Ramadan. We will take you as far as the western side of the canal, and you can look at the Sinai from there. It is better than nothing."

I decided to settle for half a loaf, and so a few minutes later Gafar and I were in the back seat of a Volkswagen minibus, stuttering through the morning traffic under the guidance of Ramadan, a quintessential Middle Eastern driver, who used all his mettle, wile, and skill to advance his machine past one vehicle before attacking the next—successive tiny victories in an unending battle against time and space. Occasionally, he would touch a string of prayer beads dangling from the rearview mirror. As we made fitful progress across a bridge over the felucca-speckled Nile, past the gargantuan Mohammed Ali Mosque and Saladin's Citadel, and then through Heliopolis (the Scarsdale of Cairo, where the guarded rich and powerful live in stunning contrast to the rest of the city), Gafar seemed to relax and grow voluble, his embarrassment eased somewhat. He told me that he was born in the Nile Delta village of Minouf, near Sadat's home town of Mit Abul Kom. He attended Cairo University, where he majored in journalism and learned English, since then polished by his job at the Press Center. During the 1973 war, he was an infantry sergeant. He crossed the canal in the first wave and stormed the Bar-Lev Line, emerging unharmed. "I was lucky," he said.



Once beyond Heliopolis and the airport, the green belt along the Nile dissolved into the stark desert that makes up ninety per cent of Egypt—and is the source of ninety per cent of Egypt's troubles, in that the discouraging terrain and harsh life there drive the peasants to the capital. The traffic thinned, and we entered the Cairo-Suez Double Way, a straight, hundred-and-thirty-four-kilometre road to the southernmost point of the canal. Gafar gestured at the flint-covered dunes and gravel plains. "You can see for yourself our problem," he said. "This is why the people flock to Cairo. At least there is hope of making a living in the capital. We are trying to develop the desert—factories are being built here, water pipes are being laid, electric power, and so forth—but it is hard. Still the people come to Cairo. There is a section of the city called Shubra that almost equals the entire population of Israel."

He went on to summarize what the Egyptians had already done with the regained Sinai land and the canal region, and what their plans for the future were. The governor of the Sinai had established an office in Kantara, and from there he was administering the civilian services, some of which I had seen during my trip through the U.N. buffer zone. In 1976, Sadat had launched his Green Revolution in the Sinai—a sudden concern not only for the peninsula's Bedouins but for the thousands of *fellahin* he hoped would emigrate there. Water was piped into the region from the old sweet-water canal, and trees were planted, with the promise of land reclamation spreading eastward. So far, the revolution has been more moss-green than emerald-green, the major thrust of Egyptian interest and funds going toward the reconstruction of the Suez Canal and its war-wrecked cities of Suez, Ismailia, Kantara, and Port Said.

After the canal was cleared (with the help of the American military) of sunken ships, mines, unexploded bombs, and improvised bridgehead-causeways, and opened to maritime traffic in 1975, a visionary Egyptian builder named Osman Ahmed Osman was appointed Minister of Housing and Reconstruction. He set to work on a multibillion-dollar development scheme for the entire canal area, encompassing such diverse projects as three two-lane tunnels under the waterway, crash industrialization, free-trade zones, canal expansion to handle bigger ships, tourist resorts, oil pipelines, and housing construction. Osman's success in these monumental endeavors made him the Egyptian man of the hour, even upstaging his close friend Sadat until the latter's peace initiative of 1977. (Posters and billboards of Osman are almost as plentiful in some locations as those of the President.) The results of his efforts have been compared to the building of the pyramids. The city of Suez, almost completely destroyed by Israeli shelling and bombing, has been revitalized into a thriving oil and commercial port, with most of its original two hundred and sixty-eight thousand inhabitants having returned to live in vast new apartment projects, erected with Saudi and Persian Gulf financing. Liberal conditions for foreign investment have already attracted new industry to Suez, including some American factories. Ismailia fared better than Suez in the Egyptian-Israeli wars, and its renaissance as the headquarters of the Suez Canal Authority and as an agricultural and commercial center has been easier. It, too, received Arab oil money with which to reconstruct its housing and industry, and some feel that its future is brighter now than it was before 1967. The canal traffic, Ismailia's major occupation, has practically equalled its pre-1967 tonnage (earning close to a half-billion dollars a year in foreign exchange at present rates), and as the canal is deepened and widened by a consortium of foreign dredging companies, its tonnage will soon surpass any previous record. Construction of the first highway tunnel, a hundred and forty-one feet below the canal, has begun at El Shatt and is scheduled to be completed in 1980. It will probably go further toward developing the Sinai—and bringing the peninsula into the sovereign embrace of Greater Egypt—than anything else.

THE northern, smaller canal city of Kantara suffered even more war damage than Suez, because it sits astride the waterway; Kantara West received the brunt of the Israeli artillery, while Kantara East was pulverized by the Egyptian guns. (Kantara East was a ghost town when I was there during the War of Attrition. Whatever life existed was carried on within the deep bunkers of the Bar-Lev Line, with the exception of wild dogs and cats, many missing legs or tails, roaming over the debris.) Consequently, Kantara has had a difficult time rebounding, although it has made a good start as an administration center. Its former residents are trickling back to rebuilt houses, and when one of the trans-canal tunnels is finished, just south of the city, it should prosper again. As for the notoriously sinful Port Said and its sister city, Port Fuad, just across the Mediterranean gate of the canal, they were as sinful as ever. With the reopening of the canal, Port Said sprang to life as a duty-free zone

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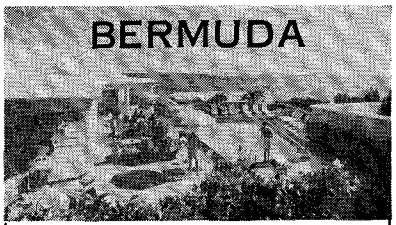

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and a hotbed of smuggling. As many as fifty thousand Egyptians a day descend on the urbanized sandbar at the northern tip of the canal, to buy goods ranging from watches to automobiles. At customs posts outside the city, duty is supposed to be paid on the Port Said bargains, but ingenious Egyptians have figured out all sorts of methods to smuggle the goods past the inspectors, several of whom are known to be corruptible. The local economy and the growing population are flourishing, and so is the black market of Port Said contraband in other Egyptian cities. With tourists on cruise ships once again stopping at the port for an evening's entertainment, its future and fabled reputation seem secure. After eight years of stagnation while the canal was closed, Port Said was back in business.

The hot, flat desert between Cairo and Suez slowly lost any pretense of civilian life. What habitations emerged from time to time were Army barracks, tent cities, and missile bases. Soldiers were everywhere, drilling on dusty parade grounds, struggling with smoky, overheated Russian and Czechoslovakian trucks, command cars, and tanks that were never designed for desert use, and dozing in any available shade. Occasionally, we would see *fellahin* constructing culverts, facing them with fine mosaics of hand-hewn stones. In the stifling heat of noon, we passed the historic Kilometre 101 marker, where General Siilasvuo had presided over the first Egyptian-Israeli disengagement talks after the 1973 war. Jagged mauve mountains appeared in the southeast, and patches of scrub grew with greater frequency. "It looks like the Sinai, doesn't it?" Gafar said. "For sure, this desert is the same as the Sinai, the same land, but with a man-made canal running through it. It is all Egypt."

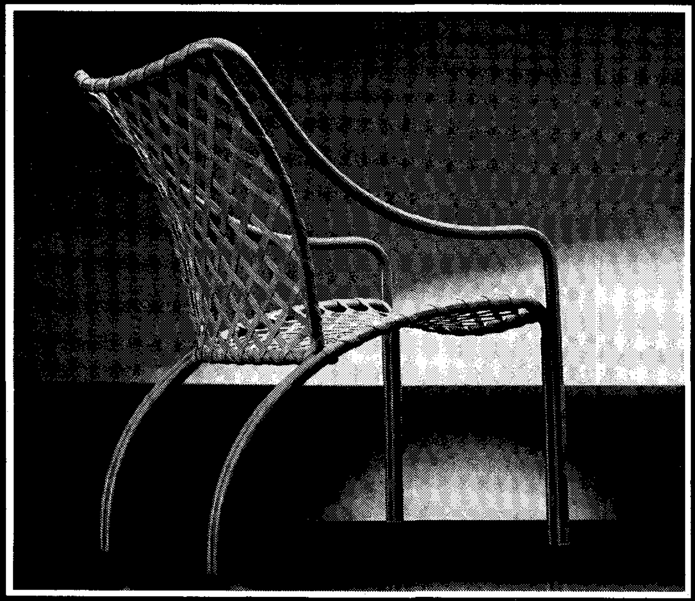
Well, yes and no.

Just within the limits of Suez began the new cities within the city, named for—and celebrated with gigantic billboard portraits of—their benefactors: the late King Feisal, of Saudi Arabia; the present Saudi king, Khalid; and Prince Sabah, of Kuwait. Each of them was a well-planned, self-contained community, with mosques, stores, and pinkish limestone apartment buildings. Feisal City had just been completed and was already aswarm with new residents; the others, still under construction, would be even bigger than the four-thousand-apartment Feisal City. The sweet-water canal flowed between the highway and railroad tracks, on which chugged a diminutive train, with surplus passengers spilling over and clinging to the sides of the cars and the engine—a common sight on Egyptian mass transportation. Economic activity was evident everywhere: oil refineries along the gulf; a Misr-Irani textile mill, a fertilizer plant, and a cement factory in various industrial parks; a busy *souk* along the main street, its shops and stands showing the international flavor of the port with such signs as "Bombay Bazaar," "Hôtel d'Orient," and "Misr Beauty Saloon." But despite all the bustle and revitalization of Suez the pervading quality was still one of war and destruction. Bombed-out buildings were a constant reminder of how much Suez had suffered since 1967—a few of the ruins being in the process of restoration but most simply left amid their own rubble as ghostly monuments. But for the desert sun, the palms, and the sea breeze, Suez could have been a Ruhr Valley town just after the Second World War.

We drove slowly along a shell-pocked boulevard, under modern arches emblazoned with patriotic slogans, toward Port Tawfik, the southern entrance to the canal, where in 1869 Ferdinand de Lesseps arrived triumphantly from Port Said, having sailed aboard the first ship to navigate his incredible waterway. It is a shock to come upon the Suez Canal. To see huge ships moving as if by magic through a narrow channel cut into the desert, their superstructures visible above the dunes, muddles one's senses. More than a hundred years after its opening, the canal is still a miracle of engineering. The stone quay along the entryway had been restored, but it retained souvenirs of its hammering by Israeli guns. The stately old Green Island Hotel was totally gutted, and scarred pedestals without their statues stood like grim sentries on the embankment. Some incongruous Bedouin tents were pitched in the rubble. A captured Israeli tank, its cannon pointing east, was part of an abstract propaganda sculpture needlessly reminding passersby of what recent violence had shaken the region. In the broad bay to the south of the entryway, ships awaited their turn to steam north, while fishermen's feluccas and Canal Authority launches wove among them. Beyond a sign reading "Welcome Back to Suez Canal," a freighter churned up the channel with alarming speed. As it passed, I noted the legend on its stern: "THOMAS LYNCH/MOBILE." Its wake hardly stirred an enormous blue Japanese dredger—the biggest dredger ever made, Gafar told me—deepening the canal. (On April 30, 1979—a little more than a year after I had seen the Thomas Lynch plow by—the first ship flying an Israeli flag, the freighter Ashdod, sailed through the canal. It was greeted by foghorns, sirens, spontaneous shouts of "*Salaam*" and "*Shalom*," and a good deal of tight security. The right of free passage through the canal was guaranteed by the peace treaty, and the precedent set by the Ashdod meant that no longer would Israeli ships have to travel from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean by circumnavigating the continent of Africa.)

And just two hundred or so yards across the turquoise water was the Sinai, a grand yellow expanse a world away. Wide notches in its dune banks marked where the Egyptians had breached the Bar-Lev Line with high-pressure streams of water. I could barely make out workers on the far side, excavating the dunes as part of a project to widen the canal. Gafar said that as an infantry sergeant he had crossed the canal and assaulted the Bar-Lev Line just north of where we were standing. He stared at the smashed walls of sand and then turned away. I told him that nine years earlier I had peered from a camouflaged observation slit in a Bar-Lev bunker toward Egypt, wondering what the view would be like from the other side. Now I knew. On the eastern horizon were the hazy hills of the Gidi and Mitla Passes, where I had stood and looked toward Suez just two days before. I pointed out to Gafar what might have been Caddo Mountain, the S.F.M. Watch Station 1. "For sure," Gafar said, "it is a crazy world."

GAFAR told me that he knew the best restaurant in Suez for fish—an old place that had come through the wars relatively untouched. It was right on the main street, which was crowded with *souk* shoppers and was ringing with the wails of Arabic music from ubiquitous radios. The restaurant, however, was almost empty, its thick, cool whitewashed walls and slowly revolving ceiling fans a relief from the heat and din outside. I half expected to see Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, and Humphrey Bogart huddled together at a corner table. Since there were no fresh Gulf of Suez shrimp that day, Gafar, Ramadan, and I decided on fried *dalak* (somewhat like plaice), a lettuce-and-tomato salad,



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that good Egyptian beer, and Turkish coffee. To my astonishment, the meal was brought to our table accompanied by gratuitous platters of French-fried potatoes and rice steeped in spicy gravy. Generosity was without question an Egyptian hallmark, and I complimented Gafar on the national trait. He smiled, and said, “Maybe that is our biggest fault. Maybe we are too kind, too forgiving. To get by in this crazy world, for sure we will have to change. Take the Palestinians. We have been fighting their wars for decades, our men dying, our cities ruined, our economy upside down. So to thank us they kill in Cyprus one of our greatest writers, Yousef El Sebai, the editor of *Al Ahram*—all because they do not like Sadat's initiative to give them peace and their own homeland. They have called Sadat names and threatened him. I think from now on we Egyptians must be more selfish.”

While we devoured the superb lunch, I asked Gafar what he thought were the chances for success of Sadat's initiative, at that time frustrated by stalemate.

“To look at it selfishly,” he said, “only two countries really matter in the Middle East conflict—Egypt and Israel. Some of the others have great political passions, and the oil countries have great money, but Egypt has the people and the civilization. That is something money cannot buy. If Israel gives up the Sinai and makes peace, then other good things will happen for the Arabs, I am sure. The Sinai should not be a big problem. It is not Israeli. It is Egyptian. If there is peace, the Israelis have nothing to fear from the Sinai.”

I asked him if he, a Nile Delta native and now a Cairene, had any special personal feeling for the Sinai. “Truthfully, no,” he said. “I would not want to live there. But to me it is still Egyptian soil. It belongs to us.”

But doesn't the peninsula really belong to the Sinai Bedouins?

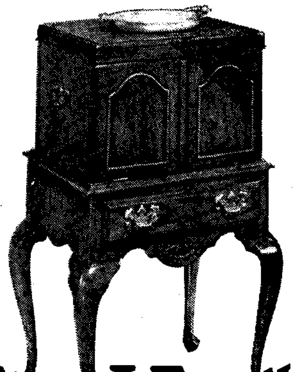
“The Bedouins were Egyptian before,” he replied, “and they will be Egyptian again.”

I repeated to Gafar what an Israeli intelligence officer had once told me: If Israel signs a peace treaty, it will be respected by any Israeli administration, no matter what happens to that country's leader, since it is a stable parliamentary democracy; however, Egypt is a nation governed by one man, at the pleasure of the military, and its assurances to abide by a treaty are questionable. (Indeed, the fact that an Army officer overruled Dr. Morsi in the matter of my travelling to the Sinai seemed to substantiate this opinion.) Could Israel trust Egypt if something happened to Sadat and a little-known general was suddenly in power?

“We are trying—Sadat is trying—to make a true democracy here,” Gafar answered, “but it will take time. We are making progress. Maybe the question should be, Can we trust the Israelis after their past aggressions?” He put down his knife and fork and raised his palms in a papal gesture. “Whatever the case, we both need peace, and now it is the time to make peace. We *have* to trust each other.”

EARLY the next morning—the eve of Passover—I left Egypt. My contemporary exodus was to Athens and New York. It struck me that the chaos at the Cairo Airport might have resembled the confusion in the Pharaoh's court after the Hebrews had departed en masse. A brisk dawn wind had cleared the air, and as the plane circled Cairo I could distinctly see the great pyramids and the green strip along the Nile fanning into the Delta. By the time the plane had gained cruising altitude over the Mediterranean, the sun rising out of the Sinai illuminated the peninsula's sweeping, empty coastline, fading east into Gaza and Israel. From that lofty perspective, the Sinai seemed to be more a geographic keystone holding the Levantine arch together than a wedge cleaving it. Perhaps that could be the Sinai's ultimate destiny—to hold together the Middle East and give it a fresh start, the great historical battleground at last serving peace.

A loud cry for that tattered word “peace” had echoed from all quarters during my travels. I had come to the conclusion that the cry was sincere. Israel—debt-ridden, besieged, suffering the collective neurosis of a fortress state—desperately needed an era of tranquillity. And, with even more urgency, Egypt—untalented at war, a charity case, its people the victims of afflictions worse than God's ten plagues—looked to peace as its only salvation. The Sinai was the keystone and the key. If, under Egyptian sovereignty, the peninsula could be intelligently developed, with clean industry, power facilities, desalinization plants, tourist resorts—perhaps sponsored by a latter-day Marshall Plan, involving America, Europe, and, if they come to their senses, some oil-rich Arab nations—the benefits to both Egypt and Israel would be the firmest security possible, far more reliable than F-16 fighters and strategic passes. If new



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Sinai cities, like Yamit and Sharm El Sheikh, could be open to all nationalities, who would dare fire the first bellicose shot? And if, for once, the indigenous people of a newly developed land could simply be left alone to live their lives as they saw fit, free of petty, manufactured constraints, the humanitarian precedent would be a telling example to the world. The Sinai Bedouin, so blithely ignored in all the political maneuvering, has survived alien wars and occupation for thousands of years, but he may not survive the paving over of the wilderness. It is a prospect that the Bedouin has never had to face before, and should it come to pass, it would be a disaster. Peace is crucial, and the Sinai is crucial to peace. But so is the Bedouin, for he knows what the world has forgotten: that our cultural roots are in the Sinai wilderness and that if civilization is to flower the roots must be tended and preserved.

SINCE the signing of the treaty, on March 26, 1979, peace in the Sinai has been officially declared. Israeli troops have already pulled back from a Mediterranean coastal strip to a point east of El Arish, and an old raj has returned to the peninsula. So far, there has been no great euphoria on either side. The hard labors of making a practicable peace are oddly cheerless and notoriously expensive. Distrust is still in the desert air like a khamsin. The same nagging, doubting questions continue to haunt the principals: What of Egypt after Sadat? Is some messianic general waiting in the wings, determined to drive the Israelis into the sea? Will the Arab confrontation states succeed in savaging Egypt and the treaty? Would edgy Israel launch a preëmptive attack? Can a Carter Plan revitalize the Egyptian economy? Or will America, without the encouragement and aid of the rest of the world, tire of funding and overseeing the enterprise? And then there are those seemingly insoluble issues of the Palestinians and Jerusalem.

Given the vagaries of the Middle East, the odds for an enduring peace are not favorable. But at least a start has been made—appropriately enough, in the Sinai. It may well be the last chance.

—BURTON BERNSTEIN

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

•

During the meeting, Karen Walkup, bizarre chairwoman, discussed fund-raising.—*Bellingham* (*Wash.*) *Herald.*

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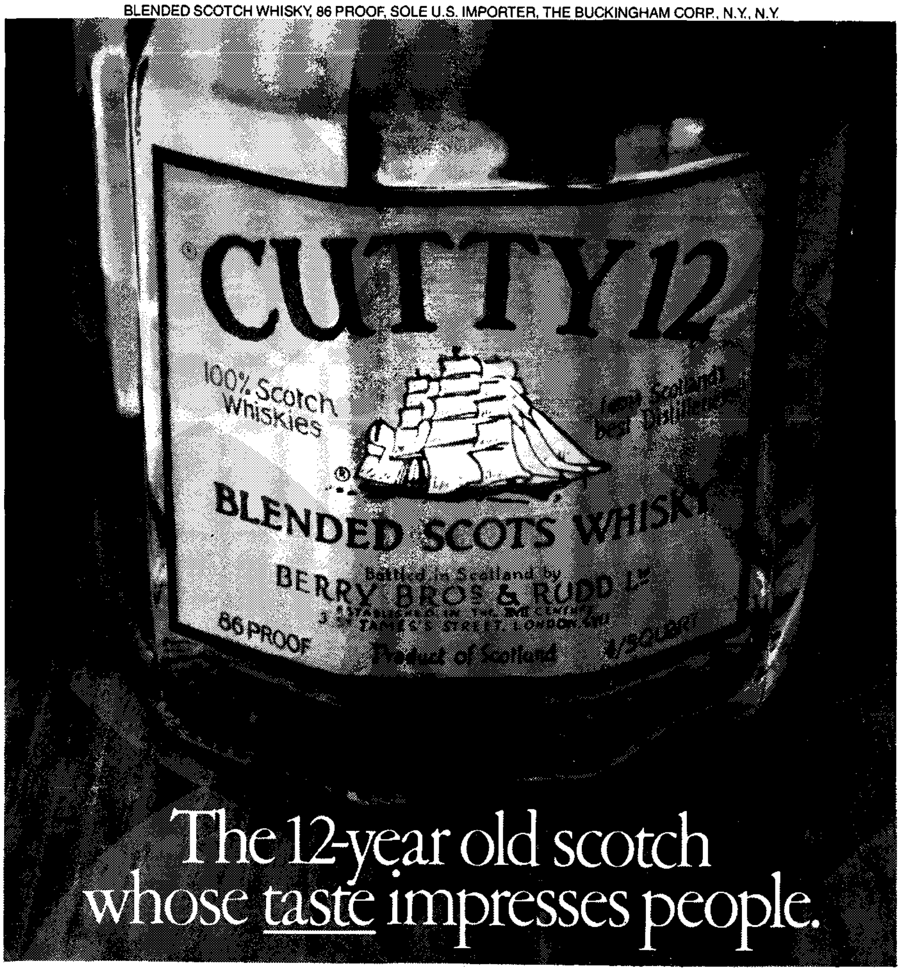

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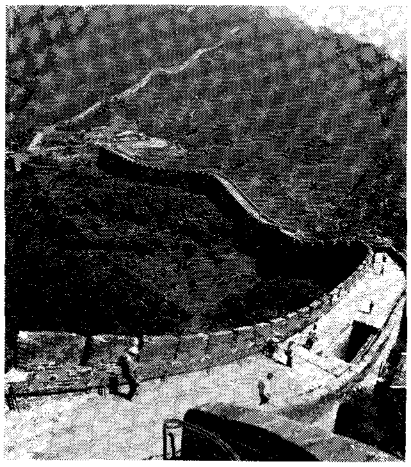

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THE THEATRE

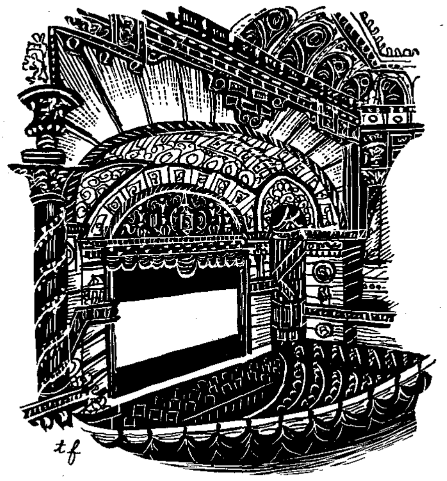
Début

THE Century Theatre, which occupies an exotic basement on West Forty-sixth Street (much of the plasterwork appears to be Early Thirties Carnivorous, but the auditorium is a reassuringly cozy one), is eager to make a noise in the world, and to that end it has chosen wisely in its current billing—a couple of very funny one-act comedies by a playwright named James McLure. The comedies are entitled "Pvt. Wars" and "Lone Star," and they were first put on by the enterprising Actors Theatre of Louisville. As a title, "Pvt. Wars" leaves something to be desired; one can write "Pvt." easily enough, but how is one to convey it orally? It's plain that the author wishes to take advantage of the ambiguity of the multiple meanings of "private," but a new play of modest dimensions achieves a reputation mostly by word of mouth, and this is hard for it to do when it cannot even be pronounced. Putting that cautionary quibble aside, I have nothing but praise for Mr. McLure. He is a newcomer to me, about whom I have learned so far that he is an actor, that he is a product of Texas, and that he is still blessedly in his twenties, which implies that we have perhaps half a century of McLure comedies to look forward to—welcome news when all we hear these days, at the dawn of the eighties, is that humor is in exceptionally short supply. (True that many of the people who make this gloomy assessment have never cracked a smile in their lives.)

The setting of "Pvt. Wars" is a veterans' hospital, and the cast consists of three G.I.s, named Silvio, Gately, and Natwick. Each proudly reiterates that he is free to leave the hospital whenever he chooses, but we soon learn that they are less well than they pretend. Silvio has suffered—or thinks he has suffered—irremediable damage to his sexual organs; Gately struggles compulsively to repair a disembowelled radio; and Natwick, a prissy young man from Great Neck, writes wistful letters home to his mother saying how much he hopes to become a close friend of Gately and omitting to say how much Silvio dislikes him. The play is a mosaic of brief blackout scenes, by intention too slight to support the weight of a climax. (Natwick quotes Eliot's Prufrock to Gately: "Do I dare to eat a peach?" In a strong Southern accent, Gately repeatedly inquires, "You mean the man is *afraid* to eat a *peach?*")

The bond that is forged among them is made up of loneliness and adversity, expressed in terms of jokes, threats, and braggings. Unconsciously, the three men echo Beckett's heroic "I can't go on, I'll go on." Roy, the protagonist of the second comedy, "Lone Star," also echoes Beckett. Having returned some two years earlier from combat in Vietnam, Roy has been trying to find his way back into the daily life of the little town of Maynard, Texas, in which almost from birth he has been a conspicuous figure. Again, a title with ambiguities: "Lone Star" is the nickname of a state, the occasion for making a wish (". . . first star I see tonight"), and a brand of beer, of which Roy is bent on consuming a full case while he sits with his rowdy and dishevelled thoughts on a bench in the back yard of Angel's Bar at one o'clock in the morning. He is joined there by his brother Ray, who worships him, and by Cletis, the fatuous, newlywed son of a local hardware merchant. Drink and the late hour and an accident in which Cletis succeeds in demolishing Roy's precious car lead to a series of startling family revelations. We laugh continuously at Roy's aria-like apostrophes to the good life he once knew and seeks to know again, and at the same time we perceive that he is skittering along the very brink of tragedy; the slapstick wielded by McLure's comic muse threatens to become a lethal weapon. At the last moment, McLure draws back and lets his play end as it should, with a raucous, drunken shout of abuse, for by then we have seen and heard enough.

What an auspicious Broadway début this amounts to! I urge my readers to be among those who, in future years, will be able to boast of having attended it, and not alone because of the plays themselves but because of how well their author has been served by superb casts and superb directors. The three G.I.s in "Pvt. Wars" are played by Tony Campisi, Gregory Grove, and Clifford Fetters; and Roy, Ray, and Cletis, in "Lone Star," are played by Powers Boothe, Leo Burmester, and Mr. Fetters. Mr. Boothe has a big part and fills it, quite properly, to bursting; all the others are, on a smaller scale, equally fine. "Pvt. Wars" is directed by Garland Wright and "Lone Star" by Stuart White. The settings are by John Arnone, the costumes are by Giva Taylor, and the lighting is by Frances Aronson. My compliments all around.



A NEW play by Michael Weller, the celebrated author of "Moonchildren," has come to the Circle in the Square. It's called "Loose Ends," and in it the playwright, keeping abreast of the times (and, indeed, of his own life), undertakes to show how the children of the sixties have been faring through this now nearly extinct decade. The story is told in eight scenes, beginning on a beach in Bali in 1970 and ending in a cabin in New Hampshire in 1979. When Paul and Susan meet on the beach, he is newly out of the Peace Corps, as she is newly out of college; falling in love, they proceed to clamber, not without conflicts, rung by rung up the double ladder of personal and professional life. Susan becomes a successful still photographer, Paul a successful TV and movie producer. But are they happy? For that matter, what is happiness? Material prosperity proves the snare that it has been reputed to be ever since Ecclesiastes long ago started giving it a bad name, and matters are made more difficult for Paul and Susan by the fact that he would like them to have a baby and she wouldn't.

The first four scenes, constituting the first act of the play, are fairly static and without surprises, but the seventh scene, late in the second act, is a stunner, more than sufficient to justify everything that precedes and follows it. A desperate verbal battle between Paul and Susan, in the course of which they terrifyingly lacerate themselves and each other, it is so brilliantly written and so convincingly acted that it holds the audience spellbound. Under the taut direction of Alan Schneider, Roxanne Hart as Susan and Kevin Kline as Paul give performances that are perfectly matched and that ring true down

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Woman: Jammed things good. So my neighbor shows me how to un-jam it by taking a wooden broomstick and stirring.

Consultant: Right! We . . .

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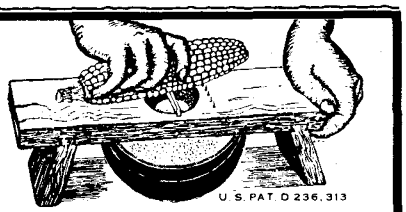

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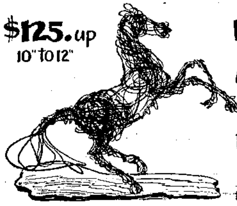

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to the least gesture and intonation; I can bear rather embarrassing witness to their skill and talent by confessing that at the point in the scene where Paul picks up a supposedly precious Chinese antiquity and threatens to smash it to pieces, I came close to leaping to my feet and begging him not to. A sizable cast furnishes excellent support to the leading couple, though Mr. Weller has found little of interest for anyone except Susan and Paul to say—perhaps getting ahead in the world has not been as fierce a struggle against high odds as it used to be in Horatio Alger's day, and therefore no longer commands the strict attention of those of us who are not subscribers to *Forbes*. The pleasantly sketchy settings of "Loose Ends" are by Zack Brown, the costumes are by Kristina Watson, and the lighting is by David F. Segal.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Winnie by Worth

THE role of Winnie in Samuel Beckett's "Happy Days" is so rich and deep and so accommodating that any good actress who plays it brings something fresh to the character. There was the radiant earthiness of the late Ruth White (the first and best Winnie), the poetic quality of Madeleine Renaud, and the delicate sensibility of Jessica Tandy, to name three I've seen. Now, in a current production at the Public, there is the restless intelligence and flickering irony of Irene Worth. Her Winnie is a cultivated, somewhat disembodied woman whose humor and whose mind—remembering, noticing, quoting—sustain her, helping her to endure the unendurable. "Sorrow keeps breaking through" has a special significance when she says it, and such lines as "That was just logic. Reason. I have not lost my reason. Not yet. Not all. Some remains" and "One loses one's classics. Oh, not all. A part. A part remains. That is what I find so wonderful: a part remains of one's classics to help one through the day" carry a weight that I've never heard before. The performance as a whole, though, under Andrei Serban's direction, seems deficient in feeling and misses the underlying rhythm of this beautiful play. In the undeniably handsome setting (by Michael Yeargan and Lawrence King), the mound in which Winnie sits in the "hellish sun," at first buried up to her waist and later up to her neck, has become a mountain, which somewhat

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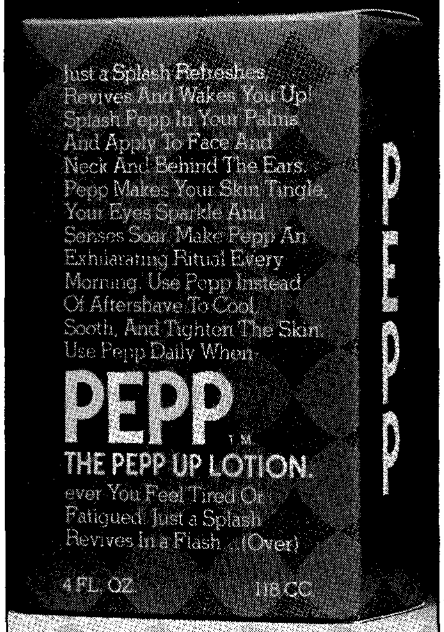
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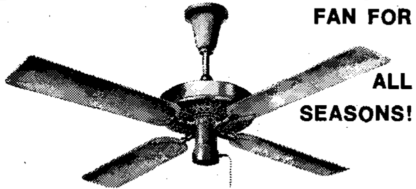

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distorts the ending, since it makes poor Willie's unsuccessful attempts to reach and touch her simply a matter of athletic weakness. George Voskovec meets the minimal requirements of Willie with distinction.

Robert David MacDonald's "Chinchilla," a production of the Phoenix at Marymount through June 17th, is a dramatic curiosity—an attempt to evoke the atmosphere of Serge Diaghilev and his gifted circle as they take their holidays (year after year) in Venice. The play, which seems to just drift along in a dreamy way, tells the story, after a fashion, of Diaghilev (here called Chinchilla) twice crossed in love—first by the defection, into marriage, of Vaslav Nijinski (Vatza), and later by the desertion of Léonide Massine (Maxim), Nijinski's replacement as star and lover, who starts to show a preference for girls. At the end, Diaghilev is reduced to picking up hotel servants and beach boys. "Chinchilla" is very much a *drame à clef*, in which there is much straining for epigrams that generally don't pay off, and in which mood is everything. There are squabbles and tantrums and affectionate teasings of Diaghilev about his homosexuality—the bonds of affection that hold these people together are almost palpable, to the credit both of Mr. MacDonald and of Philip Prowse, the director. Time after time, the action stops as the maestro discourses in a half-mocking, half-serious way on beauty and art (and also asks his set designer such disingenuous questions as "What about that Spanish boy?" whose drawings he admired). The guessing game with the audience never lets up, as we try to identify the actual counterparts of the characters and the ballets they are describing.

Presenting a play as eccentric as this was a risk for the Phoenix, and although the result is more unsuccessful than not, the risk was worth taking. The evening is never boring, but the actors, though most of them are competent, are not up to portraying these remarkable artists, even at play. Affectation is no substitute for style, and the wobbly, off-and-on Russian accents are no help at all. On the other hand, Mr. Prowse's exquisite setting of white velvet salon chairs on the white Lido beach against a backdrop of mirrors casts a spell all its own. "Chinchilla" was first done at the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, where Mr. MacDonald and Mr Prowse are co-directors.

—Edith Oliver

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Manifest

THE Juilliard School, I notice, has a new (non-credit) class, in platform deportment. So I must have been wrong in thinking for all these years that American conservatories did give platform-deportment classes, and that their tenor was: Never let an audience guess from the expression on your face that musicmaking might be an enjoyable business or that you actually like the work you're playing. Dour demeanor is so regular in New York that I had assumed it must be inculcated and carefully maintained. Watch Speculum Musicae, Parnassus, or the New Music Consort play some tricky, delightful modern composition: *how often do the players' faces light up* in pure pleasure at felicities in the music or in their execution of it? Watch British, French, or Italian musicians of comparable achievement play the same piece: although they may not play it any better, their manner is likely to invite the audience to share their appreciation of it.

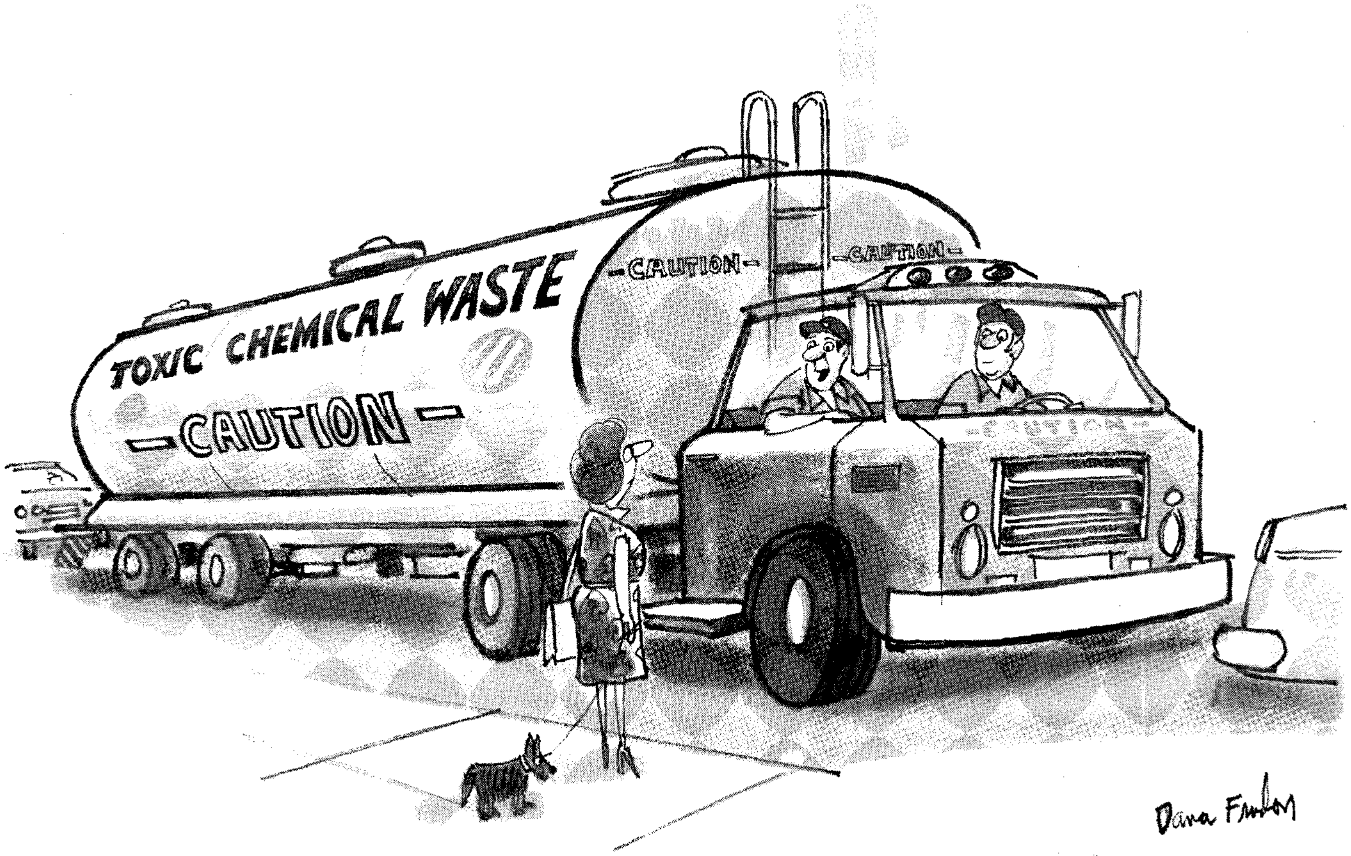
Such reflections occurred to me, not for the first time, at the performance—a musically good performance—of Luciano Berio's "Circles" given in Carnegie Recital Hall earlier this season by the New Music Consort. "Circles," composed in 1960, is an immediately attractive modern classic. When Cathy Berberian, for whom it was written, sings and acts it, a deaf man can take pleasure in the piece. Judith Bettina, the protagonist of the Consort performance, sang the work accurately, sweetly, and brightly, but she enacted it in a deadpan fashion. At the end, the audience was enthusiastic. Miss Bettina and the two percussionists, Claire Heldrich and Gary Schall, accepted the applause gravely, almost grimly. Only the harpist, Alyssa Hess, intimated by her expression that "Circles" had been fun to play and that she was glad that we, too, had enjoyed it.

I don't want to make too much of this. "Circles" is a special case—in its composer's words, "a structure of actions, to be listened to as theatre and to be viewed as music." The singer also directs the piece, beating time, clacking her claves, ringing her little finger cymbals, jingling glass chimes and wood chimes, changing her command post. One doesn't want all music to be elaborately mopped and mowed through by its executants. A conductor who dances out an elaborate, obtrusive platform choreography can be distracting. A page-turner for Dame Myra Hess told me that he was once surprised during rehearsal to see the words "LOOK UP!" writ large in her score over a tender second subject. Dame Myra didn't look up—not until the performance that night, when her eyes rolled soulfully to heaven. It's not really an unkind story: that soulful glance may well have helped some listeners to understand the expressiveness that she intended the melody to carry. Similarly, Lotte Lehmann's primer "More Than Singing" provides many tips about glances, gestures, and postures that can help a singer to communicate the sense of a song. Harry Plunket Greene's "Interpretation in Song" *even suggests that the singer of* "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen" may at the turns in the vocal line "clasp her hands or clutch at her heart or throw her arms out to the beloved image." But I'm thinking of something less carefully considered: unstudied, spontaneous communicativeness, a bond of shared enjoyment, unconcealed, between performers and audience. And I'm deploring the apparently deliberate cultivation of a stern, puritan platform manner—as if it were bad form to admit to delight. Sometimes, I think, the result "sounds": the inhibited demeanor inhibits expression. Even when it doesn't, it is likely to inhibit an audience's response and dull its appreciation. There are phonograph records on which one can "hear" the twinkle in Elisabeth Schumann's, Horowitz's, or Gerard Schwarz's eyes.

"Circles" closed the third of the three national programs (French, Austrian-and-German, Italian) that the New Music Consort gave this season. Luigi Nono's "Polifonica-Monodia-Ritmica" (1951) began it, in a delicate and beautiful performance, conducted by George Manahan. There were also Bruno Maderna's "Honeyrêves" (1961), Berio's set of folk-song *arrangements (1963), which call for* more diverse characterization than Miss Bettina gave them, and Luigi Dallapiccola's exquisite "Piccola Musica Notturna" (1954). It was something of a down-memory-lane program—nothing from the last sixteen years—and that was a pity, for in this town we hear precious little of what Italian composers are up to, while all these works are on disc (and all but the folk songs in the current catalogue). But it was a coherent evening of cultivated, finely wrought, and—in the Nono and in "Circles"—inspired music, performed on a high level of accomplishment. Next season, the Consort plays three concerts of American chamber music in its Carnegie series; I hope the programs include the best of the new pieces it has been introducing at York College, in Queens.

THE League-ISCM concerts, *which a few years ago I used to* attend, I confess, more as a matter of duty than with any great keenness, have again become an important element in the musical life of the city—not least because the works presented come from all over the country. This season's seven programs, performed in Carnegie Recital Hall, were varied and were imaginatively, intelligently, and purposively assembled. In the course of two of them, four of the six winning works in the League-ISCM 1978 competition were done. The competition was held to choose six compositions, by six composers, to go forward as the national submission to the international jury of the World Music Days—the new name for the ISCM Festival—which this year will be held in Athens in September. (Two of the winning pieces were for large forces that would not fit a recital format, so their composers were represented by pieces that would fit.) The American judges spanned the country: John Harbison (Cambridge), Paul Lansky (Princeton), Roger Reynolds (San Diego), Ralph Shapey (Chicago), and Harvey Sollberger (New York). So did the winners: Laura Clayton (Ann Arbor), John Heiss (Auburndale, Massachusetts), Michael McNabb (Stanford), Frank Retzel (Chicago), Maurice Wright (New York), and Scott A. Wyatt (Urbana). Three of the six winning pieces use tape, and in a fourth the instruments are amplified.

I caught three of the pieces submitted to Athens and particularly liked two of them: McNabb's "Dreamsong" and Heiss's Chamber Concerto. McNabb works at Stanford University's Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics; his "Dreamsong" is for computer-generated stereo tape, with recorded soprano. A few weeks



"We're not dumping it anywhere, Ma'am. We're just going to keep driving it around."

later, at The Rockefeller University, I heard the computer-generated score in somewhat similar vein which McNabb and William Schottstaedt had composed to accompany Elliott Levinthal's three-dimensional film of Martian landscapes, assembled from signals that the Viking spacecraft sent back to Earth. The sounds were strange, romantic, and picturesque, evocative of an other-world landscape. They made a good soundtrack. Much electronic composition (the term is intended to cover both synthesized sounds and natural sounds recorded and electronically processed) suggests background music—accompaniment to odysseys or travelogues that call for something more special than the mock-Delius habitually added to images of familiar pastoral scenes. And I own that at the League concert, which happened before I knew about the Martian movie, "Dreamsong" at first seemed to me an invitation to roam in imagination through long, unfamiliar landscapes. But soon, or so I thought, it was revealed as music in its own right—music to attend to, not to dream through—for interesting, arresting things were happening, and the shape was making sense. When the mysterious sounds suddenly coalesced into articulate words, the effect was potent. To put it another way, McNabb is plainly a real composer, apprehensible as such—not a stunt man or a mere dabbler in technical tricks. Heiss's Chamber Concerto was closer to common musical experience, for although it starts scrappily, it then turns to ordered musical discourse, pleasing and holding the mind and the ear as voice responds to voice and theme plays upon theme. The piece is a clarification, now for four players (flute, clarinet, piano, and percussion), of the Flute Concerto, for soloist and ensemble of ten, which Speculum introduced two years ago. The flute still has the dominant role, of which Carol Wincenc was a striking interpreter. I didn't *dis*like the third Athens piece on this bill—Wyatt's "Menagerie," a four-channel electronic composition, in three sections entitled "Tree Clams," "Air Stones," and "Moonsheep." Indeed, "Tree Clams" began and ended captivatingly. But I felt that I'd missed the point of it, that I was somehow on the wrong wavelength.

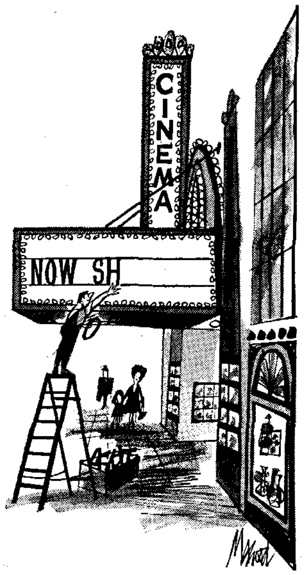
The Wright work that went to Athens was "Stellae," for orchestra and tape. At the League concert, his Chamber Symphony, for piano and electronic sound, was played—an animated and cogent, and eventually witty, dialogue. Robert Miller was brilliant in the live role. The concert began with Eric Stokes's "Eldey Island, In Memoriam Homo Sapiens," for flute and tape. The title may be dog Latin, but the piece is surefire, partly because it must be almost impossible to write an unattractive work for solo flute, or even for solo flute with tape effects, and partly because the subject (the subtitle is "An elegy on the extinction of the Great Auk at the hand of man through greed, folly and arrogance") has listeners on its side as soon as they have read the program note. It tells how, in 1844, three men spotted the last surviving pair of auks. As the men approached, the birds "ran along under the high cliff, their heads erect, their little wings somewhat extended. They uttered no cry of alarm, and moved with their short steps as quickly as a man could run." But they were caught, and strangled, and then their egg, the last egg of the great auks, was wantonly smashed. Given that matter, who could fail to write an effective and moving composition? Stokes has done it skillfully. The New York première of Jean Eichelberger Ivey's "Prospero," for bass, horn, percussion, and tape, completed the program. This struck me as a dull piece—"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," the epilogue, and some other scraps of "The Tempest" declaimed to pitches against sound effects.

—ANDREW PORTER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Wheel of Time

THE Irish poet Patrick Kavanagh said of the peasant ancestry from which he sprang, "They dwell in the dark cave of the unconscious, and they scream when they see the light." So dwell the peasants who people Ermanno Olmi's exquisite, irresistible "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (a forbidding title until one discovers its suitability). The place is the commune of Bergamo, northeast of Milan, and the time pretends to be the waning years of the nineteenth century. A number of families share an old, ramshackle farmstead in a level, willowy, watery countryside, hot in summer, bitter cold in winter. The property belongs to a middle-class landlord, who takes in as rent two-thirds of whatever harvest they are able to gather. The tenants are almost penniless, as their families have been for generations; the landlord is wealthy enough to possess a newfangled gramophone and to give musicales in his overstuffed salon. The huge, shadowy brick-and-stone farm buildings make little distinction between where the tenants live and where their cattle, swine, and poultry live. They all have much in common, being consequences of the same primordial act of creation, and occupying and drawing nourishment from (not to mention giving back nourishment to) the same small portion of earth. Speech, the disaster that separates mankind from his kin, is of scant use on the land; men and beasts are equal beneficiaries of, and equally at the mercy of, the vagaries of nature. If men trouble to speak among themselves, it is neither to exclude animals nor to seek the outwitting of the conditions under which they and the animals live; it is for consolation. A nun says to a young farm couple, "In this world, we must help one another," and the words have not the least taint of the cliché about them: they are simply true.



"The Tree of Wooden Clogs" is an exceptionally self-assured work of art. From start to finish, Olmi knows precisely what he is about and where he is going, and he is not to be hurried. Indeed, on sitting down to this movie we must try at once to suppress the ticking of our nervous urban clocks and watches, designed for catching planes and keeping appointments. Olmi's time is a grand, slow wheel, which requires something over three hours to carry us through a year of seasonal and family changes. Here is life, Olmi tells us, as many of our ancestors led it a hundred years ago, before electric lights, telephones, radios, TV—before the now commonplace profanities of contemporary war, contemporary politics, contemporary consumerism. If a peasant dwelt in the dark cave of his unconscious, that cave was charged with God and His mercy as well as with His punishments. Life was harsh and it was tender. I think of one scene that one can scarcely view without tears: A widow with several children to support is told by the parish priest that an orphanage is prepared to take her two smallest children off her hands. The priest expects her to be grateful; she says only that she will consult with her oldest son on his return from work. The son is fifteen and works from dawn to dusk as a miller's helper; giving him his supper of bread and soup, the mother breaks the news of the priest's offer. The boy looks at her for a long time without changing expression, then says that even if it means his working night and day the two small children are to remain with the family. The mother says nothing, but, oh, the look upon her face of relief, love, and pride!

The actors in "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" are amateurs, most of them drawn from the district in which the movie was shot. Olmi has found in them the same gentle and hard beauty that he has found in the landscape. In their joy of life and in their valorous resignation to the certain passing of that joy, they are unforgettable.

THE game that the players in "Players" are playing is tennis, and the amount of pleasure you take in the movie is likely to be in direct proportion to your interest in that sport. The setting of much of the movie is the center court at Wimbledon, and the chief action of the plot is a fiercely contested match in which, for the first time in Wimbledon history, an unknown and unseeded newcomer threatens to pluck the championship from a seeded favorite. The role of the unknown is played by Dean-Paul Martin, who has an obvious talent for tennis and may yet prove to have a talent for acting as well, and the role of the favorite is played by Guillermo Vilas, whose tennis is sublime and who is never called upon to act at all. Among other visible tennis divinities, Pancho Gonzales is admirably self-confident and humorous as the newcomer's coach. I hope he'll be invited to lend his presence to some non-tennis movies in the future; he would make a superb smiling murderer in a thriller about international finance. We also catch sight of Ilie Nastase (seen being characteristically nasty and—no less characteristically—enjoying his nastiness), Ion Tiriac, John McEnroe, Tom Gullikson, John Lloyd, Dennis Ralston, Vijay Amritraj, and Jim McManus. Verisimilitude is achieved during the tennis sequences by furnishing them with people borrowed from real life; those sequences aside, there is little real life to be found in "Players," thanks in part to an ill-written script by Arnold Schulman and in part to the incompetence of its star, Ali MacGraw, who is very good-looking and is unable to recite even the simplest lines with conviction. Miss MacGraw might protest that Duse herself would be hard-pressed to utter with feeling Mr. Schulman's mildewed "I cannot believe we are having this conversation," and I agree; still, she has other opportunities, which she devotes mostly to staring into the middle distance with big brown eyes.

The story that Mr. Schulman and Miss MacGraw have effectually smothered could have been of considerable interest. It seeks to examine the temperament of the hustler, represented by Mr. Martin's Chris, who from early childhood has used tennis as a con game by means of which to earn a living and outwit the world. He is at once a thief, a prostitute, and your ideal golden-haired young Californian weekend houseguest, as quick with his guitar as with his tennis racquet. On a barnstorming trip through Mexico, he encounters Nicole (Miss MacGraw), who owns a splendid house in Cuernavaca and makes stuffed-cloth sculptures. She is reluctant to tell him anything about her background except that it is of the conventional Greenwich-Vassar variety. They begin an affair, which has to

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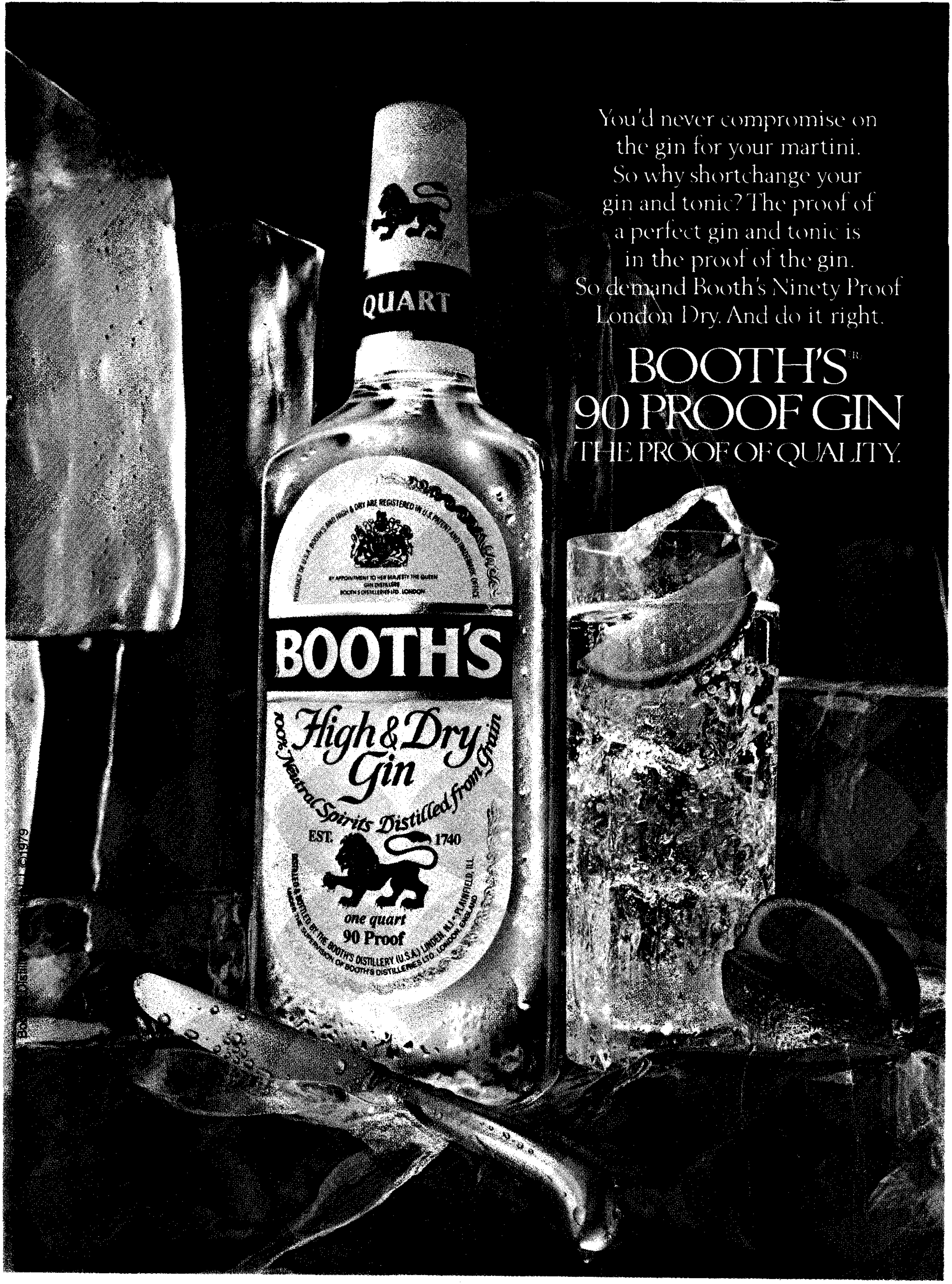
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be fitted into the interstices of an affair that she has long been having with a wealthy entrepreneur (Maximilian Schell) in Monte Carlo. Her oscillation between lovers proves unendurable; she must choose between them, and in the course of doing so her own hustler-like past is revealed. It's a measure of the clumsiness of the screenplay that Chris's reaction to this unwelcome news is conveyed to us at third hand, by the entrepreneur. Meanwhile, the match at Wimbledon is approaching a feverish climax, and an empty seat in the stands is awaiting Nicole. Will she take her place there, urging Chris on to victory? Or will she remain with the entrepreneur? As an ardent, if radically inept, tennis player, I considered the question of who was to win the match far more important than the question of who was to win the girl; I leave you to learn the answers at the theatre.

The slick direction of "Players" is by Anthony Harvey, the photography is by James Crabe, the music is by Jerry Goldsmith, and the settings are by Richard Sylbert, whose rich interiors pleased me at least as early in his career as "How to Murder Your Wife."

AN excellent cast—Michael Caine, Sally Field, Karl Malden, Shirley Knight, Telly Savalas, Peter Boyle, and the like—thrashes about wetly in "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure," which is a sorry sequel to the prepositionless original. The scene is the capsized and slowly sinking ocean liner Poseidon, and, as far as I can judge, the only moral of the story is that drowning may be nature's way of warning us to slow down. So many misadventures, so little suspense! Michael Caine refuses to kiss Sally Field until the last few moments of the movie, and no wonder. They have nothing in common, and once they get ashore and set up housekeeping they are sure to be miserable. The only sequels that surpass their originals are the New Testament and "Huckleberry Finn."

—B.G.

•

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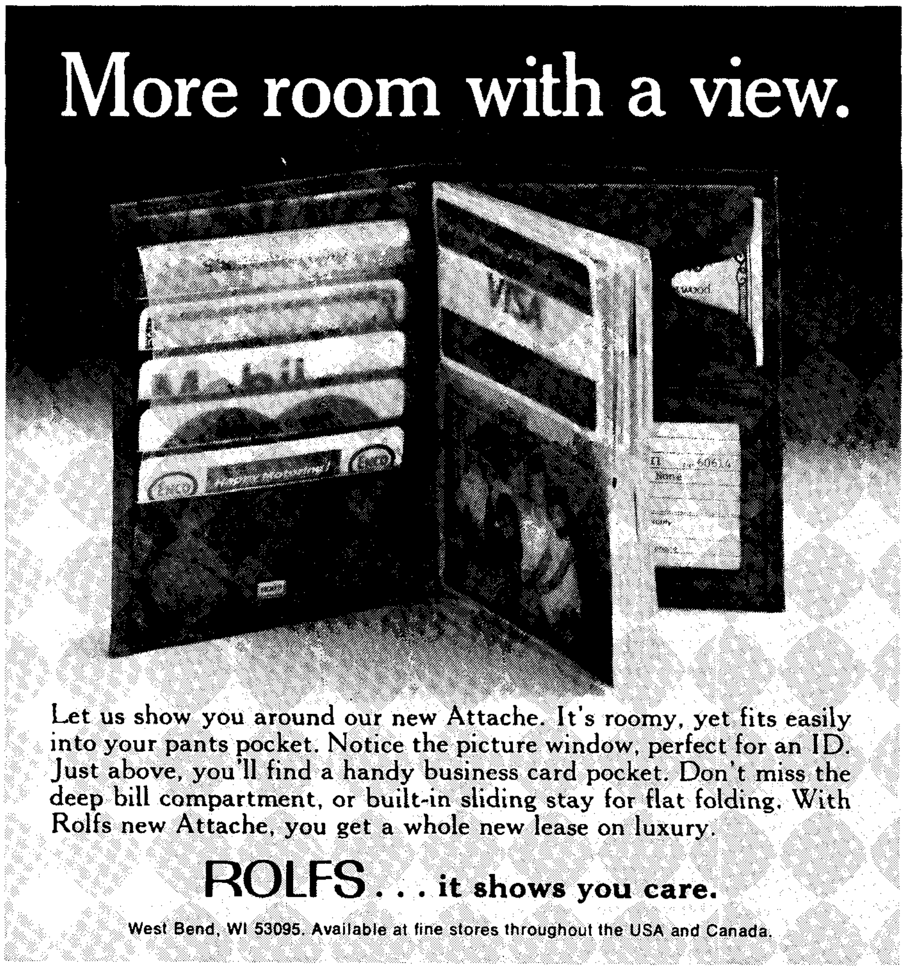
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JAZZ

Mingus

CHARLES MINGUS spent most of his life at the barricades, but his chief weapons were words. In time, his life was awash with words. He wrote an immense autobiography, out of which the tireless Nel King quarried "Beneath the Underdog." He published long, angry letters in magazines, and dictated smoking liner notes for his albums in the late fifties and early sixties, when he was at the top of his combative powers. Sometimes his verbal fervor elbowed clarity aside, as in this disquisition on the beat, from a 1963 liner note:

> You don't play the beat where it is. You draw a picture away from the beat right up to its core with different notes of different sounds of the drum instruments so continuously that the core is always there for an open mind. While you make it live now and then you go inside the beat, dead center, and split the core to the sides and shatter the illusion so there is no shakiness ever. If one tries to stay inside dead center or directly on top of the beat or on the bottom, the beat is too rigid on the outside where it is heard. The stiffness should only be felt inside the imaginary center of the exact tempo's core.

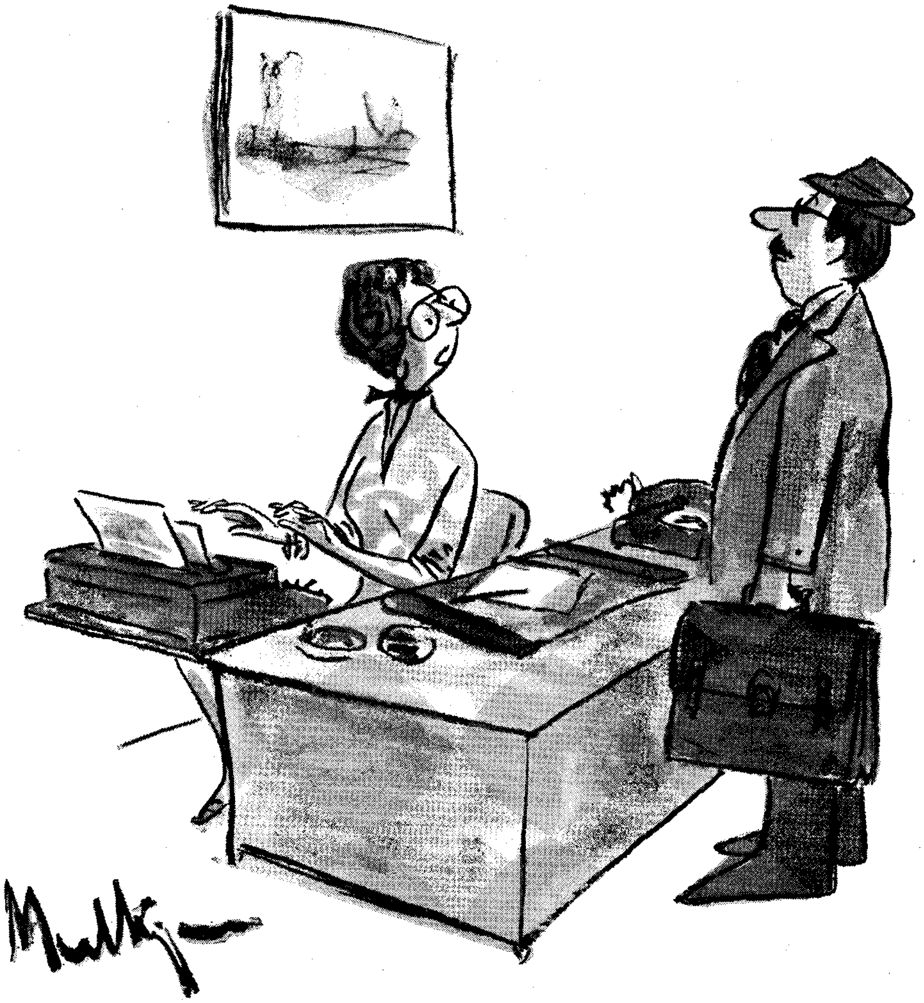
He was a voluminous talker, and his words came out in light, fast, irregular clumps, like the phrases in his bass playing. Sometimes his words went by so fast there was no time for them to show their meaning. He occasionally lectured night-club audiences ten or fifteen minutes at a stretch, issuing a mixture of invective, musical pedagogy, autobiography, and homemade philosophy. These broadsides had a cathartic effect on Mingus, and they delighted and stunned his listeners. But once in a while words failed him. Max Gordon, the inventor and shepherd of the Village Vanguard, tells in his funny, unpublished autobiography what happened when they did:

> He'd start a set, then stop. "Try that again," he'd cry. Often, when he was several minutes into a number, his hand would go up. "Hold it," he'd shout. He seldom let a number play [unbroken] to the end. . . .
>
> Mingus knew what he wanted; he had written the piece, and by God he wanted to hear it the way he wrote it.
>
> One night, in the middle of one of his compositions . . . he leaned his bass fiddle against the piano, threw his hands up in despair, walked over to Jimmy Knepper, the trombonist, and hit him a thundering blow in his solar plexus. Jimmy went down, and the set was over.

Mingus's physical explosions were indiscriminate. He went after his audience, his sidemen, and the people who hired him. Gordon recalls another night:

> Jazz musicians have the privilege of a cash draw every night. It says so in the contract, and is sacrosanct even when there is no contract. At closing one night, Mingus came around for the usual draw. Unfortunately, the Vanguard didn't have enough cash on hand. Mingus, raging, walked behind the bar, selected several unopened bottles of Scotch, and vowed he'd turn them into cash somewhere to take care of the needs of his men. But it was 4 A.M. and bars were closed, so he smashed a couple of bottles on the floor, grabbed a kitchen knife, which he held threateningly in front of me, and, still unmollified, stood on a chair and punched his fist through a light fixture. He knocked the fixture askew but the bulb inside stayed lit. I have never had the thing fixed . . . The "Mingus light" I call it. You can see it if you ask a waiter.

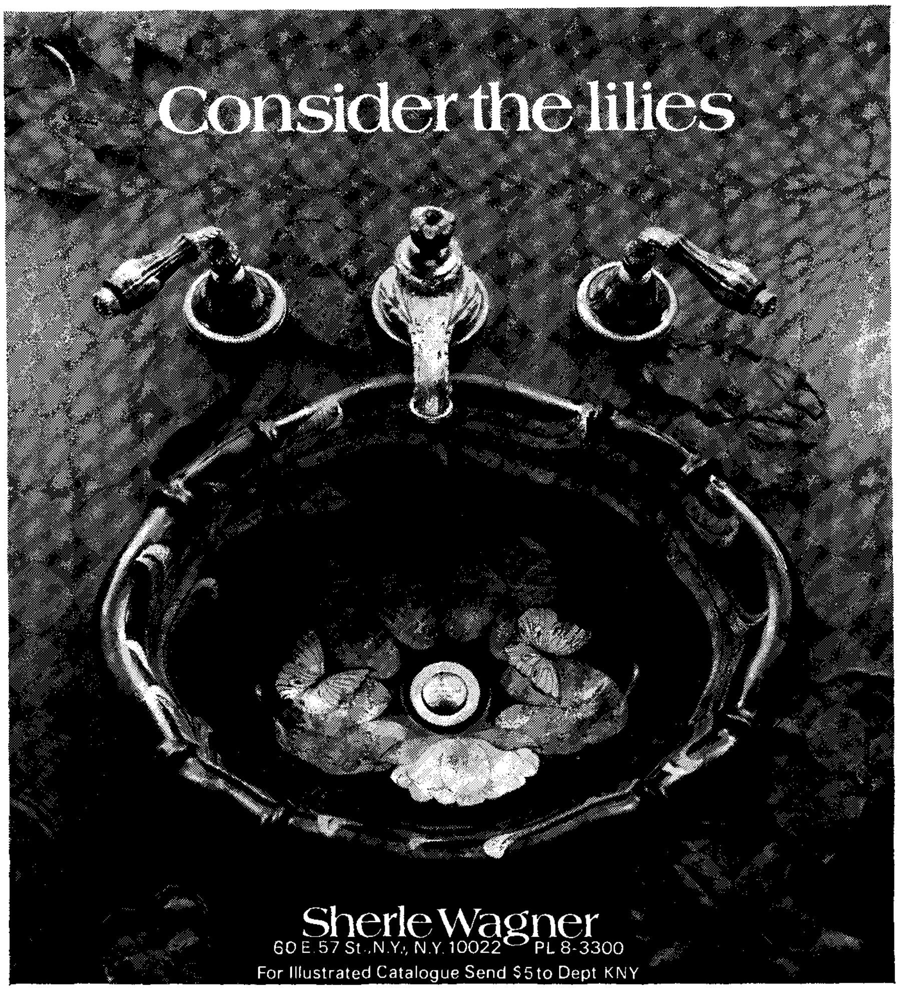
Mingus's music was a unique distillation of Duke Ellington, Gospel music, Charlie Parker, the blues, Jimmy Blanton, New Orleans polyphony, and fast small-band swing music. It was another weapon, another way of talking. At its best, it was a concatenation of voices, now solo, now in duet, now in quintet or octet—all shouting, laughing, exulting, announcing. It was not always meant to be intelligible; each voice was directed at and dependent on the others. Despite its boisterousness and bulk, it kept turning inward, the better for each voice to hear the others. Mingus's music (his compositions and his improvisations, together with the improvisations of his sidemen, which he rigorously patrolled) had no style in the conventional sense of such composer-bandleader-performers as Duke Ellington and John Kirby. Ellington was Mingus's principal inspiration. He taught Mingus to use multiple themes and original voicings and "talking" instruments. He probably also helped shape Mingus's gift for writing lyrical blues-directed melodies and for finding musicians who were almost invariably adaptable to his needs. (Mingus's bass playing, an intense elaboration of Ellington's bassists Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford, was more annunciatory than melodic. It had great vigor and virtuosity, and it was always recognizable, because of its mixture of eighth notes, silences, and tremolos, and its "vocal" attack and resonant



"I'm sorry, sir. Congressman Clayborne isn't in at the moment. He's doing two to five for mail fraud."

tone.) Perhaps the reason Mingus's music had no style was that it never stood still long enough. Mingus was constantly experimenting, and his music, which ranged from long-limbed love songs to raging dissonances, had few boundaries. Jazz rhythms—the endless accents and multi-noted cascades of bebop notwithstanding—had changed little since the thirties, when jazzmen first learned to swing, and this bothered him. He used accelerando and decelerando. He used breaks and stop-times. He wrote passages that had no sounded beat, and he superimposed tricky, sliding double-time rhythms on plodding four-four time. He doubled tempos and halved them, tripled them and halved them. So intent was he on rhythmic surprise and perfection that he fashioned a drummer, Dannie Richmond, in his own image. When Mingus found him, Richmond was twenty-one and had played drums only a few months. (He'd been a tenor saxophonist.) Mingus taught him unswerving time, the melodic possibilities of drums, and how to make a drum solo fit its environment. When Richmond came aboard for good, in 1957, Mingus's music changed permanently.

Mingus's fascination with time and the beat came in large part from his instrument, but it is not altogether clear where his love of counterpoint came from. Certainly he learned from Ellington, whose music was a steady vying of voices, and he probably learned from his work with the fleet, thickly plotted trio that Red Norvo had in the early fifties. (Mingus often said that all his discoveries were made in the forties, when he lived on the West Coast.) Mingus liked to float six or seven horns at once. He would sketch their general courses, and as they gathered steam he'd urge them on with shouts and with his invincible locomotive bass. Sometimes he let two or three voices tangle freely and forced the rest into the comfort of riffs, and sometimes he let them all fall into cacophony—presaging the "free" ensembles of Sam Rivers and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. These experiments brought to the fore the texture and excitement of the old New Orleans ensembles, but, unfortunately, Mingus never carried them through, either in his small-band efforts or in the big bands he toyed with in the sixties and seventies. Mingus's influence has already been wide (though rarely acknowledged), and is visible among such bassists as Scott La Faro and Steve Swallow and Gary Peacock, and among the avant-garde; his music also preserved the old beauties of jazz hand-



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ed down by Lester Young and Charlie Parker. This wasn't any trouble for Mingus: he simply set himself to music.

WE are in the midst of a Mingus celebration. Two recent Carnegie Hall concerts have been devoted to his music (which is just as incomplete without him as Ellington's music is without *him*), and there are four recent Mingus albums, three of them reissues. The new album, "Me Myself an Eye" (Atlantic), was made less than a year before his death last January, and he does not play on it. It bears his mark, but in general it is overblown and sleek. The four numbers, two of them reworkings of old Mingus efforts, are played by twenty-five-piece bands, and little is added by the extra avoirdupois. The longest selection lasts a half hour and is called "Three Worlds of Drums." There are several series of drum solos, played by Joe Chambers, Dannie Richmond, and Steve Gadd; a couple of huge ensemble expostulations; a parade of solos (Jack Walrath, Randy Brecker, George Mraz, George Coleman, Eddie Gomez, Mike Brecker, and Larry Coryell); and, in the last three or four minutes, a beautiful, enfolding flamencan melody, played by the brass, which resolves into a dirge, backed by deep, descending organ chords. It is a mournful, apposite coda. The least valuable of the reissues, "Nostalgia in Times Square" (Columbia), brings together fourteen numbers that Mingus recorded at several different sessions in 1959. Four have never been released before, and the rest restore various ensemble and solo deletions. (How widespread *was* that sly practice twenty years ago?) But not much happens. "Boogie Stop Shuffle" has great rhythmic intensity, and "Open Letter to Duke" has one of Mingus's lingering, lazing melodic lines. Mingus and Jimmy Knepper take striking solos on "Pussy Cat Dues," and "Song with Orange" has a fine Mingus blues melody. For whatever reasons, Mingus was not happy at Columbia, and his best work at this time was done with Atlantic and with Candid. Atlantic has assembled a three-record set, "Passions of a Man," which covers the years from 1956 to 1977. Much of Mingus's most attractive work is on it: the Gospel-blues pieces "Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting" and "Cryin' Blues" (but where is "Moanin' "?); the cool, melodic "Pithecanthropus Erectus," "Reincarnation of a Lovebird," and "Sue's Changes;" the multirhythmic "Tonight at Noon" and "Haitian Fight Song;" and a surprise

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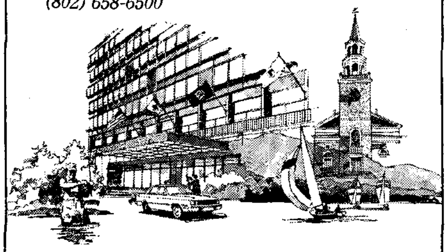

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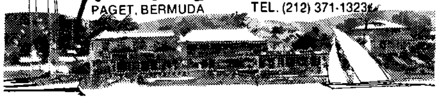

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from 1974—a five-and-a-half-minute slow blues called "Canon," in which a good blues melody is handed back and forth, in largely unembellished canon form, between two horns, a piano, and Mingus's bass. The Candid reissue (on the Barnaby Candid label) is "Mingus Presents Mingus," and it was made in 1960, with the working band he had then—Ted Curson, Eric Dolphy, and Dannie Richmond. The four men had developed a telepathic understanding, a joint imaginativeness. The album includes "What Love" and "All the Things You Could Be by Now If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother," which are reworkings of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and "All the Things You Are;" "Original Faubus Fables," Mingus's adept and funny needling of Governor Orval Faubus; and the twelve-minute "Folk Forms, No. 1." This last may be the most remarkable of all Mingus's recordings. It begins with Mingus playing a simple blueslike figure. He is joined by Richmond, in ad-lib time. Dolphy enters (on alto saxophone), and is almost immediately followed by Curson, who is muted. The horns converse, the rhythm slips into four-four time and is interrupted by breaks and out-of-tempo passages. Dolphy and Richmond drop out, and Mingus backs Curson. Richmond and Dolphy return, and all four men swim around and around and come to a stop. Mingus solos without backing, and Richmond reappears, pulling the horns after him. There is another stop, and Dolphy solos against broken rhythms, and the four take up their ruminations again. After a third stop, Richmond solos and he and Mingus go into a kicking, jumping, unbelievably swinging duet. Mingus falls silent, allowing Richmond to finish his solo, and there is a stop. Mingus solos briefly, and all converse intently until the rhythm slows, Dolphy moans, and they go out. It should be said that near the end of "What Love" Mingus and Dolphy (on bass clarinet) have a long and different kind of "conversation" on their instruments—apparently about Dolphy's intention of quitting the band. Jazz musicians rarely let us in on such brilliant private high jinks.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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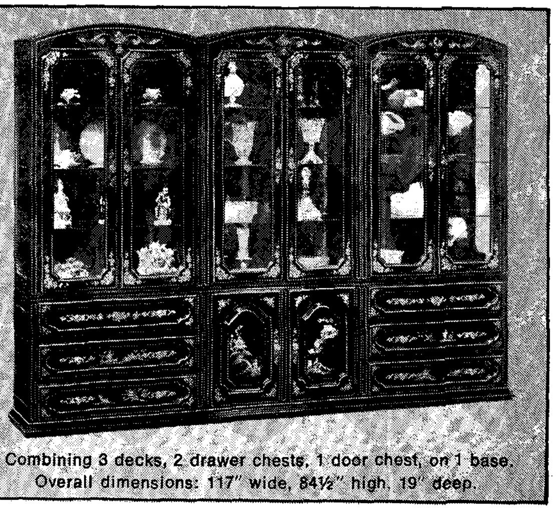

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BOOKS

Our Present Discontents

"The Last Half-Century: Societal Change and Politics in America," by Morris Janowitz (Chicago; $25), a brilliant and sober sociological essay, attempts to account for the ineffectuality of American politics in recent years. Political majorities have been unstable. Voters do not give mandates to chief executives. Neither the executive branch nor the Congress resolves conflicts, and the efforts of the Supreme Court to direct social change have increased popular distrust of our legal institutions. The political system fails to translate general agreements—such as the agreement to afford equality of opportunity—into generally acceptable policies. Our government has become at once weak and omnipresent—ever more intrusive as it taxes, pays off, and regulates, yet able to achieve little more than a limited degree of balancing and bargaining. It lacks both direction and resolution. Janowitz believes that this loss of political coherence results from vast social changes that have accompanied the United States' evolution as an advanced industrial nation and a welfare state. "Industrial nation" means that most workers are producing goods in factories; "advanced industrial nation" means that most workers are providing services and think of themselves as having a skill. Janowitz reckons that we became an industrial nation as late as 1880 and an advanced industrial nation between 1920 and 1970. Our commitment to welfare—to government assistance for individuals' private purposes and needs—has been a gradual, uneven evolution in the years from the New Deal to the present. As a welfare state, we remain a not entirely satisfactory patchwork of public and private programs. But private-corporation benefits are underwritten by the government through our tax laws, and in the last fifty years it has become as difficult for a family to meet its medical bills without assistance as it has for a family to bequeath its farm to the next generation.

In examining the nature of these social changes, Janowitz cites both theoretical and empirical works. His footnotes are practically an encyclopedia of sociology. Some of the topics he examines are changes in social stratification and voting patterns; the sociological effects of the welfare state; the professionalization of the military, and the continuing cost of deterrence in contrast with the transient expenses of a "total" war; the failures of the mass media, including television's devotion to violence as entertainment, and journalism's addiction to advocacy, which leaves the public with a sense that no source of information is unbiassed; the growth of suburbs, and the widening separation between home and work, which has weakened the sense of community in both places. The changes that Janowitz describes add up to physical dispersion and emotional fragmentation. Most of us will find ourselves and our discomforts suggested somewhere in this book. The sheer amount of factual information is awesome. Janowitz often mentions what we do not know (for example, our limited information about the professional behavior of top corporate executives). In discussing social policy, he notes unintended side effects—a problem that has become as distressing in policymaking as in pharmacology. This phenomenon does not seem to me an argument against corrective social action so much as an argument for steady small actions—stitches in time rather than tidal waves of reform. We are usually tardy in repairing the consequences of outmoded policies: we still hinder public policy with procedures for defeating old-time machine corruption, although nowadays bureaucratic arrogance is a more acute problem. But (the book includes some good news) Janowitz reports that a new generation of professionals in government—in law, medicine, and education—has learned how to coöperate with nonprofessional citizens' groups in setting and executing policies that affect the public.

"Ah. The return of the bag lady."

One of the most important changes during the last fifty years has been the increase in number and diversity of what Janowitz calls "ordered social segments." He prefers this term to "class," for he believes that our population can no longer be accurate-

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ly analyzed in terms of jobs or of cash income, and he has interpolated an essay on the reasons for the rise of the concept of class, which he thinks of as having been a way of unifying nations after the localism and particularism of feudalism. He discusses qualitative differences among us—sex, age, color, and even handicaps, which affect nearly ten per cent of the population. As he points out, the welfare state makes our economic roles complex. Would you classify a machinist who bought a two-family house with a federally insured loan as a worker or a landlord? If we are homeowners, we may also be parents, students, or children of aging parents, and so depend to some extent upon state aid, and yet what any one of us feels to be truly important about himself may be something else entirely—his religion, say, or captaining a company bowling team. Divided as we are, with allegiances that may include several categories, it is no wonder that as voters we have difficulty in calculating our self-interest and—what Janowitz considers morally imperative—the good of the whole. Not only the society but we ourselves appear to have become more complex.

Janowitz's book is written in Sociology—one of a number of dialects (including Obscenity, C.B., and Advertising) that most of us learn to read and understand, if not to speak or write. He uses this idiom to clarify, not simplify, and to avoid emotional appeals and polemic while suggesting, in effect, farther-reaching solutions than many writers suggest who call themselves radicals. The author's chief preoccupation is with social control—the ability of groups in society to regulate themselves both for their own benefit and for the well-being of the nation. Social control is a substitute for coercion, and it exists to some degree in all societies. A high degree of social control goes with a high degree of liberty. Janowitz, who wishes for a minimum of coercion and a maximum of liberty, feels that our "ordered social segments" have failed at the tasks of social control: although they may regulate themselves, they are disconnected from each other and from the nation. They do not or cannot accept sufficiently broad responsibility for solving the problems that clog the political process. Janowitz is not scolding; he makes it clear that nobody is to blame for the speed of social change, and, while he occasionally remarks that other countries do better than we at solving this problem or that, he also keeps us aware that all parliamentary democracies in recent years

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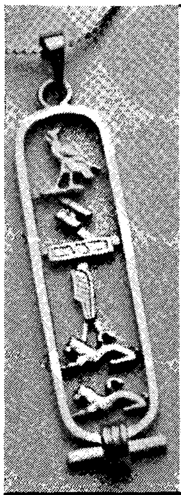

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have suffered from weak leadership. Since he is an American, his suggestions are addressed to Americans. He points out, for one example, that in our country unionized labor and industrial management have long assumed traditional roles as adversaries over a handful of issues and have dumped everything else into politics. But Janowitz has a long list of matters that he thinks the industrial sector—management and labor—should attend to jointly, including our low rate of increase in productivity and our meagre rate of capital investment; the attempt to control inflation; and both workers' discontent with the nature of work and the public's discontent with poor workmanship. He also thinks that the private industrial sector should decide what it can contribute to the welfare, or public, sector. In an earlier book, "Social Control of the Welfare State," Janowitz suggested the creation of a national economic-planning council, to advise the Congress. He does not repeat the suggestion in this work, but central planning evidently remains an ideal. In discussing the inner-city organizations that were formed during the War on Poverty, Janowitz—after observing that many of those organizations and the gains they brought about have shown real staying power—tells us that the principal difficulty in the community-organization programs was competition between different branches of the federal bureaucracy. He concludes that strong central planning is essential for genuine decentralization.

Janowitz's vision of complexities does not allow a one-size-fits-all solution: different social segments need to make themselves responsible and effectual in different ways. But there is no doubt that Janowitz is demanding a lot. He is asking us to effect many consistent and undramatic changes in ourselves. It is harder to spend two nights a month, year in, year out, squabbling in some community organization than it is to march ten miles in a single emotional protest. Janowitz's approach respects everydayness, and that, I think, is important. Moreover, Janowitz will not permit us to wait to love our neighbors until public policy has made them lovable. His motto might be "Only connect—*now*."

Public-opinion research, Janowitz says, finds not an embittered or apathetic citizenry so much as a perplexed one. In the absence of improved social control, he foresees nothing worse than continuing ineffectuality, "disarticula-

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tion," strain, and confusion. That is bad enough. In retrospect, the abuses of the Nixon Administration seem to me to exemplify this very purposelessness. They were our own version of old-time Latin-American *caudillismo.* One's darker thoughts about the American future might conjure up a cross between an old-fashioned banana republic and the last, sour era of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Less fancifully, our social strains have already caused immediate personal distress. Janowitz discusses the failure of high schools to prepare students for adulthood, and the ensuing rise of a youth culture that emphasizes the distance between parents and children. Many people have found this separation as painful as divorce.

I have no way of speculating on the acceptability, let alone the workability, of Janowitz's suggestions. It does seem difficult in an era of economic decline (the welfare state has typically run at a deficit in recent years) and weakened institutions to call forth more able leaders at every level than we have ever had in the past. But perhaps the problems may produce them. In the chanciness of its rewards for enduring steady punishment, politics resembles prizefighting. We find that in good times the number of aspirants for ring careers dwindles. It may be that if times feel bad enough, better political leadership, from city councils on up, will volunteer. In the past, Americans have been temperamentally anti-authoritarian, rebellious, "agin the government." Can we accept central planning, even for increased autonomy? More constraint, even if it is self-constraint? American literature has usually found happiness outside society—among deerslayers, pathfinders, mountain men, cowboys, truants—and discomfort and tragedy within society. Perhaps this is due partly to the fact that the United States grew up with Romanticism. Janowitz is not telling us to become a classical people, but he does insist that we will not be happy unless we place greater emphasis upon our duties to society.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOPHIE'S CHOICE, by William Styron (Random House; $12.95). Stingo, Sophie, and Nathan—a slave owner's grandson, a Polish-Catholic veteran of Auschwitz, and her psychotic Jewish lover—are all that William Styron needs to contrive an elaborate showcase of every variety of racial

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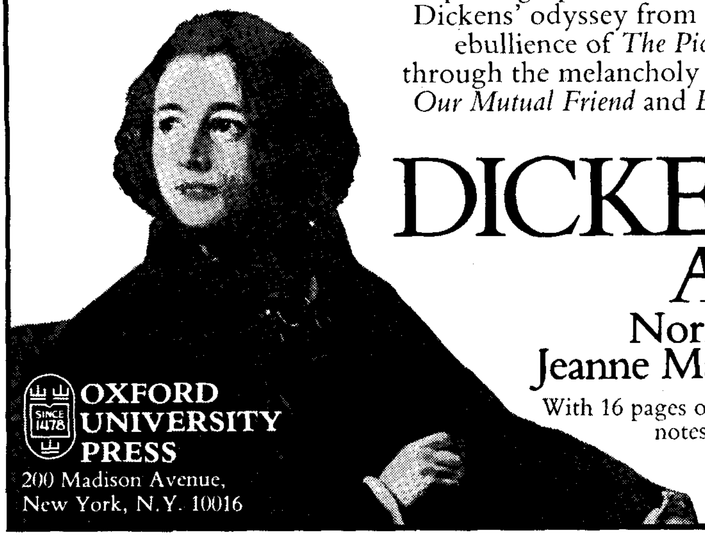

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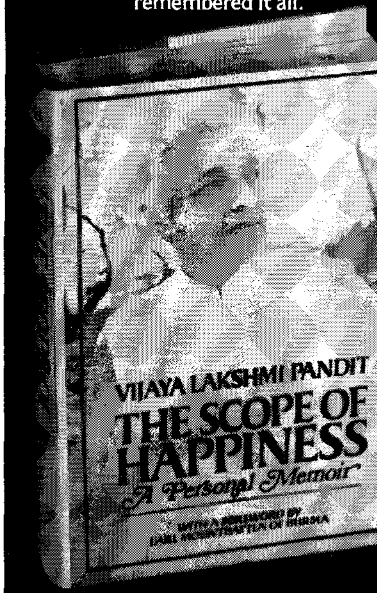

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prejudice and guilt. Stingo, a prolific middle-aged novelist, is the narrator, recalling the summer of 1947, when he moved into a Brooklyn boarding house, began to write his first novel, was befriended by Sophie and Nathan, fell in love with Sophie, and heard Sophie's account of her terrible past. Stingo's rendition of her story is the centerpiece of the book, but he takes time off to tell of Nathan—a witty charmer at one moment, a madman the next, accusing Sophie and Stingo of racism, which he seems to believe is part of their genetic heritage. Stingo at fifty-plus may be wiser and better read than he was when he fell in love with Sophie and could not understand her need for Nathan's alternating comfort and condemnation, but his humorless way with words does not reflect thirty years' experience with them. His narrative is loaded with overwrought sentences (Nathan's intelligence is "erratic, daft, tormented, but keenly honed and magisterial;" autumn in New England is "this singularly American spectacle, this amok flambeau unique in all Nature") and with ponderous lectures that reduce Sophie's story to the stuff of theory. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

SUNDAY PUNCH, by Edwin Newman (Houghton Mifflin; $9.95). In this novel, his first, Edwin Newman (the broadcaster and grammarian) cranks up a very ancient vehicle—the B-movie prizefight story. Every fixture is in place. There is the incongruous fighter (here a tall, skinny English expert on taxation), the comic manager ("'We are,' he said, 'in the throngs of a crisis'"), the sinister gangster ("Your boy. I like to buy in"), a beautiful actress for whom the fighter falls, the fighter's back-home sweetheart, and the newspaperman who tells the story ("At some of the events to be described, I was present. Some I was told about. Some I was told about only after asking—this is now called investigative journalism"). It would be too much to call the result a comic novel. It is too lightweight, too frolicsome for that. It is merely extremely funny.

GENERAL

THE WHITE ALBUM, by Joan Didion (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). Reports, mostly from the West Coast, on matters that have caught Joan Didion's eye at some point during the past decade: a sound studio, a shopping mall, a Black Panther

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Party press conference, the Getty Museum, Honolulu's Royal Hawaiian Hotel, an orchid nursery in Malibu, the L.A. freeways. Miss Didion manages to make the sorry stuff of troubled times (bike movies, for instance, and Bishop James Pike) as interesting and suggestive as the monuments that win her dazzled admiration (Georgia O'Keeffe, the Hoover Dam, the mountains around Bogotá). On the rare occasions when she allows herself into the limelight, vanity ruffles her style—as when she bemoans the indignities that she endures as a literary star or when she describes her migraine headaches as if their phenomenal pain and the "aura" that precedes it might mark her as one of a visionary elect—but this is a slight flaw in a timely and elegant collection.

THE STREETS WERE PAVED WITH GOLD: THE DECLINE OF NEW YORK, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by Ken Auletta (Random House; $12.95). Grim reading. The author is hardly the first to present the men whose policies brought this city to the brink of bankruptcy as being, almost without exception, incompetent, blind, or self-serving. However, he also sees nearly all of their counterparts in New York's political, banking, and labor worlds who have since been hailed for rescuing the city from bankruptcy as having virtually no redeeming qualities, either. Their greatest fraud, in the author's opinion, is that of portraying the city as having been rescued at all: because of their self-interested maneuvers, he indicates, worse times lie ahead for New York. Auletta offers no solutions, because to do so "would be misleading . . . the sum of the 'solutions' would not equal the sum of the problems." Those who hope and believe that the city can make it—that it is neither in permanent decline nor a national tragedy—will find this book one-sided and unduly pessimistic. Those who share the author's pessimism will welcome the skillfully marshalled supporting evidence for their view.

NANCY CUNARD, by Anne Chisholm (Knopf; $15). In 1944, Nancy Cunard (1896-1965) was in London, in uniform, working at SHAEF, when she ran into two old friends who were also in uniform, and asked them, "How in the world did we get on the side of authority?" That anecdote sums up the personality of the subject of this sober biography. Miss Cunard, like Jane Austen's Emma, was handsome,

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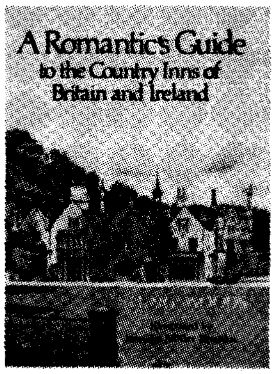
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clever, and rich; her father, Sir Bache Cunard, inherited a thirteen-thousand-acre estate in Leicestershire, and her American mother, who became one of London's famous hostesses, inherited a lot of cash. In reaction and rejection, Nancy became a celebrated bohemian. For a while, she ran a noteworthy small publishing house, and later she campaigned for racial equality and the Spanish republic. She wrote passable poetry, readable prose, and good journalism. Toward the end of her life, she broke down, and it is possible to dismiss her formidably rackety existence up to that point as no more than an adumbration of her final madness. This author does not do so. Nancy Cunard—puzzling in the memory and not quite as bewitching as she was in the flesh—remains decidedly a personage.

NOTE: "About Time: An Aspect of Autobiography," by Penelope Mortimer, has been published by Doubleday ($8.95). Some of the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*, in considerably different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TRIAL RUN, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row; $8.95). Mr. Francis visited Moscow a couple of years ago in the useful company of a Russian-speaking friend, and this new thriller is the fruit of that experience. The scene is a vividly observed and recorded Moscow, including a racing stable and an exercise track. The plot involves a rumored conspiracy by persons unknown to somehow place in jeopardy an English gentleman jockey of royal blood at the forthcoming Russian equestrian Olympics. The unravelling is accomplished by one of Mr. Francis's familiar narrators—in this case, a well-born gentleman jockey named Randall Drew—and his hazardous efforts are, as always, most agreeable to watch.

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CORRECTION

In the article "Nuclear Power: The Bottom Line Gets Fuzzier," in last Sunday's Business/Finance section, it was reported that National Economic Research Associates, a consulting firm, had concluded that for power plants coming on line in 1990, the total cost of producing power from nuclear fuel will average about 11 percent less than that of producing power from nuclear fuel. The firm actually concluded that coal power will average 11 percent *more* than nuclear power.—*The Times.*

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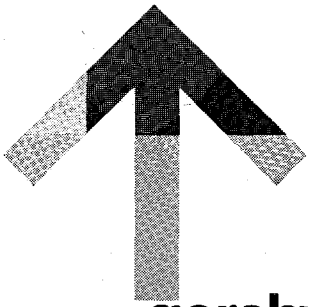

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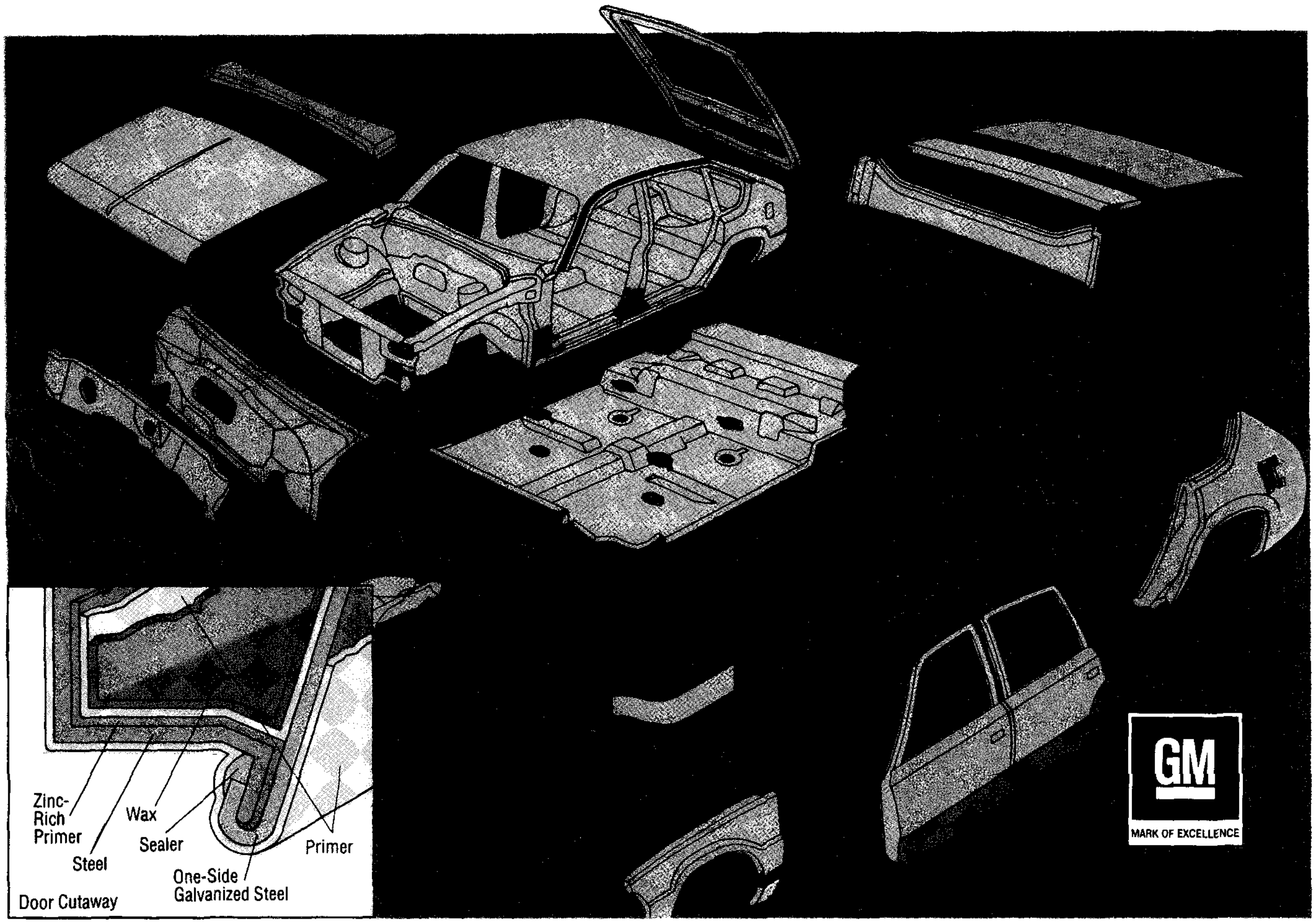

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